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## FROM CLOUDLAND.

Germany has at last signed the treaty; the mailed fist is broken and the might of Germany a portion and parcel of the past that is dead or dying. Man power of the allied powers marched in mass to defend the right and to make a more universal peace permanently possible for the world. The spirit of sacrifice and self-surrender for a great cause has been crowned with victory. It is a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving for nations, great and small, that shared in the sacrifice and now share in the greatness and the glory. The promise of the future is lingering on the zone of revelation.

Germany's military defeat is beyond question, her humiliation complete, but victory will bear its fruits only if Germany is morally vanquished, and like a fallen sister seeks salvation with a contrite heart, not by a preparation for war but by a preparation for peace. Nations have faced the ordeal with courage and poured the flower of their manhood into the fire that was lighted. Now peace requires even greater sacrifices from them and a clearer perception of the ideals for which this great war

This is not the place to enter into a discussion of the unhappy incidents of this wretched business, but it is absolutely essential for the Government and people of India to realise the consequences, to face the facts of the present situation and to inaugurate such measures as is possible to alleviate bitter feelings. A great opportunity would have been lost if the Reforms Act was to come to a people wrapped in an atmosphere of suspicion and resentment, and therefore no time should be lost in taking measures to clear up the air. With a future politically secure, the future prosperity of India is so splendid that no consideration should stand in the way of making conditions favourable for the reception of the promised Reforms.



Sir Edward Maclagan is now well in the saddle and in a position to judge the happenings in the Punjab in their right perspective.

**The Punjab and its  
New Ruler.**

The determination to do justice and to do it not only between man and man but as between Government and the people has been the bed-rock of British administration in India. It was a malignant fate that made the beginning of Sir Edward Maclagan's rule arrive at such an inauspicious moment. The new Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab faces a Herculean labour. He can succeed only if he pursues, without perturbation, the path of right rule, right clemency and right justice. Sir Edward Maclagan has spent the best years of his life in the Punjab, and with the Punjabis. He has not been slow in taking definite steps to alleviate the lot of those condemned by the Martial Law tribunals, and to restore normal conditions. It is up to the people of the Punjab to give him all the loyal

assistance he needs. It may, no doubt it will, demand a great effort to renew the old faith but the effort must be made. The future of the Punjab is at stake and the Punjabi who nurses resentment and fails to co-operate with the efforts of a Government directed by their friend, is bartering away the future. We have great hopes of the Punjabi. We have great confidence in the wisdom and benevolence of its new ruler. By their joint efforts the future can be assured and must be assured. Whatever further measures the Government may purpose to take in the way of clemency they must be taken at once. *Bis dat qui cito dat.* Nothing appeals to a generous people as much as generosity and the Punjabi with all his faults is generous. We ask no clemency for those guilty of murder or outrage, but for others we ask a speedy and generous pardon. If mercy is to be shown let it be granted at once, when the occasion is ripe and warm, it will only grow cold and impotent by delay.

The need of unity and mutual self respect, mutual understanding and unclouded co-operation is greater than ever in the interests of India and the Empire. Sir Francis Young-  
**The Need of Unity,** husband in a letter to the Times rightly remarks:—

“And if our policy has arrived at this extremely important stage it is time that we realized much more vividly than we do that our relations with India are not only political and economic, but spiritual. They are concerned with art and literature, philosophy, science and religion, as well as with politics and business. And these cultural and social relations with India are

far more important than the political, for their object is the spirit rather than the mechanism, the end rather than the means."

"As we gradually transfer political power from our hands to the hands of Indians, we shall have to increase the intimacy of these higher relations. We shall have to look less to Secretaries of State and Viceroys and Government officials to conduct our relations with the people of India and more to our leaders of thought and art and society. To some small degree our poets are already in touch with Indian poets, our philosophers with Indian philosophers, our religious thinkers with Indian men of religion. What will be now necessary is that this contact on the spiritual side of Indian life—the side to which Indians themselves attach the chief importance—should be far closer in future. We shall then touch the soul of India. Mutual understanding, mutual respect and as we must hope mutual affection should be the result. And this, after all, must be the supreme goal of our ambitions-- an end which could by no possibility be achieved by political reforms, but which reforms may greatly assist us to attain."

The celebrations of Peace offer to the rulers and the people a rare opportunity of increasing good-will, mutual esteem and the binding together of East and West in stronger bonds of brotherhood, for the vindication of the great ideals for which the two countries have fought together in the far-flung battlefields of the Empire. The Peace celebration in India has been wisely postponed. There are many examples of how kings

**Peace Celebra-  
tions.**

in the days of old, celebrated there victories. It may be frankly confessed that mere moving of flags and lighting up of bon-fires will never move the hearts of the masses. They look back to the times when such a victory as has crowned the armies of our Emperor, was made memorable in the memories of men by great acts of clemency and unbounded generosity, when the acts of the guilty were forgotten, and worthy citizen received large Jagirs and charters of nobility. The people, therefore, have great hopes, it will not be wise to disappoint these hopes. The Reform Bill which is now before the Joint Committee, if it is passed and proclaimed on the Celebration day, giving an immediate instalment of self-government, and holding forth the promise of the future achievement, will satisfy immediately the present hopes and the future aspirations of the people. His Majesty's Government will be doing an act of real statesmanship by hastening the bill and embodying it in a royal proclamation.

It is said that Sir Sankaran Nair resigned over the Punjab. We are not in full possession of the facts to express any opinion on the matter. It is, however, undeniable that Sankaran Nair—an Indian, stood for the vindication of British laws and British fair play; and when over-ruled, refused to retain his high position. Sir Sankaran Nair left Simla in silence. He combines, the simplicity and faith of a devotee, seeking nothing for himself, with the sturdy independence of a Western worker. In the days of yore it was the ambition of British officials to follow the old ideal that the King was the shadow of God on earth



today it is other men who have to take up the white man's burden. Lord Curzon almost resigned his Viceroyalty to secure equal justice in a well-known case. To day Sir Sankaran Nair sacrificed his high position rather than see the suspension of laws, which people regarded as inviolable. True rulership, as a poet remarks, is the rulership of hearts and Sir Sankaran Nair in trying to secure it for the Government rendered the highest service to the Government. Of him it may will be said "Well done thou servant of God."

The average non-business man has usually but hazy ideas of the importance and meaning of Exchange transactions. When he has to pay money abroad, he leaves it to his banker and does not care to understand the principles on which the rates are fixed. At the present time, however the Exchange problem has become so important as to necessitate the appointment of a commission to investigate conditions and to regulate the rate, and it behoves everybody to know at least the basic conditions which affect the rate. It is not merely a matter of academic interest to the non-business man but is of the utmost importance, as affecting the economic condition of every one in India whatever his position or occupation. A letter contributed to a recent issue of the Pioneer, by Professor Stanley Jevons of Allahabad University, explains this. Professor Jevons argues that the rate of exchange may be utilised so as to prevent a further rise of prices, and the unhappy consequences which may result from it. He also points out how eminently desirable it is to avoid fluctuations in the rate of Exchange

which are a source of trouble and loss to those engaged in business.

India has what is called a favourable balance of trade, that is, her exports are usually greater than her imports. Hence for the difference in value between the exports and imports, money must be paid to India by her foreign debtors. This is effected by the purchase of Council Bills from the Secretary of State through the Bank of England. For example Messrs Smith & Co., London Bankers have to pay Rs. 20,000 in India on behalf of certain clients who have imported goods from India to that amount. They are enabled to do so by buying Council Bills from the Bank of England, and, forwarding them to India where they can be converted into rupees. Since 1895 when the Mint was closed to the free coinage of silver, the rupee has been a token coin, but it is obvious that the value of the silver in the rupee must fix the minimum value for the coin, and that when the price of silver rises until it approaches the face value of the coin, the Exchange value needs re-adjustment. The sudden rise in prices of all commodities in Europe on account of the war has led to a falling in of exports while exports of raw material from India have greatly increased, the value of silver has risen disturbing the Exchange and raising the Exchange value of the rupee to 1-8s. Professor Jevons argues that if the Exchange value of the rupee is fixed at 2s fluctuations will be avoided because at this rate the value of the rupee will be approximate to that of the silver coinage of the United States, England, France and Germany and thus will have the protection of the vast mass of silver in demand for these countries.

There is another argument advanced by Professor Jevons in favour of thus fixing the rate of exchange which is still more important affecting, as it does, the general interest. **Cause and Effect.** Prices have risen during the past few years in India with extraordinary rapidity, and then has followed deep distress especially amongst the inhabitants of the towns. Several causes have contributed to this rise in prices, and of these the principal still obtains, so that unless the Government of India adopt some general protective measures this rise in prices threatens to continue until it approximates to the general high level of prices obtaining in Europe. Such a protective measure would be that of raising the rate of exchange to 2s. which would have a similar effect to that produced by an export duty on goods, that is, it would tend to keep the level of prices in India for commodities produced in India below the general level of prices for such commodities abroad. The people of India in general would benefit by such an enactment and the reputation of the Government, somewhat damaged by the hitherto and rather futile efforts to control prices, would be enhanced.

Exporting agents and to a certain extent cultivators of cotton and wheat might suffer some loss by the slight decline in the value of those commodities exported, but this loss would tend to be counterbalanced by the probable reduction in shipping freights, while exporters of goods in which India has a monopoly would probably suffer little or no loss since the rise in the price of these commodities in foreign markets would approximate to the rise in the rate of Exchange.

The India Bill is now before the Joint Committee and His Majesty's Government is doing all it can to speed the fulfilment of the promise contained in the famous declaration. There is great discussion over the question of dyarchy.

**The India Bill.**

It seems to me that there are only two alternatives:— either to go *boldly* forward in the direction of dyarchy, or to go right back and begin again with a solid policy of conservative reform. All the intermediate suggestions fail in that they provide no solid preparation for responsible government, and they tend in the direction of increased irresponsibility instead of increasing responsibility.

A bold reversal of dyarchy and an acceptance of a solid policy of conservative reform in preparation for responsible government is a tenable proposition. I should not blame a man who argued somewhat in this way:—

“I have done my best to work out this political system of dyarchy, but I can not find satisfactory electorates, nor a sufficient number of suitable men to serve on the new legislative councils, and I am deterred by the clash between communities and by the strangeness of western political ideas to an eastern people. I accept the goal of responsible government but I can not see that it can be achieved by successive stages. The instalment system merely creates confusion and chaos, and will in reality queer the pitch for full responsible government. I shall therefore confine my attention for the moment to very important non-political changes which should effect such improvements that, sometime in the future we shall be able to grant full responsible government at one full swoop. I shall therefore so extend and improve the educational

system that illiteracy may be the more quickly overcome. I shall support the Social Reform Party; I shall give much more responsibility to Local Governments, Municipalities and so forth. I shall revise the financial policy; I shall build up great national and independent institutions such as hospitals, universities etc., and shall release them from the bondage of the Secretariat. I shall encourage learned and professional societies. I shall, as far as possible, substitute independent professions for professional services, and I shall improve the conditions of labour, promote industries and allow the land some rest. By some such policy full responsible government will come quicker and on a firmer basis than by means of dyarchy."

Attractive though such a policy may appear, it is not now possible. Would that it had been put into effect some years back! It is impossible because it breaks across the pronouncement that responsible government will be achieved by successive states, it would disappoint political hopes which are now at fever pitch, it is undeniable that it only by enjoying some measure of political responsibility that a people can advance to full political responsibility.

I feel, therefore, that the only alternative now is a bold acceptance of dyarchy. This

**Dyarchy the only Solution.** is exactly what the Government of India, and, to a greater extent, the Local Governments, do not do, for-

theirs seems to be a timid acceptance of dyarchy. The Governor of Bombay has rightly stated that the chief essential is to ensure to the new system co-operation and confidence. Timidity will not do so. Besides co-

operation and confidence, the efficiency of the new legislative councils is of great importance. If they are bright and forceful bodies, then all will be well, if they are narrow-minded, dilatory and obstinate, all will certainly go ill.

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There seems to be abroad an unreasoning and unreasonable dread of the professional classes. In India, there is no leisured class as in England, nor is there in the Dominions. In the Dominions, in particular, and in England to some extent, the lead is taken by the professional classes. India must depend very largely on those classes. A Council of decayed rajahs, dissolute zemindars, illiterate farmers and grasping box-wallahs would be fatal. Unfortunately, in India, apart from the law, there are practically no professions, but only professional service. Such services are necessary only up to a point. Schools must be inspected, bridges and buildings examined, healthy conditions ensured. If, beyond this, Government runs colleges schools, and hospitals, and makes its own buildings, bridges etc, it must do so by Government officers. The work may be better done, but at the cost of locking up in service, those very men, Englishmen and Indians, who are indispensable to the new political system. It is essential therefore to substitute professions for professional services though of course the rights of present and future incumbents would be safeguarded.

The Europeans in India, whether in Government service or not, should by their knowledge, with Western ideals, make a most valuable contribution to the new political order. It is necessary therefore to promote English ideals rather

**British deals.**

than English interests. The latter seems at present the main objective, though how this can be done by a fragment of a council is difficult to understand. The best course would be to ensure a hearing for English ideals, and that can always be ensured where seven or eight well-selected Englishmen are gathered together on a council. Why should this priceless asset be handed over, almost entirely, to representatives of commercial associations which only enjoy confidence of a small proportion of Englishmen? Why should the services as electors of the English non-commercial community and of the English Government services be practically lost? We do not care about the number of members, but many of us care that English ideals should be voiced, without hesitation in the new councils. If Englishmen elected Englishmen without such hinderance, they would make a most valuable contribution. If they elect mainly through commercial associations, they will not be able to do so.

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The Universities have made valuable contributions in the past, Mr. Paranjpye, Dr. Ewing' **The Universities.** Dr. Ward, the Vice-Chancellor of Calcutta and so forth. Yet this contribution is to be discontinued. If opportunities were given them the Universities would make more valuable contributions in the future. Men such as those named above would be of great value, but they cannot with their obligations to their students and to college discipline be expected to stand the hurly burly of a general election. Why impose residential restrictions on candidates in some Provinces? This is another slap at the professional classes. If the new councils are to be a success, they must have strong, independent institutions and professions to stand up to them.

## THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY RENAISSANCE.

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IN our modern mother-tongue there is a modest monosyllable charged with more malefic or beneficent influence over human destiny than all the so-called world-powers of the planet put together. It is an open Sesame which unlocks alike the sanctums of Archbishops, the study doors of philosophers and statesmen, and the laboratories of scientists. It gives access on the instant to the centre of the most crowded assemblies and offers indifferently to one the *entrée* to the most exclusive of private functions and to another the right of way across a battlefield. Indeed, before the outbreak of war necessitated a censorship, it really seemed as though the ubiquitous reporter or correspondent had but to murmur the magic word "Press" and behold the world-oyster gaped meekly open before him, and nothing in the new era offers a finer prospect of unprecedented achievements in human progress than the relationship to be established between the sovran public—democracy as the arbiter of its own destiny and its two servitors upon the one hand, the poet as indicator of the ideal, and upon the other, the press as the elevator of the *Ideal* and also the representation of the real—the harbinger of the Renaissance.

Between this triumvirate—the public, the press, and the poet what is the relationship existing now?



The poet is in the background as an "unacknowledged legislator of mankind," but, if, as we believe, a league of nations is going to lead to the passing of militarism and the dark ages and the final casting away of the Excalibur of brute force, one wistfully hopes that the public may see fit to celebrate this triumph of mind over muscle by giving precedence to the poet and allowing the singers to go before and blaze the trail into the unknown. Of these influences upon our future destiny let us consider first the Press. How rapid has been the growth of that sturdy child—the frank expression of the collective mind of man—if we may so define it. Note the day when a 17th century book-seller issued the first news-sheet in the year 1602 in the town of Frankfort-on-the-Maine. It was an epoch ; for this child grew. It grew till, after a long series of fines, pillories, and imprisonments and penalties of all kinds, the liberty of the Press was conceded as the right of a nation by the ruling powers of most civilised countries at the commencement of the last century.

Bismarck paid a characteristic tribute to its formidableness when he exclaimed fervently that "he could preserve the peace of Europe if he might only be allowed to hang two newspaper editors per annum." We believe the great man reckoned without the ardour of democracy: "Suffer yourselves to be blamed", said a gallant Frenchman, "suffer yourselves to be condemned, imprisoned, suffer yourselves even to be hanged, but publish your opinions, it is not a right, it is a duty". These are bold words, but does not the life-story of the Vindicator of Democracy, the Revealer of Humanism, the Hero of Calvary endorse them?

Time would soon fail were we to try and tell of all the wrongs righted, the truths spread, and the many enterprises, literary, scientific and philanthropic, that have been initiated, financed, and brought to a triumphant conclusion by our fairy god-mother—the Press. It is significant to note in passing that Montalembert's paper "L'Avenir"—the Future—which we are told "took for its motto 'Dieu et la Liberté'" and which "asserted for the sacred symbols of Christianity their place above the tricolor and the lilies", only survived about a year, which brings home to us the fact that even the all-powerful press has its limitations in the dividends of shareholders. None the less that magic power that can receive the crude statement of historic happenings in telegraphic or telephonic form and present them to a million or more of minds in such a manner as to produce, between peoples and nations, a mutual *rapprochement* towards unity and humanism—such a power is well-nigh incalculable as a factor in national or rather international progress—whether negatively as a non-conductor of ill-will and evil or positively as a proclaimer and sustainer of peace and goodwill.

Is there any new project, any long-cherished enterprise that you have at heart? First secure the goodwill of this all-powerful fairy and your cause is as good as won, but woe to the unlucky wight who omits to send her an invitation to the christening of his cherished foundling, for our brief survey of its origin and rise will fill our minds with the premonition that before it lies a future in which its colossal powers will only be equalled by its terrific responsibilities. If being in charge of a lighthouse or of a series of light-houses, you were to allow the light to fail for a single night, for how many wrecks

would you be responsible? Is not this an illustration of the true functions of the press in the world—to act as a light-house to the ship of State. The commingled light-rays of love and truth steadily streaming from these light-houses will, we hope, bring to an end this era of confusion, chaos, strife, and vainglory, and inaugurate a glorious Renaissance of Culture, of co-operation, concord and content. Viva la Renaissance !

The press is humanity become articulate and speaking as a whole, but is the press, then, as the daimon of Democracy, to be the supreme guide of humanity? Scarcely, for, though in the Press humanity speaks, it is myriad-minded as well as myriad-tongued. George Sand's friend—the editor of *L' Eclairneur*—found on his desk no less than 501 resolutions from a meeting of shareholders. Who shall decide when shareholders disagree? Who but the truly great poet, since is he not the voice of humanity when receiving its best inspiration? Surely the poet is supreme in humanity as man is supreme in Nature, and was He not the Prince of all poets Whose life and death were His great Epic and of Whom the oracle of Heaven testified:

“This is my beloved Son; *hear Him.*”

Be it the poet's then to strike the keynote of the 20th century as Unity through Harmony—to proclaim, as once did heroes and martyrs, sanctification by faith and civilisation by love, and this with such a certain sound that all the mighty and ever-swelling chorus of the world's press may be resolved into the grander harmonies of humanism.

May it be noted here in passing that, while not for a moment encouraging conspiracies of silence relating to

evils and abuses, all morbid dwelling on the details of crime, acts very balefully upon the sub-conscious mind. One suicide begets many, and even details of a murder suggest ways and means to tempted mortals which might not have occurred to them. The confessions of criminals clearly prove this, and this is equally true of the cinematograph.

To give an adequate reply as to what we expect from the acknowledgment of the supremacy of the poet we must take a retrospective glance at the history of poetry. We see the poet first as the ballad-singer of tribal exploits, and it is significant to note that in the dawn of history in Ireland no chieftain, merchant, or peasant was considered of any count whatever until he had performed an exploit which could be celebrated in song by the bard. The song is a searching test of human integrity and accomplishment. One can, to give a crude example, make a song of Florence Nightingale in the Crimea, the whole incident is already instinct with the melody of humanism, but what about the firm that supplied such brown paper boots and rotten hospital stores that the ship had to be scuttled before it got to land lest the Lady with the Lamp should turn its light upon them? Could one make a song of that? Honey is a poetic subject, most people could make a poem out of the honey-making of bees, but what about the honey now-a-days which appears to be made of cold cream diluted with hairwash flavoured with furniture polish and thickened with facepowder? What about that?

The poet would be the best safeguard against that deadly enemy of democracy—the adoration of the dollar. That is what leads us not only to food adulteration and a

C3 population, but also to national selfishness. During the War a Viennese gentleman endeavoured to purchase a cup of tea. He was served. He tasted it. It was a substitute. He tried again—coffee this time; it appeared to be made of acorns, it also was a substitute. A series of similar happenings led him to despair. He entered a chemist's and bought a dose of poison and.....nothing happened! It was a substitute. Perhaps there is more connection between health and holiness than we suspect. We hear of a Ministry of Health with renewed hopes, but we need also a ministry of holiness? The poets might be included among its ministrants, for what is the poet among us? In his prophetic function is he not the child Samuel with the "open ear"? The poet in his kingly aspect, is he not as Solomon coveting the supreme treasure of an understanding heart, the "little child that knows not how to go out or come in before great people" and—if coveting nought for himself save discrimination and discretion—doubtless endeared to the heart of the Most High.

"And God said because thou hast asked this thing and has not asked for thyself a long life, neither hast asked riches for thyself nor hast asked the life of thine enemies, but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment—lo, I have given thee a wise and an understanding heart". What gulfs of realisation lie between the active mind and the understanding heart!

The poet as sage, is he not as Alfred in the charcoal burner's hut, allowing the cakes of the peasant to burn while he gazes into the kingdom of the future? The poet is he not dormant, latent, entranced, as it were, in every one of us? He is never so dead that he cannot be recalled by the majestic summons:

"Lazarus, come forth—"

to be the leader of men, the lover and the beloved of God.

This is one aspect of the poet, but there is another. In his personality is he not frequently the "enfant gâté—whose whims we suffer with parental indulgence, the "enfant terrible" whose candour scorches the bleached linen of our self-righteousness like a burning glass, as well as the "enfant prodigue" who sweeps the strings of the soul, who spans the whole gamut of human nature, octaves it, hitherto unsuspected heights and depths coming into play beneath his touch.

What do we expect of the poet? We expect the human touch. That stir that comes into a stately drawing-room with the striking of the children's hour. Says Victor Hugo:

"Quand l'enfant vient  
La joie arrive et nous éclaire  
On rit, on se récrie, on l'appelle  
Et sa mere tremble à le voir marcher."

The true poet is never satisfied merely to read or to write poetry, he must needs live poetry. His art may be his instrument, but his life must be his masterpiece. The rescue of little children from crawling on their hands and knees through the coal mines was surely more to Elizabeth Browning than all her fame. Are there no more poets who, bursting into noble rage, can rescue the human race from perishing in the maw of militarism? It was said of a Chicago factory: "They use everything of a pig, but the squeal", and the same may be said of modern warfare.

The supremacy of poetry as an art is often challenged by music, the champions of music contending that poetry is merely melody: whereas music is a higher thing—harmony. This, however, can scarcely apply to epic and

dramatic poetry. The works of Kalidasa, Dante, Corneille, Racine, and Rostand—to say nothing of Shakespeare and Schiller—are these not harmonies woven into symphonies? The dramatic poet expresses himself, but that very self is multitudinous. How many kings and queens, warriors and statesmen, wiseacres and simpletons are commingled in the mind of Shakespeare. In that populous egiön you could soon collect characters enough to run a miniature *manvantara*. But surely the two arts are never seen to better advantage than when they are complementary one to the other. Music as the eternal ground swell of human consciousness, bursting upon the shores of time into the breakers and wavelets of poetry, whispering to us the divine secrets.

There is another quality which the poet has for leadership and that is that his prophetic faculty forewarns him and the events of life do not find him unprepared. How often he steps forward with the one thing needful while more learned heads are careful and troubled about many things. Notably is this the case with the life work of the poet Lazaro, Ludoviko Zamenhof, who in the Esperanto language wrote out and prepared a symphony in which all peoples, nations and languages can take part.

Are we worthy of this great gift or do we now-a-days lack the prophetic soul and the power to realise with Abraham and with Mary; and may we not add with Zamenhof, that it lies with us—with us to satisfy the Divine craving for a human confidant? Are we listening to His voice of Whom we read: "And the Lord said shall I hide from Abraham the thing that I do?"

Said Michael Angelo: "Nothing makes the soul so pure, so religious as the endeavour to create something perfect." How could we be better occupied than by substituting for a competition in frightfulness a noble emulation in beautifying and blessing and then uniting to construct out of a faulty civilisation a perfect Christendom. Do we not owe it to those who have given their lives, who have indeed "dared the utmost for the highest"—do we not owe it to them at least to make the attempt? Let it be said of Christendom to be as once of Italy:

“When thy name was but a name,  
When to desire thee was a vain desire,  
When to achieve thee was impossible,  
When to love thee was madness,  
When to live for thee was the extravagance of fools  
And to die for thee was to fling away life for a shadow—  
In those darkest days were some who lived  
And strove and never swerved,  
Who suffered for Thee and obtained their end.”

But if we are indeed to achieve this ideal we must insist and re-insist in season and out of season upon the responsibility of the individual for the general condition.

“A thinking man is the greatest enemy the Prince of Darkness can have”, said Carlyle. Thinking men as students of the word of God and of that sublime poem—the Apocalypse—have hitherto concerned themselves chiefly with its objective application, they have discussed its historical and geographical references without any suggestion of its subjective significance. Western countries need the help of wise men from the East to decipher the sacred and sublime code in which Joannes the oriental seer conceals his initiation. An American writer has pointed out that in the Upanishads the human body is



described as "the twelve Gate City of God's abode" with the seven chakras, wheels or centres of spiritual force which the Kundalini, the Speirema, or, as we should say, the Holy Spirit, successively revivifies.

Perhaps from the lips of Eastern sages we can best learn of the "solar body" of man, our "house which is from Heaven", or, if you will, the "holy city coming down out of Heaven" with its rainbow aura, its translucent substance and of the everliving, ever-lovely self-luminous lotus flowers, those coruscating limbs of this celestial body which being kindled into activity by the world-mother or fire of Kundalini—become the organs of sagehood and seership in man.

This piercing or conquering of the chakras by the Speirema which "in piercing acquires the peculiar quality" of the particular centre is described for us by Shri Ananda Acharya in his work the "Intuition of the Absolute", in which he gives with clarity and conciseness a scientific and philosophic basis to religion. This faithful Guru makes it plain to us that the holy nation can only be created by the righteous dealing of the individuals composing it. Each of us then must forsake the pathway of pleasures for the high-way of holiness, must in unitive life seek after that exquisite realisation of the motherhood in the Godhead, creative of the saint in manhood. There are many to whose consciousness "the comforter is come". Is there not moreover more than a shrewd suspicion of its tender omnipresence in the Moslem proverb that "God could not be everywhere, so He made mothers."

Church of the First-Born! Madonna! World-mother!  
Waken your world-babe. With your gentle whisper draw

the sage, the poet, the philosopher, the hero in humanity to your knee and shew them how good and joyful a thing it is to "dwell together in unity".

Spirit of Holiness, Spirit of truth and beauty, Love incarnate, Conquerer of brute force and fleshly lust, Revealer of the divine in man, receive from militant humanity of its best, the fragrance of its living flowers of light. Inhale the incense of its honour, its valour, its faithfulness and its magnanimity and then pass on, pass on in your serene madonna-hood. Carry the race consciousness to higher levels where for *nations* as for *individuals* supreme heroism shall lie in the conquest and subjugation of self. What of Christ, the hero of redemption, the Captain of our salvation? He fought and triumphed! True, but with no allied angel-legions—alone in an olive garden. His is now the "Victory of the Vanquished".

"Into the woods my Master went  
                                 Clean forspent, forspent,  
 Forspent with love and shame;  
 But the Olives they were not blind to Him,  
 Their little grey leaves were kind to Him,  
 The Thortree had a mind to Him,  
       As into the woods He came."

"Out of the woods my Master went  
                                 Clean forspent, forspent,  
 Forspent with death and shame;  
 From under the trees they drew Him last,  
 Upon a tree they nailed Him fast,  
 'Twas on a tree they slew Him last,  
       When out of the woods He came."

Schiller, conquerer of painful days and sleepless nights, Scott, the soul of honesty, Stevenson, the intrepid hero of the sickroom, each and all spending themselves in

ceaseless creative labour for their fellow men, and what is the goal of these sufferings and labours? Says Ananda:

"I see a new humanity, God-bestowed, dazzling the sight like a fiery cloud of gold. Then I see above the cloud shining with the glory of a thousand suns, a sublime figure more God-like than man's conception of God". The Eastern seer gives us the Vision; let us turn to the Western sage to hear the full significance of the Voice. Says Meyer of the message of Christ Jesus to chilled, starving, terror-stricken mortals:

"Come in want which no man can relieve,  
Come in tears which none can wipe away,  
Come in agony which all shall pass unheeding,  
And I . . . I will give you rest".

And again elsewhere our Western shepherd encourages the Church of the First-Born, the Woman with the all-uplifting leaven, to prayer:

"Christ may allow you to toil until the fourth watch of the night. He may seem silent and austere, tarrying still in the same place as though careless of the dying Lazarus. . . He may allow your prayers to accumulate like unopened letters on the table of an absent friend, but at last, at last He will say: 'O woman, great is thy faith be it unto thee even as thou wilt'."

"The City lieth four-square", said the seer-initiate of old. Disclose the cube and you discover the Cross as the scaffolding of a New Jerusalem, wide as the world—a Christendom co-extensive with the planet, rhythmic harmonious, melodious, setting itself like "perfect music unto noble words" to Christ as King. Thrs shall be brought about the Coronation of the King of Love as Prince of a reconstituted Christendom whose many

crowns severally and collectively shall solemnly testify  
*"Thine, Thine, Thine* is the Kingdom, and the power,  
 and the glory for ever—Amen."

K. F. STUART.

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### HIMALAYAN SPRING.

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Her chariot is a curléd cloud  
 The sun has decked with golden rays ;  
 Her steeds are winds that shout aloud  
 As, laughing she their speeding stays.  
 Gaunt rhododendrons flaunt their blooms  
 Of crimson high to welcome her,  
 And from long-silent valley glooms  
 Come sounds of wakened streams astir.

VERE. M. MURPHY.

## THE NEED OF A NEW REVELATION.

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**M**UST God reveal His will through Man? Can not the Divine Light be faced in its fullest effulgence but through a transparent transmitting medium? Evidently there seems to be the need of a Divine Teacher, a beacon light to guide humanity towards that goal of goals—Perfection. History of Religion bears this fact out amply. When we make a broad survey of the religions of the past, it appears that the same light has shone through different lamps in different countries and in different times. Whether it be the revelation of Vedas to the Rishis of old, or the revelation of Truth to Zoroaster the Persian prophet of 3,200 years ago, or the revelation for the people of Israel through their prophet Moses, or the revelation of the Kingdom of Heaven on this earth through the Son of God, Christ Jesus, or the revelation of the Will of God for the Arabs through their Prophet Mahomed, or in more recent times the shining of the Truth of Religion through the Prophet of Persia, Baha Ullah, the Splendour of God—in all these there shines the same light and there runs the same thread as if through a rosary of pearls, to give to the people of this world a Law and a teaching in accordance with their spiritual requirements and their receptive capabilities. It is this fact of the striving of Mankind to attain perfection through the agency of a Divine Teacher or

Messenger that stands out prominent in almost every religious system of the world. Every age had a revelation and so far as History helps us to unravel the past we find that in broad essentials every revelation was nearly the same in essence. Prophets and Divine Teachers appeared to point the way, so to say and tell the people of this world that a righteous life led in accordance with divine laws would be the source of Joy and Comfort and that an unrighteous or a sinful life would be the cause of sorrow and suffering. Those who listened were rewarded and those who did not were punished. The Law of Eternal Justice—a law divine—was proclaimed by each prophet in his turn and when people forgot the law and the way and were led astray by their own blindness and ignorance, the Light shone once again and brought consolation to the darkened hearts of the people. The Light, therefore, is the same Eternal Light, but its manifestation has been through Lamps of different colours ; once it is Zoroaster, then it is Krishna or Moses, then it is Christ and then again Mahomed and now it is Biha Ullah. They are all revealers of the Divine Will and proclaimers and teachers of the Divine Laws for Man, though at one time the language of revelation was Sanskrit, at another time it was Zenda Avesta, at still another Hebrew and later Arabic, and once again it is Persian. As a matter of fact the *Vedas*, the *Bhagwat Gita*, the *Old Testament*, the *New Testament*, the *Quran* and the *Kitab Ul Aqdas* are all the revealers of the same Eternal Divine Truth, unchanged and unchanging ; divine laws remaining ever the same through all ages, and all times.

The teaching of Religions which seems so different and contradictory at times is in reality not so. The

people of earlier times were not capable of understanding the Eternal Truths and divine laws except in the way that their teachers placed those truths before them. As the human race progressed the methods of teaching also progressed ; that which was regarded as essential for an earlier age, was no longer so for a later and a more advanced age, just as what is needed for the 5th class is less advanced than that which is needed for the 10th and so on. Laws and institutions laid down for the people of Israel by Moses were modified by Christ. Institutions of Islam laid down by the Prophet Mahomed have been changed by Baha Ullah, the prophet of Persia. No institutions can last for ever and they must change as the needs of the people change and as times change. The sacrifices of bullocks and rams enjoined by Moses and the institution of *jehad* and *circumcision* introduced by Mahomed and Moses many other similar institutions which were suited to earlier times in the history of mankind are perhaps no longer suitable now and must be abolished by later law givers. A nation or a people that choose to stick on to old institutions must stagnate and suffer spiritual death in the course of centuries, specially when they shut themselves up to a revelation that has become old and feeble with time. Such for example are many of the institutions of Hindus, of Jews, Zoroastrians and Buddhists. Old institutions are like old clothes which must be cast off when nations have outgrown them. It must however be clearly understood that divine laws are eternal and unchanging, only the social institutions undergo a change from time to time.

The tenacity with which people stick to old institutions is remarkable. The Jews, the Hindus, the Zoroastrians, the Buddhists are instances in point. The caste system of

the Hindus, the fire worship of the Zoroastrians, the Pass over of the Jews, the Wheel of Prayer of the Buddhists and many other similar religious ceremonials and customs still continue and show no signs of change or death. It does not appeal to reason that these things should continue and should live on for ever and eternally. If that were in the scheme of things, there would have not been such remarkable changes as the replacement of Judaism by Christianity, of Hinduism by Buddhism and of Zoroastrianism by Mahomedanism. It appears, therefore, that a new revelation is a necessity and that Prophets and divine teachers should appear from time to time to give to mankind fresh social institutions and guide them and lead them onwards to the road to perfection, and thus fulfil the great purpose of creation, that far off divine event to which the whole creation moves.

Under the circumstances there seems to be the need of a new prophet and a new teaching for the present age as well, however sceptical one might be. If there have been revelations in the past there is no reason why there should be no revelation in the future. There has never been a seal to the prophets of the world and there never shall be an end to the revelations of the Word of God for the people of this world. God must reveal His will through man.

"Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken" (Deuteronomy xviii, 15). So said Moses.

"I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye can not hear them now. Howbeit when he the spirit of truth is come, he will guide you unto all truth; for he shall not



“speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear *that* shall he speak; and he will show you things to come” (John, xvi, 12-13.) so said Christ.

If more internal evidence were required it could be quoted from almost every scripture of the world to substantiate the fact that a revelation has been a necessity in the past and is a necessity for all times. Each prophet was to teach humanity the Truth of God and give the message of righteousness and lay down eternal laws of God and then hand over the unfinished and the eternal task to his successor, who was once again to sound the Trumpet Call. Till we are brought in this age, face to face with the latest of them, whose teaching is for this Time and whose message is to unify the religious systems of the past and proclaim once again the Truth of Religion which has been forgotten by the people of this world.

“That all nations shall become one in faith and all men as brothers; that the bonds of affection and unity should be strengthened, that diversity of religion should cease, that differences of race be annulled, what harm is there in this? So it shall be; these fruitless strifes, these ruinous wars shall pass away and the ‘Most Great Peace’ shall come”.—‘Let not a man glory in this that he loves his country, let him rather glory in this that he loves his kind’. Such is the message that Baha Ullah gives to the people of this age and to the human race of to-day.

Not long ago Mirza Ali Mahomed, a young Persian, declared himself to be the *Bab* or the “gate” and gave the good news of the coming of “Him whom God shall manifest,” in the way that John the Baptist did for Christ. Seven years after this proclamation the Bab was martyred at Tabriz in 1850 at the bidding of Moslem Divines, who

regarded him as a heretic and subverter of the established state religion of Persia. Baha Ullah, whose proper name, was *Mirza Huseyn Ali of Nur* declared himself in 1866 as "He whom God shall manifest." Professor E. G. Browne of Cambridge who paid a visit to Baha Ullah at the prison house of Acre remarked, "The face of him on whom I gazed I can never forget, though I cannot describe it. Those piercing eyes seemed to read one's very soul, power and authority sat on that ample brow, while the deep lines on the forehead and face implied an age which the jet black hair and beard flowing down in indistinguishable luxuriance almost to the waist seemed to belie. No need to ask in whose presence I stood, as I bowed myself before one who is the object of a devotion and love which kings might envy and emperors sigh for in vain."

The sacred book of the Bahais revealed through Baha Ullah is called the *Kitab Ul Aqdas* or the Holy Book and the history of the Bahai movement and its teaching is well worth the consideration of the students of religious history and of comparative theology. I give below a list of references to literature on the subject and it will be a pleasure to me to recommend some more reading on this great religion. All I wanted to do for the present was to draw attention to the fact of the importance of Revelation and

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\* References—

<i>Episode of the Bab.</i> ...	...	Professor E. G. Browne
<i>The Bahai Revelation</i> ...	...	Thornton Chase.
<i>The Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society for 1889.</i>		The Babis of Persia and their Literature.
Two articles by Professor Browne.		
<i>Iqan</i> —English Translation. A work by Baha Ullah written before his		declaration.
<i>Some Answered Questions</i> — ...	...	Miss Barney.

of a Divine Teacher or a Messenger through whom the Eternal Light is made to shine as if through a mirror for the guidance of the human race. The Laws brought down through heavenly books are meant to be followed and only when those laws are totally forgotten a new Prophet comes and lights a new lamp so to say and reveals once again the same light and proclaims with a fresh voice the Will of God to Man.

UNIVERSITY OF ALLAHABAD.

PRITAM SINGH.

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### THE PRIMROSE.

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The sky was azure-clear,  
 The winter here ;  
 The earth within a winding-sheet of snow,  
 That, sparkling as it lay,  
 And lessening day by day,  
 Let out a robe of living green below.  
 For one brief, chilly hour,  
 A wintry bower  
 I sought, in woodland solitudes apart ;  
 Where that the tale of years  
 Unlocked a fount of tears  
 That made a music of my haunted heart ;  
 While, at my very feet,  
 A messenger, a herald from afar,  
 There rushed up thro' the snow,  
 From underworlds below,  
*The folded promise of a Primrose star.*

E. M. H.

## BROTHERHOOD.

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Link up, link up in tighter grip  
     The chain from East to West ;  
 Let no delay our purpose stay,  
     This hour decides the test.

The whole wide world is waiting now,  
     List'ning in breathless haste,  
 And by the force of Brotherhood  
     Stern Justice shall be based.

Beloved sons of India—who  
     Have borne the brunt of War,  
 Whose blood incarnadine has dyed  
     The earth,—and who by roar

Of cannon fierce were lulled to sleep,  
     Far from your native shore ;  
 Your presence pleads for Freedom's cause  
     Ever and ever more.

You died for us, both young and old,  
     You died that we might live.  
 Your stalwart forms lie cold and stiff—  
     You gave, and we must give.

The gift above all other gifts  
     Your valiant hearts would choose—  
 A lasting Brotherhood confessed,  
     The gift you'll not refuse.

## EAST &amp; WEST

And when upon the grassy mounds  
 That guard the hallowed dead,  
 The primrose peeps above the moss,  
 Where she had hid her head.

Soft shadows flit across the wold,  
 Peace reigns—while soul seeks soul,  
 To scorn all barriers that divide,  
 Though ceaseless billows roll !

C. M. SALWEY.

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 THE ETERNAL GIFT.
 

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*In semper solis tu mihi turba locis.*

I have found thee, whom my heart adoring,  
 Languished for the presence of thy love,  
 Unto which the flood of life outpouring  
 By a mighty power was forced to move.

Now the sun again illumines with shining,  
 Dreary paths grown dark in my distress,  
 Loneliness all joy was undermining,  
 Now is changed since thou art here to bless.

By the will of God emancipated,  
 (Though the earth is wide, and ways were lone)  
 Parted for awhile—He hath dictated  
 Here at last our souls merge into one.

Look upon my face—and read my story ;  
 Clasp my hand in trust beloved friend,  
 Many gifts we claim through ages hoary,  
 But to Love's Omnipotence we bend.

C. M. SALWEY.

AMERICA'S WAR AIMS.  
— — —

The war which has just finished has upset many of the traditions of the United States of America. A nation which has few military traditions, little liking for things military, strong aversions for militarism and conscription, has raised a drafted army, has supported the war vigorously with money, men and industries. It has supported in his most extreme military recommendations a President who was elected on what might well be called a peace programme. The nation has entered the war with vigour; and her war aims cannot be stated by politicians. Her war aims are the expression of a national ideal, the ideal expressed by the preamble of our written Constitution and by our famous Declaration of Independence. These two documents have built up a great American tradition which has been accepted by all immigrants and proved by daily facts. The American nation went to war on a point of pride. It had been insulted, reviled, annoyed, and scorned by the German military and naval policy. It watched the war in Europe. It saw two strong opponents, one fighting squarely and one fighting unfairly. It tried to say, "That is a European quarrel. I shall avoid all entangling alliances with powers whose heritage of jealousy and opposition is so fruitful of trouble." But the time came when it could no longer say this. The time came when it.

had to declare war, not so much to avenge submarine warfare as to fight for the universal recognition of those principles on which its own national government had been founded. A few adventurers had joined English, Canadian and French armies. In April, 1917, the nation as a whole joined itself with knightly indignation in defence of what it considered the right; we sought no territory. We settled no old grudges, we simply took up the gauntlet in defence of certain knightly and chivalrous principles and in opposition to all that has been unknightly and unchivalrous since the beginning of time.

This is an expression of the principles on which we went to war as the American people see it, not as any politician or statesman might excuse it. To express these principles, the individuals fought and died. The principles are in the heart and mind of every one of our warriors. The variety of their origins and the splendid unity of their opinions have nowhere been better stated than in a 7th German Army Headquarters Bulletin of June 17, 1918, written by a Teuton named Von Berg, Lieutenant and Intelligence Officer, who examined a group of American prisoners and reported on their character and opinions as follows:

"The prisoners in general make an alert and pleasing impression. They still regard the war from the point of view of the 'big brother' who comes to help his hard-pressed brethren, and is therefore welcomed everywhere. A certain moral back-ground is not lacking; the majority simply took it as a matter of course that they had come to Europe in order to defend their country. Only a few of the troopers are of pure American origin; the majority is of

German, Dutch, and Italian parentage, but these semi-Americans—almost all of whom were born in Europe and never have been in Europe—fully feel themselves, to be true born sons of their country.”

The mixed character of the population of the United States has always been proverbial, so that the term American has come to represent any one of a large variety of types. Nor is it necessary to refer in this particular to the differences between people of the South, with their gentle courtesy, and those of the North, with their energy and enterprise; nor to the cowboy from the western plains and to the satisfaction of the eastern small town with its settled ways and its non-conformist conscience.

If our country is cosmopolitan, it is cosmopolitan in a much broader and more significant sense than any of these. It is, in the trite phrase, a melting pot for all nations. And let no one object to the phrase, for trite things are usually true, representing as they do ideas whose very frequency of use testifies to their general applicability.

So closely can the figure of speech be applied that out very name, the United States of America, very nearly represents this condition. Our geographically divided states are now no longer separate states in the sense in which that word is used by political theorists. But the peoples of all nations here resident are united and fused into a cogent whole, in the light of a single ideal of liberty, freedom and humanity.

Since the earliest days this country has received Dutch, French Huguenots, English Royalists, English Puritans, Swedes, Irish, Germans, Italians, Austrians, Russians, Poles, Greeks and Balkan folk; received them and made



them welcome to equality of opportunity in politics and industry. The result has been that, in a clearer sense, our name might almost as well be the United Nations, instead of United States.

We recently found ourselves at war. We began to raise a new national army. We increased the size of the regular army by adding new recruits who joined within a few months because they held definite opinions on the rights and wrongs being settled in the great world-conflict in Europe, and because they wanted to fight and play their part in the momentous struggle. Whatever might have been said of the older organizations, it was at once apparent that the newly-formed regiments included in their ranks people of all races and nationalities, so that it was distinctly a cosmopolitan army representative of a cosmopolitan nation. They were not fighting in any old blood feud; they were uninterested in traditional quarrels of Europe royalty. They read our proclamations and felt that we fought for a greater cause: the ideal which this nation has always held before the world.

When any country goes to war, the usual bromide comes forward with a great deal of rhetoric to expatiate on the persons of diverse trades enrolled in the service. He tells of the farmers from their fields, the clerks from their desks, the miners from their subterranean galleries, the longshoremen from the wharves, the woodsmen from the forest, and the young aristocrat from his receptions and dances, and—of course—the cowboys from the rolling plains. More significant than any of these is the observed fact of united nationalities.

Of our National Army regiments almost thirty per cent were born abroad. Something of the mixture can be

realized when it is stated that, in every army Y. M. C. A., classes were held during the war, and are still maintained, to teach English to the enlisted men: not advanced classes in composition and literature, but beginning classes similar to those given to foreigners in metropolitan settlement houses. Then the same sort of classes were conducted by the sergeants in many of the companies. Any one who doubts the value of such work need only read the strange, almost, unpronounceable names in the imperishable rolls of honour. There are some who found in scaling maps a trial, but for a real test of patience it is recommended that they try to teach the complicated rear rank movements of "Squads right" to a man who scarcely understand English and who continually mystifies his officers as to how he ever read well enough to be able to take out his first naturalization papers. Or let them approach such a one on sentry duty and ask him to repeat his "General Orders" for sentinels. There is at least one company in which a man was forced to learn them in Polish because nearly the only English he knew was: "Me no understands." Some, when asked what they would do in any one of several emergencies which might arise, such as fire, an explosion, disorder, etc., are known to have replied "Me shoot in ground." Then there is the story of a sentinel, who greeted the officer of the day with a "Halt!"

"Well, what do you say, next "

"Halt!"

"Stop, why do you not ask me who I am, or ask me to advance to be recognized? Why do you say 'halt' the second time, when I am already halted?"

"I say 'Halt' three times; then I shoot."

And all the man needed was a little more instruction in English before he could reasonably be required to know more of the Manual of Interior Guard Duty.

However, speaking, seriously, this situation is indicative of three things: the difficulties experienced in training our troops; the need, early recognized, of teaching them more English and of giving them English books to read; and—more significant for our purpose—the really large proportion of new Americans who fought in our victorious army. What did it matter if they needed training? They would get that. What did it matter if they needed to learn more English? They could be taught that. What did it matter if—as actually happened—they occasionally used a chocolate pudding for a meat gravy or mistook soup for a sauce to go with their dessert? They soon straightened that out. The interesting thing is that they were still partly foreigners, and that they were anxious to be fused in the great melting pot and made into Americans, anxious even, to stand shoulder to shoulder in ranks with Americans from Arkansas who chewed tobacco, with Chicagoans who swore, with New Yorkers who spit on the side-walk; to fight side by side with them, to carry their bayonets likewise over the top and toward the German parapets in proof of their admiration for things American, in pride for their nationality, in consciousness of a brotherhood of ideals and in defense of the principles for which America stands.

Out of one hundred and ten men taken from one company at random thirty-six were from abroad, coming from the following countries in the numbers indicated: Russia, thirteen; Italy, seven; Austria, six; Sweden, three; Greece, two; Germany, one; Turkey, one; Syria,

one; Poland, one; England, one. These men were all interviewed, and the reasons they joined the army are interesting, indeed.

We have heard of Private Herman Hilling, in the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Infantry, whose entire family was wiped out fighting for the Kaiser, two brothers at the Marne, and his father and a third brother later on. "President Wilson is right," Hilling said. "This is a war for democracy. The Kaiser is responsible—he and his government. Germans like my family are driven to the trenches like cattle. God help me to do my share to wipe out the Kaiser and his government." Another German who, by the way, hails from the important town of Kiel, and more recently from Florida and New York, resents, as his whole family resents, the Schleswig-Holstein affair, and entered our army in the hope that the United States would send him to destroy Prussian domination.

There were Austrians, and men from Austrian Poland, and from Austrian Moravia, who enlisted because they "didn't like Germany and hated the Austrian government." There were Russians, Lithuanians, and men from Russian Poland. There were Syrians and Armenians, who enlisted to avenge the wrongs that Turkey had done to their people: the murder of whole families as well as the oppression of years. There were Greeks from Corinth and Menthone who disliked the Teutonic sympathies of Contantinos and were anxious to support Venezelos and his liberal programme. There were Swedes who "never did like Germany," who were brought up to think of Germany and Sweden as inevitably opposed.

There were Italians who grasped at the opportunity to support in arms their two countries, the land of their birth and the land of their choice; who had cousins and uncles and brothers fighting up the slopes of the Trentino. There were men of all nationalities who had been here a long time, or who had been here only a short time, and who said proudly: "I am an American now. I want to fight America's battles." They came from Stockholm, from Rome, Lublin, Wilno, Palermo, Patras, Catz, Naples, Radworski, Mometetzez, Novozibkow, Czerepiuko. Yet they liked America best. They wanted to help their kinsfolk win the war; but most of all they wanted to fight because America was in the war and because they believed in America.

But the spirit which dominated and unified our American army is perhaps best indicated by an illustration. Take an army post late on a summer afternoon. It is a quarter past five and the men are loafing around under the trees engaged in harmless pastimes, or writing letters to their families in South Bend or Detroit or in Europe, or perhaps—since it is just after the hour of the last mail distribution—reading letters from widely separated points of the earth, some bearing Italian or Greek postage stamps. The drills and the daily programme of bayonet training, grenade throwing, or assault practice are over; and each is letting his thoughts wander far away from war and rumours of war.

A bugle sounds down the street. It is "First Call." Through the quarters there shriek the whistles of the first sergeants, hurrying the men out on the line. In straggling groups they come, adjusting this bit of equipment

or that, straightening a hat too hurriedly slapped in place or hooking a refractory belt buckle. The companies fall in, each in a long double rank in front of its own barracks, line upon line of khaki-clad men stretching from headquarters, half a mile to the southward. Officers take their places in front, and receive the reports of the first sergeants that all are present, just as the bugles blow the "Assembly."

During an instant of silence, while the setting sun throws long, grotesque, purple shadows from the officers' quarters across the company street, and the shadows reach silently forth as if to spread a premature darkness over the earth—during a moment of silence the companies remain rigid and motionless, their bronzed faces standing forth sharp and clear in the light from the west which silhouettes them against the dark brick background of the barracks behind.

The bugles blow "Retreat," as a signal that the flag is about to be lowered.

There is another pause while one draws a breath and holds it in expectancy. The boom of the sunset gun breaks the stillness.

"Atten-shun!" the officers shout. "Present Arms!" And every rifle is raised and held firmly to the front; eyes look steadily ahead; the company commanders' hands snap to the edge of the hat in salute, and there is no movement. Even the soldiers off duty, casually passing by, halt, click their heels together, and raise their hands

smartly in salute. The band music breaks down the street:

"Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,

What so proudly we hailed by the twilight's last  
gleaming?"

Down the tall staff something comes slowly, slowly, almost reverently, something frayed by the wind, faded by the sun, stained by the rain, something that shows stripes and stars of scarlet and white and a field of blue. All the regiment stands so quiet-one would almost believe them carven images hewn out of brown oak, set up there to do reverence to an unknown God. There is no movement, no sound save the solemn, inspiring crash of the national hymn.

As the last note peals through the air, the flag falls into the waiting arms of two soldiers, who are careful not to let it touch the ground. The echo of the music strays back hesitatingly from the cliffs across the river. The magic of the sunset scene is gone. The lines of brown are broken. The bugler is even now preparing to sound the mess call. But the men sift back into their barracks after this ceremony with the full consciousness that, in a peculiar way, they have touched reality for one short, splendid instant.

The companies had been formed, the battalions got together, the long line of the regiment stretched down the street—all to do homage in a daily ceremony to the flag which symbolizes the country. And these men who came from other lands, so many of them, felt that the flag stand for much more than that. It represents certain principles of political liberty conceived by a few

daring minds a century and a half ago, tried and found valuable by emigrating peoples from all the countries of Europe, proclaimed now as the hope of the world—principles they came to this country to support, principles for which they were willing to fight in this last of wars. Every day, at sunset, each one in his heart has renewed his devotion and his sacrifice: the many in the common cause were united with a single idea and a single mission. That mission was the mission of the cosmopolitan American people mirrored in the cosmopolitan American army.

ELBRIDGE. COLBY.



## THE SONG OF THE MOON.

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### I.

The Moon sang, and the stars heard.  
 And the stars cried,  
 "Who are you?" and the silent echo.  
 Softly died.

### II.

And the moon sang forth again.  
 The stars listened.  
 "I am the cup of Love's nectar,  
 Which, imprison'd,

### III.

"In the close embrace of Bliss  
 Celestial lovers  
 Partake ; concealed in Heaven's  
 Immortal bowers.

### IV.

"They come as graceful clouds,  
 And steal my wine,  
 And clothed with Love's Eternal Light,  
 They dance and shine.

### V.

"When my store is well-nigh spent,  
 They seek such bliss  
 From the lips of their eager loves  
 In a fervent kiss.

## VI.

“ And grateful for my early help,  
They fill me soon  
With all the kisses’ nectar’d Light,  
As a willing boon.

\* \* \*

## VII.

And the moon stopped ; the stars breathed ;  
And the spell broke.  
From dreams of love and aerial Bliss  
Amazed I woke.

N. S. SUDHAKAR.

## THE SCOUT MOVEMENT.

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There are a few matters that require careful attention to ensure success of the Scout movement. They are all in accordance with the rules governing the movement in England, rules which I think should be followed as closely as possible; some differences there certainly will be, due to the different climate of India and different customs of Indians, but in all essentials the English rules should be followed.

In the first place it is very necessary to insist on the rules regarding the age of scouts; and if there be any variation from the British rules, this should be in the direction of making the maximum age limits lower rather than higher than they are in England, seeing that boys in India are married so much younger than in England. Such a thing as a married scout is absolutely unheard of in England but of course such must be allowed in India. But no ordinary scout should be over 18 years of age, after that they become 'old scouts'. And doubtless some will become Scoutmasters and take an interest in the movement, but no longer as ordinary scouts.

Secondly there is no military meaning attached to scouting. The object of scouting is to develop character, resourcefulness, self-reliance, patriotism, and the other

qualities that make the scout a man among men. As part of the teaching of patriotism they are, of course, to be taught that a citizen must be prepared to take his fair share in the defence of his country. As a consequence of this, actual drill forms but a small part of the Scouts' training; a small amount of drill is sufficient for disciplinary purposes, discipline is really better taught by the other parts of the Scouts' training, General Sir Robert Baden Powell, the founder of the movement, says of drill: "Much drill destroys a boy's individuality, and is besides the resource of the feeble and unimaginative Scoutmaster." The great object of the Scouts' training is to develop resourcefulness, self-reliance, and individuality.

Lastly there must be no connection with politics in the sense of party politics. Politics originally meant matters connected with citizenship, "the regulation of man in all his relations as a member of the state," and in that sense Scouting is of course greatly concerned therewith. But in modern English politics has come to imply something distinctly different from the science of good citizenship. I will give you a dictionary definition. It is the "vocation of guiding or influencing the policy of a government through the organization of a party among its citizens—including, therefore, not only the ethics of government, but more especially, and often to the exclusion of ethical principles, the art of influencing public opinion, attracting voters and obtaining and distributing public patronage so far as such distribution may depend upon the political opinions or political services of individual; and hence in a bad sense the schemes and intrigues of political parties." It is in this sense that

the movement must have absolutely no connection with politics; for too often a political party thinks a good deal more as to how to get the better of its political opponents than how by working together with them it may arrive at the best result for the state. It is very rare to find any of the views of any political party wholly wrong or wholly right, but too often in modern politics all the members of a party are required to adhere to all the views of their party and oppose those of their opponents. How much better it would be to *work together* rather than in opposition! Consider for example what happened in England when it was realized that the war was really a serious business. Up till then the Government had been in the hands first of one, then of another party, each party being far more concerned in preventing the other doing anything and in getting the better of them than in trying to do what was best for the country. Though very unsatisfactory that was not of vital importance so long as peace reigned and there was comparatively little to do. But once it was realized that we were fighting for our national life, party politics were laid aside and all worked together.

Now let me try and draw a lesson from history—we are often told that there was a golden age in India—long ago before invasions occurred. Many, if not all nations and many men have a habit of believing that there was a golden age in days long past. For my part I have great doubts of past ages having been so much happier than the present. It is an almost universal habit to forget the unhappinesses of life, and remember more clearly the happinesses, and when was this golden age in India?

History tells us that the Aryans were invaders, would not the aboriginal tribes who lived in India before the invasion of the Aryans be entitled to claim that for the restoration of the golden age the Aryans should leave the country to them?

Let me turn to British History. Probably the ancient Britons were at a stage of civilization not very unlike that of these aboriginal inhabitants of India who were there when the Aryan invasion took place. The Romans are the first known invaders of Britain, they established an absolutely alien sovereignty and did not, I believe, co-operate—work with—the Britons to any real extent. In that respect possibly their domination resembles rather that of the Greek invaders of North-Western India than the over-running of India by the Aryans who pressed back and partially absorbed the previous inhabitants.

Any how neither Roman domination in Britain nor Greek in India continued; in neither case was there true co-operation. Next Britain was invaded by the Anglo-Saxons who completely overthrew the Roman Rule; but themselves after some centuries during which there was much quarrelling and lack of co-operation were conquered by the Normans. Similarly, the Aryans, who, I believe, at least sometimes failed to work together in proper co-operation and, at least occasionally, did some fighting among themselves, were conquered by the Mahomedans. But Mahomedans and Hindus also failed to work in unison just as Anglo-Saxons Britons, and they have finally come under the domination of the British.

Now the Normans gradually came to work more and more with the Anglo-Saxons until in the course of time the fact that the King was of a foreign family, was forgotten and he was the King of *England*—no longer merely the Duke of Normandy. And never since the Norman conquest has England been conquered or even invaded. Normans and Anglo-Saxons and Britons have come to work together and co-operate and on that working together rests the strength of England.

Now you will doubtless see my meaning. Since India came under the dominion of Britain it has never been invaded either by land or by sea; English and Indians have worked together to secure this result, England could not have done it without India's help, India could not have done it without England. Co-operation there has been, though as in so many cases England never definitely thought about co-operation nor started with any fixed policy.

The time has now come for more co-operation, possibly some of you think that sufficiently rapid progress is not being made, others, however, think progress too rapid. But my point is this that real progress will only be made by all working together and not by working in two or more separate parties, whose chief object is to get the better of each other. For India's true progress, Britons and Indians must work together as Normans and Anglo-Saxons did, and if this be done the future history of India should be one of success and progress as that of England has been since the Norman conquest.

I may appear to have wandered somewhat far from the subject of Boy Scouts, but I do not think I have done

so really, I want to impress upon all the necessity of co-operation between Britons and Indians, of keeping the movement free from politics in the bad sense and at the same time of remembering that its whole object is to produce good citizens, men who will be helpful to their fellowmen and useful to their country.

As to how the training given to Boy Scouts does this I do not propose to give details, but will merely say that the great necessity is for energetic young men who will give whole-hearted assistance. With such and with a careful adherence to the principles laid down by General Sir Robert Baden Powell there is good reason to hope that Boy Scouts will succeed as well in India as they are doing in England. Difficulties there will be, and they must be solved by a consideration of those principles, it is not to be expected that the rules for British Scouts will be found exactly applicable to Indian Scouts but the principles will be found to be so.

C. A. SILBERRAD.



## SOME ASPECTS OF UNIVERSITY RECONSTRUCTION.

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UNIVERSITY education has been progressing at a comparatively rapid pace, of late years in this country. The latest instance has come in an elaborate memorandum prepared on a "University for Baroda, by Prof. P. Seshadri of the Hindu University at Benares, who made an investigation on the spot for the purpose, at the invitation of His Highness the Gaekwar. Also, not long ago, was issued the charter of the Usmania University instituted by H. E. H. the Nizam for the subjects in his dominions. Every instance of the extension of university education has, naturally enough, meant a reconstruction of ideals, or rather has served to intensify them. The Usmania University is something of a revolution, in the dramatic mandate which has made Urdu the medium of instruction throughout the University course. Something of an epoch-making event may also be reasonably looked for in the publication of the report of the Sadler commission on the affairs of the Calcutta University. Meanwhile one hears a great deal of attempts to establish a "National University". Lala Lajpat Rai has dissected this last movement with the help of cold and dispassionate reason in the pages of the "Modern Review", and

warns all people concerned against living in "a fool's paradise". It is proposed to discuss here a few problems of university education which have to be recognised not only in the formation of new universities, but also towards reformation in the older ones.

A university with an unwieldy jurisdiction is a misnomer. There should be as—an essential—compact corporate existence in a *University*. This is not a matter of sentiment but one affecting the practical securing of a precious atmosphere of university life. University education should imply for the undergraduate personal contact with first-rate professors, the access to well-equipped libraries, and laboratories and a healthy physical and moral training. A university should be a real centre of academical pursuits. A residential university should be considered a favourable type of educational organisation, but student-hostels as obtaining at present in this country are productive of little good. A large number of students left in charge, or in no charge of a solitary member of the staff is more like a military or police camp than belonging to the university atmosphere. There is nothing edifying in such an atmosphere where the undergraduate himself predominates. If the good effects of the residential system are to be looked for, all the members of the staff should be provided with quarters on the college grounds. A more satisfactory linking than at present between the Professoriat and the undergraduates should be found in the maintenance of Fellowships and Tutors, as in the west.

One way of rooting university education to the soil in this country should be in the organisation of university extension lectures to promote popular culture. These lectures may of course be in the vernaculars also. This idea of popular education to be undertaken by universities is not a novel one. It was looked for even by Lord Macaulay in drawing up his Minute, formulating the necessity to inaugurate Indian Education, on lines of western culture. He expected that culture would trickle down to the masses from the products of university education through the vernaculars.

Though it has been a healthy sign of the times that educational problems receive greater publicity and attention now than before, there has been an element of harmful criticism which deserves to be wiped out. There is in this country little bridging of the gulf between university studies and popular culture. When reckless criticisms are levelled against the educational system, it is often through want of sympathy resulting from ignorance. University education can be successfully carried on, only when there is prevailing harmony with the public mind. When out of ignorance thoughtless hostility is aroused towards the educational system, the youth trained under it come to harm by not being permitted to respond to it in utter fidelity. What is the significance of the traditional reverence towards the Guru among the Hindus, if it did not imply that attitude of receptivity and capacity to improve, which are indispensable in educating oneself?

It is said that university education as a liberalising influence is so well appreciated in the west that

even tradesmen and others of technical professions are eager to receive recruits from the university products. Towards ushering into this country such a state of existence, popular education should be directly or indirectly undertaken by the universities. In addition to lectures, the work of printed publications can go a great deal to achieve the purpose. Whether in literature, history, philosophy or in the sciences there is a great deal to be achieved in this country by way of popular lectures and of disseminating printed literature, beginning with the publication of mere university magazines.

The world-events of recent years have had a most unsettling effect on the convictions of the human mind. The best of political constitutions have been put to sore test in the trials of the day and the traditional linking of society has been interfered with in a much more complex manner than even at the violent time of the French Revolution. Economic and industrial problems have moved from difficulty to difficulty, and are farthest away from a simple solution. At this time our university courses should make attempts to offer some direct and useful training towards equipping young men for citizenship. Sociology may well be a recognised province of study, and political philosophy may be elucidated, in our universities.

Another important problem of university reconstruction relates to moral training. Obviously there are direct and indirect means to achieve this. In the daily commerce of life a high sense of truthfulness and good and fair conduct may pervade the university atmosphere.

The same healthy spirit may extend to the participation in organised games and athletics. Still another means for moral training will lie in the provision of facilities for the exchange of social amenities in the university world. University "Unions" should be created with meeting and recreation rooms, the memories of the hours spent in which are likely to be lastingly fresh and pleasant for the undergraduate. As an accessory to the kind of influence exercised by the promotion of social qualities in the university atmosphere, we may mention the need for the cultivation of fine arts like music and painting under university auspices. It will not be too much to claim that the cultivation of the sense of beauty in concrete arts like painting and music should remain a potent influence on the shaping of human character. In the memorandum prepared by Mr. P. Seshadri, already referred to at the beginning of this paper, writing on the subject of the fine arts, he mentions the existence of a body of literature on the subject, sufficient to warrant the inauguration of university courses in them. Among the works enumerated are Percy Brown's *Indian Painting*, Fox Strangway's "*Music of Hindustan*," Clement's *Introduction to the Study of Indian Music*, T. A. Gopinath Rao's "*Indian Iconography*", Gangoli's "*South Indian Bronzes*," and "*South Indian Lamps*," and the books of Havell, Vincent Smith and Ananda Coomaraswami on Indian Art.

But the one deep influence towards moral training as yet little utilized in our educational systems, is religion. Religious instruction has indeed been a thorny question to tackle. Theological pedantry, or the practice

of formal rituals can have but little place in an educational system. The difficulty of formulating a religious basis which should pay equal regard to the tenets of all the great religions obtaining in this country, has also been insuperable. The profundity of religious influence is defeated by the adoption of artificial creeds which profess to satisfy equally all the different faiths. But still it may be asked whether the poet and philosopher may not co-operate together, as they have in the instance of Sir Rabindranath Tagore, to ennoble the morals of the atmosphere in which they can exert influence. We want a new race of high-souled evangelists who can offer to everyone the simplicity and firmness of faith in God which our greatest poet has preached everywhere he went. The knowledge that God is within oneself, and that the realisation of Him is through pure and righteous conduct is one which should lie at the foundation of university life. The problem of sin is one which has inspired the prayer of all religions. Cannot something be done in our universities to train young men in the true spirit of religious prayer?

In the founding of new universities and the providing of first-rate men to man them, the carping criticism is sometimes faced that university men should be examples of self-denial and not demand high rewards for their work. The logical corollary of this will be that educationists should be amateurs, and it needs no effort to point out that education is the last sphere in which amateurishness can be tolerated. Self-denial is not a normal attitude of the human mind, and the life of a university organisation should not be made to depend on abnormalities which

are bound to fail frequently. The principle of self-denial is certain to militate against utter efficiency, by leading to compromises in the personnel of the university staff. The university, of all spheres, should be the one in which learning, scholarship, genius, and character should receive adequate material rewards.

In the appointment of the university staff a principle deserving of early embodiment is an electoral system. The evaluation of a man's deserts in the bestowal of Fellowships, Lectureships and Professorships should always be a subtle matter, and often it will be safer to trust the decisions arrived by a large electoral body rather than let them depend on a single individual or a very small group of individuals. The principle involved is one of essential fairness, and it is most fitting in a university that the men most generally appreciated should receive the places which are in the gift of the university. Even granting that undergraduates are not in a competent position to take part in such elections,—though senior undergraduates, say of two years' standing, may exercise their votes wisely in some matters—the graduates of a university should be gradually accorded privileges of determining to a good extent the personnel of the university.

The paper will be concluded with a word on another topic. The complaint is not unheard that the prided progressive education of these days is becoming more and more a costly affair, and that poverty-stricken people have less chances of availing themselves of it. As far as the mere costliness of educational organisation is concerned, it is foolish to condemn it. If modern education is costly,

modern life is equally so. We can no more go back to the primitive condition in our habits of life than we can in our educational systems. But the need for providing for the poor scholar should be conceded as urgently imperative in our modern universities. The amount of philanthropy that is expended to remove the barrier to the poor scholar's ability to profit by a high grade education should bear an appreciable proportion to that on the educational organisation itself.

*Kumbakonam.*

P. R. KRISHNASWAMI.



## THE HALL OF JUDGMENT.

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I know no words that could portray with might  
 And majesty befitting such a grief—  
 How then shall I through mine construe aright,  
 The sorrows of our Lord beyond belief,  
 I glance at them and lo, my glance is brief.

For I am smitten as I muse upon  
 A love so strong, triumphant, it can win  
 From saddest heart a pure, though humble song,  
 Alas, I know not how I should begin,  
 The white page turns to scarlet from within.

But love must think on love, in joy or bane,  
 In bane if it could succour, oh how blest !  
 And should it see the one enduring pain,  
 Wrong, ignominy—evil so compress'd,  
 It needs must weep—well knowing who transgress'd.

And weeping sink in care's distressful sleep  
 Full of sad imag'ry oft unrestrain'd  
 By Faith or Reason, they the watch would keep  
 In Pilate's house with Justice, bound--enchain'd,  
 While Hate and Envy Heaven's meek Prince arraign'd.

And heathen soldiers mock'd His purple gown,  
 Placing sharp thorns where Mary's fingers met  
 To crush the Spika-nardi for a crown  
 Of regal odours,—faintly fragrant yet,  
 Though soon more vital balm those tresses wet.

My spirit pierc'd the blackness of that night,  
Alone and helpless—thus— I saw Love stand,—  
When through the hall a fluted ray of light  
Fell on a blood-stained cord and touch'd His Hand,—  
It was the Dawn awaiting His command.

As once long since, before it knew the world  
And form'd in splendour the Eternal's seat,  
So now bright spears against the darkness hurl'd  
Shone in a silver sheen around His Feet  
From whence they grew more luminous and sweet.

And He, so stricken, still His Father prais'd  
With upturn'd Face,—what ruddy stripes were there !  
His sun-lit Eyes unweari'd as they gazed,  
Reflected holiness beyond compare,  
Which, as a wind, made clean the tainted air.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

*Oxford.*

## A STORY OF EAST AND WEST

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**I**F I were called upon to propose a toast to any one of the gallant Indian races of the Punjab I should unhesitatingly raise my glass to the Harriana Jat as the sturdiest yeoman and the boldest Lancer of all the brave soldier-peasants of the Punjab whom Sir Michael O'Dwyer was so justly proud to govern. For it is to the Harriana Jat that I, Edwin Sombreterre Lunne owed my young life in the Indian Mutiny and the phenomenal success of my earliest years of service in the Department of Government from which I have now retired. After a long and active life spent among the martial races of the Punjab I can feel nothing but respect and affection for the great majority of them and it fills me with regret to think that the political machinations of the present day seem to be setting up impassable barriers of antagonism and hate between the Briton in India and those who stood true to him through the greatest strain to which loyalty was ever put in all the world's history. There are many Englishmen yet in India who, like me, owed their lives to the loyalty of their Indian friends in the dark days of 1857, and it is well such instances should be recalled now to temper the general resentment which impending changes may naturally arouse in us. This must be my excuse for

publishing this account of my personal adventures, and think it a most sound one.

Well to begin, I was a small boy between 8 and 9 when the black cloud of the Mutiny began to roll over the Indian sky, and I lived at Garhi Hersaru in the Harriana District with my mother, my baby sister and my father who was an officer of the East India Company's Inland Customs Department and a splendid athlete, shot and horseman to boot. When the first fringe of the black cloud touched Garhi my father was away from home, engaged upon official duties some 60 miles distant. His kot-gasht or section patrolman, one Zalim Singh, a leading villager of Isapore, approached my mother secretly and told her that she and her children must go into hiding till they could send the evil tidings to my father ; and Zalim Singh, his son and his stalwart kinsmen removed us from our house and hid us in a cowshed in their village of Isapore. Here we lay some days, fed and sheltered by our faithful friends and awaiting the return of my father who, however, failed to reach Garhi before it was cut off from approach by the hands of mutineers. We did not see him again till he met us at Delhi, nearly three months later, in the dramatic circumstances hereafter warranted. One day, while concealed in the dark cowshed, my poor mother was told by Zalim Singh that it was necessary to change our hiding place, as one Kurlander Khan, another Indian subordinate of the Department, had turned traitor and had informed the mutineers that an Englishwoman and her children were in hiding in Isapore, and that accordingly a band of mutineers on horseback had been despatched to murder us.

Round the outskirts of the village were the usual huge stacks of Jowari (the larger millet) piled in the shape of gigantic bee-hives. and in one of these Zalim Singh excavated a hollow into which he placed us by night, and not a moment too soon, for the very next day we heard the jingle of bit and spur and the beat of horse-hoofs as a body of mounted swashbucklers rode through the village searching for us. They passed their lances through the Jowari stacks, and by the mercy of Providence, the thrusts made at our stack passed above our little cave in the Jowari where my mother crouched with her hands pressed upon our mouths to keep us still and silent. Thereafter the faithful Zalim Singh and his kinsfolk moved us on from place to place in the Harriana district where there always were loyal Jats ready to help us at the risk of their lives, and took us Delhi-wards, in order to deliver us to the British forces on the Ridge there. The last stage of our passage to safety was the most perilous. Delhi was in the hands of the enemy, besieged by the British on the Ridge, and the whole country around it was infested by hands of mutineers who marched and counter-marched incessantly to intercept British refugees: many poor Englishmen and women fell beneath their murderous swords when almost within sight of safety. Zalim Singh halted us for several days at a village in the vicinity of the city, seeking an opportunity to pass us in between the bands of marauders.

At last he hit upon an ingenious expedient. He and his kinsmen and his friends who had joined him from time to time to form our escort, had become a considerable number, and they arrayed themselves in bright

white clothing, such as Indians wear in wedding processions, and borrowing the usual musical instruments they issued from the village as a *barat* or wedding party. At their head, preceded by the band, was the usual *Rath* resembling a *bahali*, or canopied and curtained cart with a pair of trotting bullocks, ordinarily used for the conveyance of the bride. But this *Rath* held my mother and her children. The ruse was perfect and we passed through numberless bodies of mutineers—sepoys, sowars, and peasants—without exciting the least suspicion among them. But we failed to impress our own friends on the Ridge in like manner. Our procession was seen advancing in clouds of dust, with much drum beating and blare of conches and the British on the Ridge suspected it to conceal a force of mutineers and a sortie was ordered to charge and disperse it. Just as we got within sight of the Ridge a troop of British cavalry thundered down its slopes towards us, at the charge. Zalim Singh halted his wedding party and with his hands shading his eyes, peered through the sun and dust at the two Englishmen who led the charge. Then with a joyous shout he snatched me from the *Rath* and placing me on his broad shoulders, ran down the road full pelt to meet the drawn sabres of the charging British horsemen. For his keen and loving eyes had recognized one of the two leaders to be my own father, his dear master whose wife and children he had saved from death and worse than death, at such peril to himself, and not only himself but the whole of his clan and kindred who must assuredly have been massacred to man, woman and child had the mutineers learnt of the part they had played. I do not need to enlarge upon the

kind of service Zalim Singh rendered us, nor upon the extent of our appreciation and gratitude. He placed us under the deepest obligation to himself that can be owed to a human being, and we have never forgotten it. Thus did he discharge his office and hand us over to our own, seeking no reward but earning what no mortal hand can ever repay. We then learnt that when my father had at length succeeded in reaching Garhi he found our house burnt to the ground and was unable to get any news of his family whom he gave up for lost. When therefore he found us in Zalim Singh's wedding procession he greeted us as returning from the very gates of death.

After a few years longer with my father and mother in India I was sent Home for my education and placed in Cheltenham College, then under Dr. Jex Blake. After passing out of Cheltenham I returned to India and received an appointment in my father's branch of the public service, being posted to a station in the Harriana which proved to be within a few miles of Zalim Singh's village, Isapore. This was a pure coincidence though an extraordinary one, and it did not occur to me at first that Isapore had been so closely connected with my earlier life. But one day, while seated at my work the orderly at the office door announced that two old Indians sought to see me. They were admitted and stood before my desk, a fine, stalwart pair of Harriana Jats, of superior class, apparently father and son. For some time they gazed at me intently, in silence, till somewhat embarrassed I who was then little more than a schoolboy, asked what they wanted. Then the elder man said, not to me but to his companion, "Yes! it is he! He has his father's "voice." I soon learnt that the speaker was

Zalim Singh on whose shoulders I had once been carried up the dusty road to the Ridge to meet my father, the younger man being his son. They greeted me with an affection which the years of separation had but served to deepen, and ere long the whole of his kith and kin had trooped in to my station and renewed my friendship. Their affection for me took a singular form. This was my first term of service in a Department where frequent warfare waged between the officers of the service and the Indian peasantry who found its rules and regulations more than irksome. An officer's promotion in the Department in no small degree depended upon his capacity for enforcing the Departmental rules and for discovering and punishing infractions of them on the part of the peasantry. Without one word from me Zalim Singh and his clan realizing that my future rested largely upon the success of my first work in the Service, voluntarily constituted themselves my special constables and quite unknown to me, saw to it that the Departmental rules were rigidly observed by the peasantry throughout my section so long as I held office there—and I got the credit of it!

I was able later on to assist my faithful friends in some small measure by recommending Zalim Singh's grandson for promotion in the regiment of Harriana Lancers in which he and his kinsmen had enlisted, and I dare swear that no more loyal soldiers ever served His Majesty than the Lancers of the family of Zalim Singh of Isapore. I am glad to be able to say that on several occasions I have had opportunity to testify to the splendid loyalty of this family, and to the best of my knowledge they now hold four villages in the Harriana in recognition of the services they rendered sixty two years ago.

K. M. M. L.



## IN REMEMBRANCE.

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IN England there was a custom, handed down by tradition and not wholly discontinued now, of laying a sprig of rosemary on the breast, or in the grave, of a dead friend "for remembrance." We should like to lay a verbal spray on a friend of Miss Florence Nightingale, and another on the daughter of William Makepeace Thackeray—Anne Isabella Ritchie.

We were preparing to write about American women when the news came of the death on February the sixteenth, of Miss Eva Charlotte Lückes, Matron of the London Hospital,—that great hospital in East London, which has sent nurses to every part of the world. Soon afterwards we saw that Lady Ritchie had passed away. Our thoughts flew back so persistently to the Past and hovered so regretfully over the memory of these two women that our pen refused to turn Westward to deal with the strenuous life of the Present.

India was so dear to Florence Nightingale, and India's women take so keen an interest in the care of sick people, medicine, surgery and the science of hygiene, that we ventured to put our regret into words for the readers of "East and West" to read. And as there is a link, slender but real, between Thackeray and India, and as

his daughter filled a place in literature in an inimitable way, we do not apologise for submitting our tribute to Lady Ritchie also, to Indian readers.

Miss Eva Lückes was of Danish origin. This fact may have caused Queen Alexandra to take interest in her first of all, though the interest soon deepened into a more personal regard. It was a pleasure to know last May that Queen Alexandra went to the Hospital to present Miss Lückes with her own hands the decoration of the Royal Red Cross. In September she was made Commander of the new Orders of the British Empire. She had previously been made a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Her ability and the strength and vigour of her character gave her distinction in youth. She was Matron of the London Hospital from October 1880 to the day this year when she was called to a higher sphere, a proof that she was chosen to fill a responsible position at an earlier age than is usually considered fit. She was just 'on the dignified side of sixty' (to quote a friend's words) when she died. At the time of her election the hospital had need not only of her gifts of organisation and influence, which must have been apparent, but also of the insight, courage, initiatory skill and foresight of a reformer, which were latent.

Miss Lückes was as truly a pioneer of progress and a reformer of abuses in her small world as Miss Nightingale was in her larger one. She was as true an economist as was Miss Nightingale. The soul of a pioneer and reformer is lavish in its out-pouring of zeal and ability and therefore it hates waste, for waste limits capacity for service.

Miss Lückes found waste of time, strength, and food hindering the work of the hospital. Candidates were admitted as probationers whose incapacity wasted the time given to training them. There was no proper boundary line between house work and nursing, both time and strength were wasted by this fault. The health of nurses was not safeguarded by provision for sleep and food in proportionate quantity; and, suitable quality, and, worst waste of all, there was a squandering of energy and lapse of character consequent upon lack of discipline.

With Miss Lückes' appointment change began and developed with the imperceptible but sure progress that betokens power. The teaching of the staff was methodised. The Matron arranged classes which she herself taught. Weekly lectures were given by physicians and surgeons, and what may be called a preparatory school for nurse candidates was established in realisation of Miss Lückes' idea of the best means of weeding out impossible probationers. This initiatory training tested the capability and character of would-be nurses and cleared the hospital of useless material that had taxed the time and patience of the teaching staff. A phrase-maker called this expedient "the sieve of the nursing school."

Hitherto the nurses had been living *en masse*. Miss Lückes initiated the building of separate houses in order to group her nurses. The last built of these houses would have been named after Queen Alexandra had she not requested, as it was opened last year, that it might be called the *Edith Cavell House*.

By the unanimous vote of the Committee the third house opened was declared to be in commemoration of the

Matron's loyal and devoted service to the London Hospital and to the improvement of nursing, and this house received Miss Lückes' name in 1905. There were change in the cuisine. There was a suitable time-table for meals, food was well cooked, and tables were properly served. Gently-bred women were no longer repelled by the barbarism of their food being launched upon them by "scrubbers" in their working uniform. Alive to the importance of "kitchen physic" and cleanliness in sickness even more than in health Miss Lückes' instituted classes for sick cookery and laundry work.

Her practical resourcefulness was revealed at every point in the organisation of the whole. All of it was the outcome of her Idealism. Anyone who had the privilege of reading her annual letters to her Nurses saw plainly that Miss Lückes was an Idealist, and now that she has gone from this life of sense and action we realise that the influence will continue to flow with penetrative force. The first of these letters we had the pleasure to receive was dated March 1911 and it contains many allusions to Miss Nightingale. This is how she rekindles the light of the "Lady of the Lamp" for the nurses of her generation:—

The sick and suffering, the ignorant mothers and her poor little children are still with us. Does it not rest with us to kindle our lamps from the light which Miss Nightingale kept so steadily burning, and to carry them "into life's shady places?" Does it not rest with us to see that Miss Nightingale's little candle which has shed its beams in so many directions is not extinguished in our generation? Does it not rest with us to keep alive the *true Spirit of Nursing* and do what in us lies to carry on her work in her spirit?

"Heaven does with us as we with torches do  
Not light them for themselves  
For if our virtues go not forth of us  
'Twere all alike as if we had them not."

This letter ends, as do all Miss Lückes' letters-with a little'personal touch like a finger laid upon a heart-string. "I wonder if you know what true encouragement you give me by the excellence of your work and the earnestness of your *sustained* endeavour to realise the ideals that we share. No real success can be obtained without constantly renewed endeavour."

High aim, constant endeavour were two strings she harped upon with the firm touch of conviction. Her letter reviewing the first years of war, breathes forth her heroic inspiration but her every breath is regulated by her obedience to the principle of her Ideal. "Never before," she wrote, "have trained nurses had such a chance of proving on so large a scale what their services are worth, or showing that they can" rise to the height of noblest opportunity." And she remarked the "multitudes would have given years off their lives if they could have become trained nurses with the present opportunity of serving" following up the remark with the question "Is not the special opportunity the regard due to the years of preparation? None will grudge them now the arduous work or the patient perseverance which made them competent to take a full share in serving to-day."

The deeper shadows of the war were over us when she wrote her next letter in 1916. She felt them as a keenly sensitive nature combined with extensive knowledge was

bound to feel them, but her words ring out with no uncertain or hopeless sound:—

“There can never have been any previous period when there was so much mourning in the whole world or when unselfish courage and unselfish endurance were more needed. Now that the shady places are more numerous and darker than ever before it is our clear duty to ‘Leap forth from self and spend our souls on others’.”

“My heart is filled with gratitude towards all who are wearing our uniform worthily and who are faithfully doing their respective duties in the only way that can ultimately bring them joy in their work and make us proud that they belong to the “London.”

“To the best of all you meet and do the best you can  
Is to smoothe the road for weary feet and carry out  
God’s plan.

For your measure of love to God above is shown by your  
love to man.”

At the service of Miss Lückes’ burial the Bishop of Stepney read a favourite passage of Miss Lückes’ in the Bible from a letter breathing the very spirit of love, known as the Epistle of St. John. One of the moving powers in Miss Lückes’ work, said the Bishop, was a strong and absolute belief in the spiritual side of life. Much of her work was secret, although its outcome meant the strength and happiness of all around her. The thought of her must always be an inspiration to all her nurses and fellow-workers, whose happiness should be to make the Hospital what she would have it to be—devoted to the glory of God and the welfare of suffering humanity.

Perhaps never could the value be greater of the light and inspiration and influence of Eva Lückes’ life than now

when there is fear lest the nursing of ordinary sick civilian folk be felt to be tame and uninteresting after the tragic scenes of war calling forth heroic effort. Nothing that drew upon her pity, her attention, her gifts and resources of all kinds could be insignificant or become humdrum to Miss Lückes, while no occasion was great enough to surpass her effort to rise to it. She taught that every appeal to us was a call to put forth the ability and pour out the love with which we are endowed by the power of Infinite Love; and thus her influence is as a ripple on life's stream ever widening as it flows on and on towards the great ocean of Love Eternal.

Our second sprig of Rosemary is for Miss Thackeray rather than for Lady Ritchie; for, though the pen of Thackeray's daughter was used gracefully to the last, it gave us nothing considerable enough to claim our homage during the last few years of her life. *That* had been paid to the charm and inimitability of the books written before her marriage.

It is sad to say good bye to two such friends as Anne Thackeray and Eva Lückes, but there is sweetness in the suitability of linking the two together in remembrance. They occupied positions in life widely apart, their idealism and their work influenced different worlds, but the powers of each had secret, spiritual source, and each possessed the gift of touch to an unique degree. Miss Lückes' sensory touch was developed into a power of healing; her moral and intellectual tact was also developed till it became a power in her direction of affairs and in character-training. Miss Thackeray's peculiar literary charm was due

to her true touch as an artist; the influence of her books emanates from the sure touch of her genius on our imagination, on our intellect, on our heart-strings. Apparently she set herself no task when she wrote her stories; they are not "novels with a purpose"; she does not lay down the law about anything, she does not moralise, does not satirize. She wrote because life was so interesting to her that she wished to share her interest with others. She was keenly alive to the comedy and tragedy of this mortal life, but her humour does not shape into farce or jocularitv, it bubbles over and falls into riplets of gentle laughter; she lets us know that tragedy is behind a screen or curtain but pathos only is in evidence. She toys with the whip of satire, but she only beats the air with a sparkling raillery. She is not a photographer, she is an artist who can give you form without harsh outlines as Nature does; her novels are like the pictures of an artist who can make you see the indescribable effect of those presences in the air, the woods and on the mountains that are not to be defined by colour and definite shape, and which yet have light and shade and jewel-tints entrancing to the eye.

This perhaps is the reason why "Old Kensington," "The Village on the Cliff," "The Sotry of Catherine" and "From an Island," "Miss Angel," &c. are not read now-a-days, when realism, strong colours—the cruder the better—comedy that demands the tribute of laughter at every page, and tragedy that spares the reader not one harrowing detail, are the characteristics of the successful novel. They would give no pleasure to the fiction reader whose taste requires minute details of the commonplace and the strong flavour of realism; but let any lover of



literature take one of Miss Thackeray's books done from their forgotten shelf and he will soon be living with her human-hearted men and women and realising that life, will all its problems and perplexities, its cares and its sorrow, is yet full of tender grace; is often suffused with light lovelier than that 'ever seen on sea or land' and is not therefore an empty mockery, a thing to be endured not lived; and he will put down the book in better heart and courage, understanding how stimulating a part of life *literature* plays.

*Oxford.*

JEAN ROBERT.

## THE POETRY OF MIR.

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“*Our Saddest thoughts are Sweetest*.”—SHELLEY.

TAKE up a *ghazal* of Mir and read it to yourself, what pang of joy and sorrow there you feel, what charm of music hangs around it ! Ghalib, the Goethe of India, speaks very highly of Mir's art, and recognizes him to be a great *Ustad* in *Rekhti*. Mir's lyrical verse is saturated with deep and heart-rending notes of emotion and pathos which become a spiritual element of passion and thought in the utterance of gods. It is he who unlike other poets does not stammer through a thousand lips or indulge in metaphysical labyrinths, but speaks of his own pain and sorrow in clear simple limpid language. He is the Sadi or in some ways, the Wordsworth of Urdu poetry. The words that come out of the mint of his heart show that it is the very emperium of sadness and joy. 'All arts constantly aspire towards the condition of music; and the poetry of Mir is remarkable for two things—its vitality and its music.

The test of lyrical poetry is in its metrical and musical relation, the voice should be the medium and the ear the critic, I don't want to say that Mir is not a great

poet in other phases of poetry, but melody is the most pervading characteristic of his art—his music gives one the secret of its melody chanting in darkness the words that are winged with light. The ideal example of painting and poetry, as Walter Pater puts it, is "in that in which the constituent elements of the composition are so welded together that the material or subject no longer strikes the intellect only; nor the form, the eye or the ear only, but that in which form and matter in their union or identity present one single effect to the Imaginative Reason, that complex faculty for which every thought and feeling is twin born with the sensible analogue or symbol". Mir's fancy—unlike the fancy of other poets which looks so fair, and smells so sweet, that the senses ache at it—is deeper; he weaves a wreath of flowers hemmed with innumerable dew drops that weep, tremble and glitter in languid softness. He overwhelms a genuine lover of poetry when he sighs.

جہنمنا رقت ہم ہوتا ہوا دریا نہرا

صبح سے شام ہوئی دل نہ ہمارا ٹھیرا

Twilight appeared; the river seemed to cease flowing; Oh! the morning wore to evening and yet my heart never ceased beating.

الہی ہو گئیں سب تدبیریں کچھ نہ دریا نے کام کیا

آخر اس ہمارے دل نے میرا کام تمام کیا

'All the efforts proved abortive, the remedy was powerless. Ultimately succumbed to the disease of my heart. His disease of heart is love. Here we find that his muse gave him a language quite different from the language of other poets, a language full of blythe and sweet rhythm,

solemn cadence " *with thoughts that breathe and words that burn* " !

کل جسمی جان کنی پر سارا جہاں توٹا  
آج اس مریض غم کا ہچکچاہٹ میں جان توٹا

It was yesterday that the world gathered by the bed side of the sick of sorrow while he was in the death agony, oh, today he has just passed away.

جب کوندتی ہے بجلی تب جازب گاستان  
زکھتی ہے چہیز میڈری خاشاک آشیان سے

Whenever the lightening shines on the rose garden it falls actually on my nest.

خاک میں مل کے بہرہم سمجھے  
بے ادائی ہے آسمان کی ادا

I understood that the sky is never faithful and true when I was gathered to the dust.

کھلنا کم کم کلی نے سیکھا ہے  
اسکی آنکھوں کی نیم خوابی سے

Buds have learnt to blossom gradually from her eyes that open slowly at the morn.

These lines afford glimpses of what Keats desired 'a life, full of aching joys and dizzy rapture'. As a matter of fact it is the ideal of an æsthete to be made 'perfect by love—visible beauty'. As every poet responds to the nature of his own temperament, the poetry of emotional interpretation takes many different forms. In these couplets we see that Mir's poems afford glimpses not of formal love but spiritual love, it is not the simple fact of lightning but the melancholy and painful reflection which his love inspires and he paints thus.

His 'Pathetic Fallacy' is not what Oliver Wendall Holmes would call 'Sympathetic Allusion'.

جب نام ترا لیجی ہے تب چشم بھر آوے  
اس زندگی کرنے کو کہاں سے جگر آوے

The very mention of thy name wrings tears from my eyes. Oh, how can I have the heart to live this life'?

We see here an expression of no separate faculty, not even of mental handicraft, but the voice of that rich manhood that furnishes poetry.

It is as difficult to bring the full meaning of any couplet into its translation as to plant and cultivate a plant into foreign soils.

مہن برقرار داک مہن کب نک ملا کروں  
کچھ ملنے یا نہ ملنے کا توہی قرار کر

How long should I spoil myself with the worldly soil? Make a promise whether I shall see thee or not.

To a superficial observer these couplets do not present their subtle thoughts. The Platonic theory is the basis on which the Sufis laid their ideal fortification. The perfection of soul in their view is possible when it leaves the form. Mir refers here to the Sufistic doctrine *فدا فی الہ* or 'the height that the soul is competent to gain'.

سخت کا کرتا جس نے پہلے میر  
مذہب عشق اختیار کیا

The most confirmed of the heretics; Oh Mir, was the man who first adopted the religion of love.

In this ode we find Mir has anticipated Wilde when he says 'the secret of life is suffering and out of the sorrow

has the world been built, at the birth of a child or star there is pain'. His eyes are open and his heart is full of emotion which beats and he is urged to cry. The Kingdom of Youth is with you, and sets up the ladder of spiritual vision and discloses one of the stepping stones in his thought like Francis Thompson.

بتھر سے توڑ ڈالوں آئینہ کو اب میں  
گر رومے خوبصورت تیرا نہ درمیان ہو

I will at once break the glass with a stone if I do not see the image of thy beautiful face in it.

The glass is the 'heart' and the image 'the Light of Truth and Beauty'.

آنکھوں ہی میں رہے ہو دل سے نہیں گئے ہو  
حیران ہوں یہ شوخی آئی تمہیں کہاں سے

Mir's Theism is put in peculiar ways.

To him the senses appear to be spiritualized, and love is wedded to reason, yet his mystical sense and his power of realization and making us realize the spiritual significance of things remains unexplored. He talks about something too large for any one to understand and once and again he talks about something too small for any one to see.

کبھو نہ آنکھوں میں آ رہا شوخ خواب کی طرح  
تمام عمر ہمیں اس کا انتظار رہا

That beloved never appeared even like a dream, though, I waited for him throughout my life.

The great Urdu critic who has done valuable services to modern Urdu Literature, the late Maulana Shibli ever praised Mir for his unrivalled mastery over his subjects, and ever said that none write a better *ghazal* than

Mir's so far as "درد" pain is concerned. In a valuable book the Intekhab Dewan Mir that has been compiled by a distinguished Urdu Scholar, Abdur-Razaq, Secretary, Anjuman Taraqqi Urdu -- he has tried in a few pages to bring the vigour, the vitality and the music of Mir's poetry to focal point.

ناحق ہم مجبور و نیرہ تہمت خود مختیاری کی  
جو چاہیں سو آپ کہیں ہیں مفت ہمیں بدنام کیا

We are dependent, yet the blame of independence is at our door.

Some people think that Mir is a necessitarian, but a careful study of his work would convince us that he is not. When love is the master, a lover is entirely in the hands of his beloved and he is مجبور lost in love. Mir in a romantic way like Christ regarded approach to love as the means of perfection of man.

میر کے دین و مذہب کو کیا بوجھو ہاں اُن نے تو  
قشۂ کھنچا دہر میں بیٹھا کب کا ترک اسلام کیا

Don't inquire of Mir's religion and creed, he has painted his forehead (like a Brahman) and having abandoned Islam, sought his place in the temple.

His message is the message of a reformer or ethical preacher. He is a moralist like St. Francis of Assisei, Nanak, Kabir and Hafiz. He means that love attains to the highest altitude only when in alliance with nature's laws it becomes self illuminated; he preaches that in every human love the quest of the soul is supernatural beauty, and the height that the soul is competent to achieve can not be achieved but by 'Intensity'.

Spurgeon said in his valuable book on mysticism in *English Literature* that 'mysticism in truth is a

temper rather than a doctrine, an atmosphere rather than a system of philosophy. Mir's poetry breathes this true atmosphere of mysticism.

نہ کہنچی تجھے ایک جا نقاش  
اسکی تصویر وہ ہے ہر جایی

Oh, artist, you could not draw the picture of one who is everywhere Omnipotent.

Mir, the son of Abdullah, died in 1225 Hijri. His is the devotional poetry, his is the lyrical art, his is the place amongst those who achieve the 'impossible.' Speaking about his own poem he said.

مجھکو شاعر نہ کہو میر کے صاحب میں  
درد و غم کتنے کئے جمع تو دیوان ہوا

"Don't call me a poet. I depicted my pains and sorrow 'in love' and this shaped into a Dewan."

میر دریا ہے سنی شعر بیانی اس کی  
الہ، الہ، رپے طبعیت کی روانی اسکی

"Mir is a river, hear his verses. I wonder at the flow."

And the greatness of his literary art, as Walter Pater would say, depends greatly on the quality of the matter it forms or controls, its compass, its variety to a great end.

SYUD AFZUL HOSSAIN.

*Allahabad.*



## A PSYCHOLOGY OF THE 20TH CENTURY.

*Shadow Depths.*


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My pen runs lightly over paper in the hopes that it may produce the impressions of a single soul which, through the very strength of its shortcomings, may help to elucidate the records of millions of others standing out in brilliant contrast.

The shadow depths of life are worth fathoming. We think only of the high lights which shine on the landscape of life and dazzle us into apathy. It is the shadow depths which alone create these lights. An empty expanse of light would be ruinous to the conception of art. It would bolt out the existence of art from the surface of the universe.

In the creation of a beautiful picture the artist that attains the true realization of the value of its shadows attains success. The high lights come with a mere touch of the brush. When we look at these lights they fill us with joy, with a natural buoyancy which is however transient—just as a woman trying on a beautiful ornament revels in it for a time but soon tires of it and casts it aside. But the shadows in a work of art fascinate us by their mystic depths which are unfathomable even to a connoisseur and open out to our vision at first sight illimitable landscapes beyond—veiled, it is true, in the mystic haze of even, or toned in the

shades of midnight,—casting us all the more in the enchantment of its mystery, in the mystery of the unknown—like the youth who sits at the feet of the astrologers hoping to catch a glimpse of the future and to hear proclaimed from the lips of the sage his ordained fate. Do the sage's words satisfy him?—Ah, no, no earthly astrologer can fully quench the thirst for knowledge pertaining to the future. The astrologer lifts one end of the veil that hides the mystic form of fate, just as the bridegroom is allowed in the auspicious moment one look at his bride which reveals to him the glory of her charms, alas, to make him feel more acutely the suspense that will ensue before he can fully realize them as his own. As in art such are the shadow depths in life. They alone bring out the full realization of our joys. The joys may be momentary but in the bed of an ocean of sorrow one drop of joy is as nectar. There are many who live alone for joy. They say “What have we of sorrow, we who are the lucky lodestars of life? Sorrow is meant for the poor, for the maimed, those who come to earth with a burden of misfortunes collected as the fruits of their former births. It is their heritage which they cannot get rid of. We who are young, who are happy, who are rich—what care we for these brands that mar all that is youthful and healthy.” But can we escape it? Did Siddharta, reared in the palace, of pleasure from which the least touch of sorrow was banished, escape it? Nay, he realized it all the more when he did come across it. It was at the altar of sorrow that Lord Buddha sacrificed his life, his existence to win salvation for suffering millions. The same with Jesus Christ; he allowed himself to be crucified to the redemption of the world. The highest records of history, religion and mythology are offerings at the altar of sorrow. The East teems with them. The spirit

of Bharat breathes the incense of sorrow at the altar of Uma, of Krishna, of Siva. The tone of her '*vina*' is melancholy. Her most beautiful '*raginis*' breathe the tune of divine grief with an occasional note of joy. The beauty of her daughter is as the pensive moonlight, her orbs picturing the starlit night-night, which is the time for thought, for repose, for sadness. What a contrast to the West! There, as one merges in the onward tide of life, one drinks in the delights of the festival of gaiety. The sun-like charms of Western maids decked with the deftest skill of art resemble the dazzle of a summer day. Theirs' is a feast of youth and beauty, for they have the capacity of realizing gaiety and amusement to its very full. The feast of youth and beauty which play the notes of pleasure upon the lyre of life-notes that rest staccato on the strings and then fly off like a beautiful bird whose chirping does not enthrall the listener's soul but only gives it momentary pleasure.

There is a note missing in the wondrous melody, the harmony of youth, energy, wealth and power. It is the note of sadness! It makes us think of some tale of mythology when at a festival of music the Gods had granted all but one note from the refrains of the melody which was, alas, denied to the musician! The War God in all his fury has hurled on the Western waters his thunderbolt, shaking the earth to the nether worlds, and loosening from her breast a flood of pure red ruby blood to purge the world of too much pleasure and awaken it into realization of acute pain. Its echo has rung in the East and woke her from her sleep of torpor. When the War God ceased his onslaught, the stream of blood stopped; but, alas, in its wake there followed a pageant of corpses born of pestilence,

of disaster, of famine speaking out in the words of the oracle "Oh, thou world, steeped in pleasure, in licentiousness. I have sent to thee the waters of destruction to awaken thee to the touch of the Divine Goddess Pain, the chastener of all evil. Mark my words; the cure shall be successful, thou shalt awake in the bosom of the New Year a clean and innocent child wearing the wreath of victory—victory of the divine over the ignoble: of Heaven over Earth." As we awake daily to mourn the loss of some friend or relation lost in the tide of the War, or carried away by the hand of pestilence, let us remember it is the sacrifice of the individual for the cause of society, of humanity: for the World's exhaltation from an abyss of darkness to a pinnacle of light!

LALITA MUKERJI.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF INDIA.

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Fair you looked as the troopship lay  
 With the mirrored moon on the dimpled bay.  
 A stretching shade in the hiding gloom,  
 O'erhung with lights that in serried rows  
 A palace traced like a nightly rose  
 Whose folded beauty foreshades the bloom  
 That the morrow opens to startle Day.  
 Whilst lanterns, strung on the Night, would sway,  
 As the dhows danced up on the waves in play.  
 And music faint on the fitful breeze  
 Came out to us where the glancing seas  
 Bore rippled light to the vessel's side.  
 A fitting gift to a Royal bride,  
 And fair you looked as the troopship lay  
 With the mirrored moon on the dimpled bay.

This was my first glimpse of India, as our vessel  
 gently rocked in Bombay Harbour, and the stars swung  
 to and fro above us in unison.

It was a scene fully in keeping with the elusive  
 mystery of the East we expected to find. Nor was its  
 charm dispelled by the night arrival at our destination  
 where fireflies flashed a lightening way across the velvet  
 background of clustered trees.

Most of my leisure time in India has been passed in  
 the villages, where after all one can feel, as it were, the

throbbing pulse of a Nation far more effectually than amongst the distractions of a city. And it is amongst these rural surroundings, though hampered by a lack of Hindustani, that my curiosity and interest have been most awakened.

Who can paint the inexpressible charm the Westerner experiences in being able to walk amidst surroundings redolent of a fabled past, and in pacing rock-hewn temples already old when our History was in its infancy. And best of all is it to lounge beneath a shady tree on the River's bank, and drink in the lazy beauty of an Indian day, to watch its occasional drowsy awakening, and still drowsier nodding again to rest. One particular sloping bank will always live in my memory.

There is a stream where white clouds dance,  
And chase the fleeting shades  
The waving palms cast on its breast,  
And where dark Indian maids  
Adjust the lotus, like some jewel rare  
Which gems their billowing waves of ebob hair.

A prismic gleam arouses day  
And wakes the sleeping view,  
Which mirrored in pelucid depths  
Is touched with life anew  
As ripples flee the halcyon's embrace,  
And seek the safety of some holier place.

Beneath a banyan's spreading shade  
A temple rears its spire.  
The pencilled light twixt velvet leaves  
Points to this golden fire,  
And touches then, as first it did of old,  
With blazing light each tiny peak of gold.

What chiefly attracted me about the people was the inborn courtesy with which I was invariably received when passing through villages—perhaps I should qualify the statement by adding, through villages removed from the influence of cantonments. It is to my mind, away from the beaten track only, that one can form a true opinion of the uncultured Indian, and he then reveals himself as a primitive gentleman. There appear to be many evils connected with his life, which could with very little trouble be avoided, and curled round the roots of most of them one seems to find a placid content rather than patience, which is quite satisfied with fetid bazars, unsanitary conditions, and a total non-appreciation of initiative. Closely allied to this trait and greatly strengthening it is a deep mysticism and love of beauty. How else can one account for the marvellous temples that point heavenwards, and climb above, and away from, the crumbling hovels at their feet.

Of her past it is needless to speak at length. Perhaps it would be best, if the remembrance of it could fade away for a time. She is now content to bask in the glorious memory, of long ago, the lustre of which even now casts a halo round her children.

What future stretches before a country that can bear so much pain for her religious beliefs? It has no limits. Let her arise. Shake off her apathy, and live in the future instead of a land of dreams. There are signs she is doing so. I seemed to see a symbol of it as I once watched a fleet of dhows, their sails like the fins of a shoal of huge fish gliding out from the gloom of a retreating night and disappearing in the amber glory of a rising day.

So far she has never had a fair chance. To a new arrival the belief that she is exploited inevitably forms, one class living on another, and keeping it down in much the same way as a barbarian might press his foot on the head of a drowning neighbour taken at a disadvantage. Her very cities, great as then are, are dragged down by one phase of their social life; but this, it is true, cannot be laid at the door of the Indian. The most crying evils are tolerated, and I strongly suspect looked on indulgently.

Bombay looked very different on my second visit.

We saw you next, neath a mid-day sun,  
But your charms had fled, and your beauty run,  
And the magic veil had been lifted up.  
The sparkling palace was turned hotel  
Where the painted women and masters sup—  
And the striking hour was a passing knell—  
Round the gorgeous form in its splendid doors  
Crawled crippled life with its festered sores.  
Many a rose has a canker in,  
But thou art the canker, the rose within.  
A station stands in the City of Sin,  
A lyric dream, whilst around its feet  
Are tarnished temple, and stinking street,  
And rising dust, and the falling heat ;  
And this of praise is thy fullest mead,  
Thou rotten fruit of a hopeful seed.  
O that we ne'er had seen by day  
That our vision lied when the troopship lay  
With the mirrored moon in the dimpled bay.

But despite these leprous spots, tendrils of witchery, so sensitive as to be scarcely perceptible, twine round one's heart strings, and gradually bind one closer to the East.



A land lives through her literature. It is a pity the reading portion of the people is comparatively small, and offers, therefore, few inducements to newcomers. This, I take it, is why, with the few notable exceptions, there is at the present day a dearth of poets and painters in a country filled with unsung song, and adorned with countless unpainted pictures.

Let us hope we are now on the threshold of a new age, when spiritual beauty will step out from the past to march, hand in hand, echoing down the corridors of time, with the awakened action of a new India.

S. C. GEORGE.

## THE SOUL OF LOVE.

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In my article, *Ram Chandra's Philosophy*, which appeared in East and West, in January 1917 I have briefly told how the coronation of Prince Ram Chandra, son of King Dasaratha of Ajodhya, was turned into his banishment into the forest of Dandaka. We have seen there how he accepted the dread decree. Let us now turn to his wife, Sita, and see how she acts under it.

As we have seen, the very day of his coronation came to be the day of his exile. Having settled matters with his mother and brother Lakshman, Ram Chandra now made for the quarters of Sita.

She was in the full bloom of youth—full of hopes and aspirations. Besides, the news of the coronation of her dear lord had transported her, as it were, into a new world of dreams. Every thing about her seemed grand and glorious. Ready to be led to the scene of the coronation to take her part in the ceremony, she had given herself up to dreaming dreams, countless hopes and desires peeping forth from the innermost recesses of her heart. With the eye of imagination she saw the Lord of her life already seated on the gorgeous throne, the rich royal umbrella spread over his head shining with the glorious crown; and from her place on the throne she herself was distributing riches among Brahmins, scholars and the

poor, and giving away to her servants whatever they wished for. With another stretch of the imagination, the scene changed, and she saw her husband standing before her with a charming smile in his sparkling eyes, and accompanied by a long retinue of armed soldiers and subordinate chiefs. The sweetness of her imagination lent an additional grace to her naturally captivating eyes. They were almost half-closed with the intoxicating delight she was feeling.

Just at this moment, mark the irony of fate, her lord stood before her, unadorned and uncrowned, without the royal umbrella and the retinue. She started up but checked herself abruptly and with a smiling face and eyes sparkling with joy, welcomed him as usual. She washed his feet with water from a gold pitcher and enquired "Lord of my life, how is it that you have come all alone—no soldiers, no chiefs with you? Why isn't the royal umbrella also held over your head? Where is the crown and where are the royal ear-rings? And why did no flourish of trumpets announce your arrival?"—

Although beyond the reach of earthly pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, Rama could not help feeling deeply touched by her queries, so simple and straightforward. However he managed to check himself before she could know of it, and replied with his characteristic smile. "My darling", said he, "father has been pleased to bestow on me the government of the forest of Dandaka instead of the kingdom of Ajodhya. To reign there, no crown or umbrella is needed, matted hair and the bark of the tree being quite enough; nor are soldiers and councillors needed, lions, tigers, and other wild animals doing these duties in their stead; and your trumpets also

do not count, birds performing this function with their loud and melodious chorus. Even to-day I have to undertake this government, and so have come to bid you good-bye. As for yourself, I wish you to stay on with my parents and to wait upon my distressed mother. When the pangs of separation from me will become too keen for them and they will give themselves up to lamentation over my absence, take my place and try to console them. Try also to fill my vacant place in their hearts, so that in you alone they may find both of us. And whenever my absence will pray upon your heart most cruelly, engage yourself on the ceaseless current of duties and thus try to forget yourself instead of giving yourself up to unavailing sighs and tears. Identify your happiness with the happiness of friends and relations, even of servants and animals. Live for them and die for them. This will ennoble and bring peace to your heart and also, by removing the physical distance between you and me and the consequent pangs of separation, pave the way to our eternal union—the union in spirit.”

Sita felt at first inclined to take his words as though they were said in jest. She could not, however, long continue in this mood, for her very heart seemed inclined to echo every syllable of her husband's words. With a deep voice, she asked “The king has always been very fond of you. I wonder how you could offend him so as to incur banishment.”

Rāma explained the whole situation and added “My Sita, I have promised to leave for the forest immediately, and am, therefore, unable to wait any longer. So allow me to go away with a smiling face and cheerful heart. Don't break your heart over this trifling incident.

Fourteen years is a very short time—after that lapse we shall again be united, and that re-union will be eternal. By virtue of the self-control, self-sacrifice and the spirit of quiet detachment that this short separation will initiate us into, we shall escape the hand of death and reach the land of eternal union. Now, then, good-bye my darling, for these fourteen years.” He softly raised her face and implanted farewell kisses on her lips.

There stole into Sita’s beautiful eyes a look of firm resolve; and with an unfaltering voice, ringing with determination, she said in protest. “The nuptial union, unlike all other earthly unions, is permanent and eternal—if only the wife will love the husband, not for her own happiness but for his. None has a right to disturb that union. I am afraid, your love for me has led you to overlook that we can not part. You desire me to live on in this place, to feed myself on right royal dishes, to enjoy sweet sleep on beds of roses, and to have maids dancing attendance on me and fulfilling my least wishes. While you will have to pass your days under the open sky in the trackless forest, satisfying your hunger with pungent fruit and roots, and sleeping on the bare ground or worse still, on actual beds of thorns! Can there be a more ridiculous proposal, just think of it? Do you think I accepted you as the lord of my life for all the comforts that you could give me? No, my love no, I did not marry your riches or the prospect of your getting the throne of Ajodhya—I married you, and have a right to share both your prosperity and adversity. But let me tell you the truth. While, in fact, you have causes for both happiness and sorrow, I am mistress of unmixed happiness—for I have you. Do not deprive me of that happiness. Take

me along with you. I will walk ahead and crush with my feet the thorn that might otherwise prick your feet."

Rāma found himself in a fix. He could not even think of taking her along with him into the terrible forest of Dandakā,—and that, not for a day or a month but for fourteen long years. Even the shadow of pain and sorrow had never crossed her path, and she had never been exposed to the mildest sun or the lightest shower. So, again, he tried to put her off with these words—"My dearest Sita, you are not aware how terrible the forest of Dandakā is. No one can tell the number of snakes, lions, tigers and other ferocious beasts infests it. Terrible monsters also are reported to haunt the place. Even their wildest roar or their least hideous laugh will strike terror into your heart. You cannot even imagine the hardship you will be put to for want of good food, you, who have been accustomed to the daintest dishes. And, may be, for many a day in the month you will have to go without any meal! Regardless of sun and heat, cold and rain, you will have to walk through the forest. Your feet are softer than the softest flower. Listen to me, my darling. Have pluck and patience and cheerfully submit to this short separation. Remain here and wait upon my parents. The merit you will thus gain will be immeasurable and undying."

These words told Sita that her husband was not at all willing to share with her his adversity, and she was extremely wounded. "I have never learnt to live for any body else but my own husband", she said sobbing "and I have never cared for any other pleasure than that of his company and service. I have every right to share your weal and woe. To lighten your burden is my religion, my

duty. You are conversant with all the principles of religion and rules of virtue. Now, therefore, I should like very much to know the rule of virtue according to which you propose to cast me off and deprive me of my right to serve you. All the terrors you are conjuring up to dissuade me, are but empty sounds. The fruit and roots you will partake of will be good enough for me. Fasting no doubt will be a hardship for you; but I can never know what it may be like. My eyes will drink your beauty, my ears the melody of your voice, and my life and body will be refreshed by the touch of your feet—should the thorn which might otherwise prick your feet, run through mine I will bless them. I shall be in your company, and you are my husband, the greatest warrior the world has ever seen. Lions, tigers, monsters—none of them can ever dare touch even a hair of my head. So you may dismiss all fears for my comfort and safety. There is certainly one difficult problem, I admit. I may add to your troubles. But, pray, what's new in this? At home or abroad, I must be with you. On no account can you leave me behind. You have no right to deprive me of my rights and privileges."

Her words were a revelation to Rama—they filled him at once with extreme gladness and admiration. He had no longer the heart to oppose, and said "Thrice blessed am I in having you as the partner of my life. Your company will turn the forest into a heaven for me. Go and prepare yourself for the journey and give away all your jewellery to Mother Arundhati (wife of his preceptor, sage Vasishta).

Then having invited dutiful and pious Brahmans and given away riches, horses and kine to them, Rāma

Chandra with Sita and Lakshman set out in the direction of Kaikeyi's palace. They had to pass along a public road which was lined with rows of anxious spectators, for the news of Ràma's immediate exile had in the meantime spread like wild fire throughout the whole city. The people loved Ràma—and when the two brothers were passing along with Sita of celestial grace, they could hardly restrain their tears. Almost in one voice they enclained "Alas, extreme dotage must have overpowered the king. What a shame that he has thus sold himself to an unscrupulous wife! It is a misfortune to have to live under such a ruler. Let's follow the Prince—his presence itself will be heaven wherever he may be. Life here, in this sinful Ajodhya, will mean now only grief, sorrow and shame."—Their growing impulses were, however, checked by sage Vamadeva, who knew better and could peep into the future.

The prince with the princess now entered Kaikeyi's palace. King Dasaratha had no longer that kingly serenity and royal grace, the shadow of death having already spread itself over his face. He fixed a blank look upon the departing party. Kaikeyi on the other hand seemed bursting with delight, which was increased tenfold to find Sita and Lakshman also were going. She was shrewd enough to guess it from their presence.

Ràma bowed at her feet and softly said: "We three have come ready prepared for the journey and are awaiting father's pleasure only." In extreme joy the queen left her seat, and offered them barks of trees to put on. The brothers were acquainted with the art of donning barks and easily did it. Sita, however, was



ignorant of the art, and glanced helplessly at her husband. Rama came forward and very affectionately helped her in putting it on over her underwear. At this sight ladies of the royal household burst into a wail. Kaikeyi, however, remained unmoved. Dasaratha's heart was bursting with grief but he asked the charioteer, Sumantra, who was in attendance, to bring the royal chariot to the door. Accordingly the chariot was brought in, and having bowed at the King's and Kaikeyi's feet, the party got into it. The chariot drove away, and with a loud cry the old king dropped down on the ground.

*Naraingunge.*

K. K. GONGULEE.

## BENGAL IN THE MAKING.

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"The Old order changeth yielding place to new." At a time when all over the known world great changes were taking place, new ambition for better forms and greater states were spurring the nations to action, the province of Bengal was satisfied with her petty concerns, and cared not for the thunder of legions that shook the world. History has no record of such national inactivity of an enlightened people. The period from the middle of the eighteenth century to a few years past, that of the nineteenth, is overloaded with events that convulsed Europe and America, and proclaimed the dawn of democracy in the west. Literature, art, science and industries advanced rapidly and added to the wealth and strength of the European nations, which gives them their present pre-eminent position. The East was not altogether uninfluenced. The Japanese solved the problem in a practical manner, by taking up Western methods, while the Chinese grasped at them without creating the necessary conditions which give Western institutions their strength. Even in other parts of India—in the Deccan, in the Punjab, Benares and in Gujrat,—the drums and fifes, the rattle of swords and clatter of muskets maintained the commotion.

In Bengal alone reigned tranquillity—the stillness, one would suspect of death; fifty millions of people

remained silent and inactive. The Battle of Plassey was fought; the Nawab and his army suffered defeat, yet people hardly knew. Some heard, wondered what that might mean, pulled vigorously at their *hookas* and talked. With equal indifference they heard of the transfer of the financial and military administration of the province to the East India Company, the valiant victors on the field of Plassey. Warren Hastings and Debi Singh roused wonder and fear and caused some stir but not of alarm; and when Cornwallis came and made a settlement people forgot their recent sufferings and broadly smiled in all contentment.

But this state of things could not possibly endure. With the advent of Western civilization and its ideas of social and personal liberty came an awakening, though it came all too slowly. Conservatism to a reasonable degree is essential in a nation, for it indicates strength and resolution, but when it shuts out new life it leads to stagnation.

The proverbial dislike for action of the Bengali still needs the helm, but after centuries of inaction their appeared signs of life again. There arose in Bengal leaders who began with social reform, like Raja Ram Mohan Roy and Keshab Chandra Sen and were followed by political leaders like Surendra Nath Banerjee who is still in the van.

The imaginative and emotional propensity of her people now came in aid of a kind of resurrection of Bengal from her torpor of ages. She now (when education had fairly spread over the country) began to flutter and went about bustling with the new ideas, which readily caught her fancy. The result was, that given

over heart and soul to these new possessions with which the West had gifted her, she learnt to advocate a violent anti-conservative policy with regard to social and educational matters. With the discovery that Bengal was far behind the time, came the resolution to forget her past altogether and to live for the present and the future. It was foolish, no doubt—this plan and policy of ignoring the past one moment and the next moment coming to life for the future. Bengal had not grasped the significance of this change sufficiently well to chalk out a route for her sons to march along. She was too impatient to transform herself into English ways. We were told that we should speak in English, think in English and dream in English and learn Western manners courtesies and etiquette. Naturally the desire for freedom in politics followed, and ambitions for public life took birth in the hearts of earnest minded men.

The miracle did not happen. The old refused to die nor the new come to birth.

Then came a time,—it was roughly at the beginning of the nineties of the last century—a time of self-introspection, of thought sincere and penetrating, and with it came recognition, shattering all her fond and long-cherished illusions of greatness and quick transformations. She was told that reconstruction was slow work and that she was weakening herself, perhaps destroying her national identity by irrationally following occidental manners in thought and action. What gave other parts of the world this right of pitying a country like ours—vast as a continent, teeming with uncounted millions, diverse climates, castes, creeds, manners, tastes and religions, with the noblest traditions that humanity ever could claim—a perfect world in

itself? The reply came with thundering clearness. It is the spirit of nationality which they have and you have not. You can imitate everything of the Western people, but till you worship their spirit of nationality all else was vain. You have no nationality and have, therefore, no strength. That strength you must acquire if you mean to call yourself a people of this world. You have long posed for a wise, unselfish religious people who are strong with the strength of *Sattiva*. But remember, so long as there is life, there is movement; the peace of death, like a melancholy pall, envelopes us and we call it the ripe wisdom and immobility of age. Want of animation is *Torna* and death—and the dead are powerless. Go forth into the world and penetrate into the secrets of material success and prosperity of other countries as also the defects in their systems and then returning home try to uplift your country from poverty and disgrace. With such an enlightened and powerful Government as you have your success ought to be speedy and ensured. In the meantime don't barter away happiness and home and sigh for the things of the West. Sun and light and air, colour and warmth that were the joy of your forefathers are your inheritance, do not sigh for things which have grown in other countries and can not be immediately transplanted. Come to your own home. Here is a genial hearth warmer for you than any other; here is a family more cordial than any other; here is a love more embracing, more enveloping than any other on earth. Why fight the distance, the disparity, and work for things beyond reach at the other pole? Blinded as you are by the glint and glamour of the shining stalls in that overseas' market you have failed

to see that in your own country you have a great emporium whose stalls are crowded with sweet and sincere things. Therefore pause, turn and set yourselves with zeal and determination to reconstruct your society, to mend your ways and manners—to claim what is your own by laws eternal. You may have grave imperfections in the system of your community, you may have many antiquated, superficial elements in your social customs, which may be time-worn and which may not adapt themselves to the requirements of the new lines. Be yourself and purge out evils and pay no heed to the plea of their extreme age. For, the untrue and unreal must disappear before national life can take birth. Do something worthy of you, worthy of your tradition. Do not die, but live and believing not the matter-fed Gods of the West but the great God of spirit, the reformation must rest in religion for strength and then live not as an emaciated, half-dead pusillanimous people but as a man, animated with hope, faith and strength.

In Bengal, sensitive and emotional as the province is, the thought of the humiliation in which India lived stung the educated community to the quick, and the idea of nationalism dimly understood opened up to the imagination a golden vista of power and greatness, while the impetus of a sense of rivalry gave her strength and enthusiasm. The result was characteristic of Bengal. A reaction followed and native dress, native customs and manners, came into their own.

This was the dawn of modern Bengali literature in which all the new born hopes of the people, found expression without a divorce from the old. This literature advanced the cause of nationalism itself, imbuing it

with its spirit of the East. It brought out with vivid representations the beauty of our landscapes, of our homes, of domestic lives; it revived the glory of our ancient traditions of the Mahabharat, Ramayan and the Vedic times in an atmosphere of modern romanticism; it recounted in heart-thrilling tones the deeds of heroism of Rajputana, the Mahrattas and the Sikhs against the oppression of the Pathan and Moghul rulers. These new revelations of beauty, and of the heroism of freedom and independence kindled a new fire which spread from heart to heart.

Nationalism from an abstract idea became a concrete reality. The true import of nationalism was extremely vague being unrealised in experience and ineffective. But Lord Curzon, in his Partition of Bengal, put it to the test to prove itself. Before the passing of that Act, a very small number of the Bengalis ever realised the deep love for one another that was hidden in their bosoms. It brought the spirit of nationality and patriotism to the fore and proved the mettle of Bengal. The tonic influences which it sent along the whole range of thought, action and literature of the Bengalis have been dealt with by greater minds with a more comprehensive knowledge of the psychological, social and political developments than the writer can lay claim to. This agitation, to begin with, was a crisis in the history of Bengal. By a crisis we mean it was a leaving of the crossing to take a new road. The energy generated by the efforts of reformers and fed on new thoughts of the now gathered power became conscious of its strength. Nationality now acquired a greater signification. It meant the regeneration of the

whole country; it meant the acquisition of the power of union; it meant the capability of taking up new tasks in atonement for the past ages of lassitude and negligence. In its intense fever was found the power of dealing with national problems and the power of self-determination. The Swadeshi movement signalled the commencement of an all-sided activity on the part of the whole country. It indicated the desire to bring Bengal up to the level of other countries in Europe, America, or Asia. The severe cut that Lord Curzon dealt roused the Bengalis to a sudden sense of helplessness. Bengal felt to the utmost depth of her soul the necessity of union, the true bearing of nationalism, that 'united we stand: divided we fall' and with it 'we must not fall'. Naturally impatient as the Bengalis are, in the heat of the enthusiasm they attacked all at once the economic problems of the country and sought to establish industrial centres and national educational institutions. As Sir Rash Behari Ghose remarked at that time in the course of his address as Chairman of the Reception Committee of the Indian National Congress convened in Calcutta in 1906, "The Swadeshi movement is only a prelude to our determination to enter into the great brotherhood of the trading nations of the West, into which, Japan has already been admitted while avoiding, if possible, the eternal struggle between capital and labour. And if you want to know what progress we have made, come with me to the exhibition on the other side of the street, and I will show you what this movement, the implication of which with politics is a mere accident in Bengal from which many of us would gladly dissociate it, has already done for us. A visit to it, I am



sure, will fill the heart of every one of you with hope and gladness; for, in Swadeshism you see the cradle of a new India."

For once, after many centuries the Bengalis shook themselves free. For once, after many centuries they became ardently earnest and bravely sincere. They felt, when other parts of India were still asleep, that "the life and the strength", to put it in the characteristically forcible words of Sir Rabindranath, "are there in us, only the dead crust has to be removed". Their own undertakings at this time were leavened with the truth of the statement. They also felt that, "we must nakedly take our plunge into the youth-giving stream of the time-flood.....that taking shelter in the dead is death itself and only taking all the risk of life to the fullest extent is living".

There were critics, who regarded this agitation as a fitful fever of a naturally enthusiastic people under a misleading interpretation of the Curzonian policy. These may be characterised as belonging to the class of scientific critics who must reduce every phenomenon to N. T. P. and can never rest without fitting a concrete and palpable cause to effect. It was not Bengal alone which was swayed by the progress of this movement, though she set the movement afoot; but the whole of India at once without much deliberation and forethought embraced the spirit. The fact is that the movement originated in truth and sincerity and was pervaded by a keen sense of national duty.

To judge the real Bengal, and her internal conditions from the narrow, short-lived activities of well-known conferences or associations is not correct. It is like the blind

man knowing the elephant from his trunk or legs. In order to study Bengal, as she is; in order to realise what is passing in the heart and brain of Bengal which is effecting men and women of diverse classes and creed alike, one must live in Bengali homes, in villages and towns, in the palaces of the rich and cottages of the poor. There he will find a keen consciousness working at fever-heat and more searching, more gigantic there ever. The fury and enthusiasm have been replaced by firm resolution, sincerity and earnestness. Agitation was only the foam of breakers; now you have a powerful under-current running through the whole expanse of Bengal.

Consider, for example, the two great successful movements which are represented by Sir Rabindranath Tagore and D. S. Bose. Both have won the recognition of the world; both have been crowned with laurels—laurels bestowed by the great savants of the western world. The country, which has, in such a short time, produced two such great men is surely in dead earnest and means more than meets the eye.

Take again the Calcutta University. There have been very serious defects in its system. It has not been able to establish a course of the most effective instruction, such as would contribute to a perfectly harmonious development of the physical, moral, intellectual and religious powers of the student. But one has only to study the Minutes of this University for the last two years to realise its limitless capacity, its enlarging and ennobling ideals, its noble undertakings and the momentum it has attained during this short period. It was before

that, as the Westerners satirically remarked an institution for holding only examinations; but these few years have wrought a great change. One figure is enough for our present purpose. Over thirty thousand students are at present receiving higher education under its care and supervision. It has been annually sending a stream of scholars of high distinction to other countries to be trained in all the branches of agriculture, technics philosophy, economics, literature, science and medicine and to gain first-hand practical knowledge in those subjects. The number of Bengalis studying in foreign universities is astonishingly large, and there are few institutions in which a Bengali student is not to be seen toiling for knowledge. It has secured the services of some of the most renowned scholars of the day and has also been exerting itself powerfully for the advancement of science and knowledge. In spite of the gibes of many people Bengal is proud of its University.

Politics, says Mr. Gokhale, do not consist in dancing to an imaginary tune or in striking an attitude. Statesmanship lies in honest endeavours to creat means for the up-bringing of a people in the open air, thus broadening their outlook and elevating their ideals. If Bengal has cried loudest for the extension of political privileges, she has all the while worked hardest to raise the social status of the people. The student community of Bengal, for instance, furnishes a very convincing example. There you will find a society lofty in its ideals and confident in its power. Swami Vivekananda's mission is bearing fruit. Young men of education have taken to Sanyas to help the country. You find them in every town and village and their influence on the social life

of the country is immense." The evils of early marriage, of polygamy, of extravagance are almost gone. To make a people strong you must make them pure in morals and lofty in sentiments and ideas. England was strongest when she stood for righteousness and high moral principles: Bengal in the dawn of a revival breathed purity and lofty ideals.

The Bengalis have for centuries past been charged with cowardice and inaptitude for military service. It was generally thought fighting would always be out of reach of Macaulay's Bengal. But the unexpected has happened and a Bengal Ambulance Corps has been already to the fore; a Double Company has been raised for Active Service which it is hoped will be followed by many Active Service battalions in the near future to fight for King and Country.

Through all these changes and progress one fact is seen conspicuous and predominant. At the heart of all these signs of an ever-growing animation, life, vivacity, spirit, dash, energy, there may be traced the regulating thought of a robust nationalism. Bengal has cast on its strength for a full net of Destiny's needs. She has accorded her whole-hearted ovation to the law of progress-at-any-cost. But she has been accused of being-slow. In all probability she is. The Bengali has not the knack of the American of being born quick, working quick, getting rich quick, and dying quick, as the witty Frenchman humorously put it. She ought to have made by now greater progress in enlightening her masses; she ought to have established a hundred Chemical and Pharmaceutical Works; she ought to have gathered all her capitalists for the industrial development of the land; she ought to have

been able by this time to remodel her agricultural system on the most recent, most progressive lines. It is all true, but it takes time to rouse a large country like Bengal to new ways of life and action, and now that awakening has come, all else will follow. The thoughtful among her sons have already demanded a spirit of unstinted sacrifice without which a people can never be great. An earnest of the spirit in which the call will be answered has been furnished by the Bengali Battalions—battalions of graduates and under-graduates of the Calcutta University.

It is, after all, idle to talk of Bengal's activities, to hold her alone responsible for the change that has taken place. She has moved in response to the "Zeit-geist" which no power on earth can resist or impede. The present is a time of great events, of tremendous activities, in which the great forces of the world are seeking harmony. Bengal is being impelled in spite of herself. The goal is not yet in sight; in fact, we know not our destination. However we may pretend otherwise—there may be this objective or that which our unprophetic outlook may seize within the immediate province of vision—the "far-off divine purpose" is hidden from our view as from that of all others. But if coming events cast their shadows before, then Bengal is certainly marching on to the upward path to greatness and glory. The struggle, the doubts of the old and the hopes of the young still continue. The old exclaim 'It is a far cry to Lochow' and the young king answers back, 'it is only a leap ahead'—and so the movement grows. They are superstitious people—these pessimists—hypnotised as they have been into a belief of the incurable helplessness of their situation—they even now tremble at that vers

freedom. In the meanwhile Bengal has changed and is changing. A spirit of faith and hope pervades everywhere and conviction in the future of Bengal is becoming a creed with the rising generation, who are ready to suffer and to sacrifice for the glory of the motherland.

CALCUTTA.

NARENDRA LAL GANGULI.

## THE HISTORICAL NOVEL.

### ITS OWN HISTORY.

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IN a sense all novels are historical, for they tend to show consciously or sub-consciously the special characteristics of the age with which they deal. Indeed the so-called historical novel might, paradoxically, be said to be the least of this type, seeing that the author is writing of an age other than his own in regard to which, therefore, he cannot be altogether accurate. Again reasoning in this fashion, one might see a difference between the novel that is born historical and the one which, becomes so. Time alters the classification and brings, every work of fiction under this category. Dickens' novels, for instance, with two exceptions cannot in the ordinary sense be dubbed historical, but in a century or so they will be thus regarded. "Nicholas Nickleby" and "The Old Curiosity Shop" will reveal strange facts that otherwise will not be in public recollection, more especially if great European changes make that narrow yet complicated Victorian age even more foreign to us. Our novelists of to-day will have the same experience. It is interesting to think of the garden of romances at present ripening, some of them, into the historical novels of the future. Which of them will be plucked by our descendants and which left to rot into oblivion? Mrs. Humphrey Ward's works will certainly be amongs

those preserved, so also Gertrude Atherton's. DeMorgan who gives us the racy English types of to-day will also rank among the new historians. Why does not some novelist of to-day commandeer himself to write an early Twentieth century romance boldly bringing in the noted figures Lloyd George, President Wilson, Bernard Shaw, etc., as was done with similar celebrities in "Esmond." A century hence it will be done; but how poor and misleading the work will be compared with what might be written now and put aside to ripen!

When we talk of historical novels, however, we do not mean those that achieve this quality, but those that have it, as it is commonly understood, from the beginning. It is with the novel that is consciously historical that we have to deal. When did it take its rise? Writers have often expatiated on the joy of the reading world when the ordinary novel first came into existence. Clarissa Harlowe was one of the first, and others quickly followed. These, as already indicated, were novels dealing with the period. Later there was perhaps an equal, one might almost say awed, joy when that variant of fiction known as the historical novel was thought of. So far the novel had been in one dimension only; it dealt with the narrow line of the present. Now breadth as well as length were added. The Wizard of the North, discoverer of the art taught the younger romancers to wander at will through a hundred different areas of time. It was the novelty of the idea that gave the Waverly romances their cachet. Would they charm as much now if written for the first time? However that be they appealed to the public both as a curiosity and as an intellectual feast; and though few dared actually to imitate the great Sir Walter, the future of this type of work was assured.



What have been the fluctuations of this kind of romance? Through what stages of evolution has it passed? To begin with the not unimportant language question, there was certainly a little trouble regarding the method to choose for conveying the mediaeval atmosphere without troubling the reader over much with glossary or footnote. Needless to say we cannot have the real conversation between Gurth the Swineherd and the Jester; nevertheless we must have an impression of mediaevalism in the dialogue, so a sprinkling of eftsoons, meseems, and grammercy reminds us every now and then that we are supposed to be listening to the old English dialect. Thus the historical novel of the past was composed. Later novelists, however, reject this expedient as childish. Our Stanley Weymans and Marjorie Bowens courageously modernize the talk of their characters and try to keep the mediaeval atmosphere merely by refraining from any word or phrase absolutely foreign to the time. Inferior writers of the eftsoons and methinks school, I am afraid, often neutralized the mediaeval effect by unnecessarily introducing expressions which in no form were used at the time. Chesterton says of "Esmond" that in all its many conversations there is not one word used that might not have been used in the reign of Queen Anne. Modern writers try to follow this great example; and evermore one sees them feeling delicately to get the old atmosphere still more effectually.

Language in historical novels presents a difficulty in another respect. Thackeray once observed that if the author had once shown us how Ivanhoe really spoke to Rebecca, we should not be able to turn over the leaf for blushing. How shall we attempt to convey that atmosphere

of verbal freedom which certainly existed in mediaeval times without offending modern delicacy? Sir Walter Scott does not attempt it at all. His heroes and heroines have all the reserve that belonged to his own age and class and therein, depicting them with a refinement of speech not theirs, the Scottish novelist was paradoxically truer to life than if he had imitated Shakespeare, for to us, moderns, it is impossible to realize refinement of thought as existing beneath coarseness of language. So verbal grossness must not even be hinted at. Charles Reade did not quite understand this when he composed his famous "Cloister and Hearth," so he gave what Chesterton terms an impression of "cold coarseness" to two persons meant to be entirely lovable and refined. Thus other attempts at this sort of realism also fail.

Historical novels have but a limited circle of readers, and it is not surprising that publishers to-day fight shy of them. "Why handicap yourself?" they ask the new writer as they reluctantly receive his tale of the days of Tiberius. The less intelligent a reader is the less far back in time can he endure his fiction to be placed. The class that reads "Fireside Novelettes," of course will not stand going outside this immediate present time; seventy per cent of our reading public will have nothing later than last year. The sixpenny magazine world being a grade higher than the novelette public will endure (helped out by illustrations) an occasional Powder and Patch tale; but as a rule no editor or publisher will go further back than the useful Stuart period. Certain ages such as those of Nero, Louis XI, Henry VIII, and a few others seem to have earned special privileges, as also

the Stuart period already mentioned. The result of this is a certain overlapping of fiction, characters, and events. It is astonishing for instance how many fiction ladies from *Beatrice Esmond* downwards have been responsible for the Pretender's losing his throne, while Charles, II has certainly made love to more girls in fiction even than in fact, which is saying a great deal. This favouritism of a certain period tends to increase by its own momentum, for the more an age is used in fiction the more it tends to be used. We do not tire of an age. It is the first writer using it who suffers rather than the last—even the comparatively unintelligent will read a Stuart story simply because they have become acclimatized to that age and feel it rather like their own.

There are two kinds of blunder an historical fictionist may make, one of fact, one of sociology. The first he often makes intentionally, apologising in a footnote, the second is always unpremeditated. In *Quentin Durward* we see striking instances of both errors: of the first when the Bishop of Liège is killed on the day of the rising instead of a year later as in history, of the second when Scott depicts a mediaeval spinster Countess of thirty four trying (vainly too) to capture a husband. Blinded by his own times Sir Walter forgot that in the middle ages a woman's (especially a high born woman's) destiny was always fixed for her at eighteen—the convent or the marriage altar being then or earlier apportioned her. It is curious to reflect that the grosser errors of this sort have always been made by the greater geniuses. Writers of strong individuality have presumably especial difficulty in throwing aside

their own age when they wish to enter another. It is sad to reflect that George Eliot should have given so much study to the compilation of *Romola* ("I began it a young woman and ended an old one" she says) only to spoil all by her presentation of her heroine as if she were an English girl of Victorian times. A real *Romola* actually walking the streets alone or even living alone without female as well as male guardianship would have been as grave a breach of decorum as was Maggie Tulliver's famous trip down the river centuries later. Even in "*Adam Bede*" written to depict life in the very early nineteenth century the great author fails to get the right atmosphere, for she does not explain why Hetty gets a prison cell to herself in those days when prison meant anything except solitary confinement. It is not generally thought again that Dickens' historical novels are his best. Lesser geniuses, however, attain perfection where the Masters fail. Thus, Charlotte Yonge's novels show no blunders, historical or sociological. "*Esmond*" has been called the best historical novel, but in a quieter way, with of course far less artistic skill. "*The Dove in the Eagle's Nest*" deserves the title. The transition between mediaeval and modern Germany is truthfully, if simply depicted, and the book is well worth re-reading at the present epoch.

The historical novelist is born, not made. Seldom does a writer compose novels of past and present with equal merit. Stanley Weyman dealing with the present fails as utterly as De Morgan attempting the past. Piteously the latter complained that he was kept to the one dimension; the public simply demanded of him no more "Affairs of

Dishonour but rather another Lossie." Many qualities are required of the historical novelist. We have progressed since the days of Sir Walter and desire now the realistic rather than the romantic treatment of the past. We desire no longer to enter an enchanted land but to see the fifth or fifteenth century as if it were the twentieth. 'New foes with an old Face' so Kingsley subtitles *Hypatia* and gives us an historical novel that shows not our unlikeness but our likeness to the old world. This also is Hugh Benson's way. The theological doubts of a modern English vicar are depicted agitating breasts that throb beneath the silken vests of Elizabethan heroes. In other respects the novelist has altered his ideals as regards this form of fiction. Our giants of old time, Dumas and Sir Walter Scott, for instance, liked to light up one period after another. Dumas in a long series of romances links up one period to another of French history. He never overlaps, though he may devote several books to one historical character. One of his novels deals chiefly with Marie Antoniette's journey from Sévres to Paris. It is said that the great writer merely planned many of these words, leaving the actual writing to subordinates and certainly they are quite unequal in style. Still, though he sometimes moved slowly in history he still moved. The very modern way is different. The writer selects his period and camps out in it. Each has his own "claim." Baroness Orczy keeps to the Powder and Patches period; Marjorie Bowen cannot get away from the Orange dynasty, Mary Johnson has seized American history; and what an array of fictionists from Flora Annie Steele and the author of "Seeta" onwards have

made India live. When history by fiction becomes a settled idea almost every decade of its history will be alight, and the reader will travel from novel to novel as from chapter to chapter in a history book. So is it with other writers.

The new method gives opportunity for much study, and a more artistic novel is the result. Each of us has a natural affinity for some age in history and there is no reason why we should not let that feeling have vent.

Someone once prophesied that some day the novel in general would cease to exist. Mankind and even womankind would lose all need for it. That does not seem very probable, yet it is possible that this one form of it, the historical, will die out as quickly as it came to exist. We shall wake up, as it were, and find that the historical novel has ceased for some time to be written. It will die out because the novels written at each period itself will take its place. The Nineteenth century was forced to light up the Eighteenth century with novels because the latter had so few of its own, and the previous centuries also required illumination because they had none. But what need will the Twentieth century have to illuminate the Nineteenth? None, for even every decade is rich with exponents of that decade. So, as time progresses, the historical novel will die out, for only the far back ages will require it. The historical novel was created to fulfil a passing need; it arose from a previous dearth of any novel. That dearth, however, is over and soon the author will find his own age once more the one that needs him most.

CONSTANCE CLYDE.

## INTER-CASTE MARRIAGES.

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The enlightened head of the Karavira Matha has announced that if the Honble: Mr. Patel's Hindu Marriage Bill is passed, he will be the first to preach passive resistance against it. Mr. Gandhi has not gone so far, but he is opposed to the Bill. How a law which merely validates certain marriages can be passively resisted, is not at all clear. I suppose that we are merely to understand how strongly certain persons feel on the proposed modification of the law. I am inclined to think that feelings have been aroused more by the form of the Bill than by its substance, and an exchange of views between the leaders of both parties will make the passage of the Bill smooth.

A Brahman can marry a Sudra now under Act III of 1872, and the orthodox can not prevent it except by social penalties. That Act, however, does not profess to set aside any interpretation of the Shastra or any custom to the contrary. It provides a law to those who do not profess the Hindu religion. The first question to be considered, therefore, is whether an ostentatious profession to set aside Shastra or custom is necessary for Mr. Patel's purposes. I believe that a declaration of the validity of the marriages concerned will remain equally effective in law without reference to Shastra or custom. The Hindus ask: "Would you dare to pass a law setting aside in so many words any interpretation of the Quran? Why do you talk lightly of our Shastras?"

Abundance of caution is a good thing from the lawyer's point of view and may, in some cases, justify, the draftsman's verbiage; but caution is also necessary not to irritate and I think that words which sound like an open challenge to any community, without adding to the effectiveness of the law, ought to be dropped. The second question that is suggested by a comparison of Act III of 1872 with Mr. Patel's Bill is more substantial and involves considerations of political import. On the one hand it may be asked why a Hindu who interprets the Shastra in a particular way, or who would marry outside his caste should not be supposed to profess the Hindu religion; on the other hand it may be asked whether the Government would be justified in offering to a member of any caste at law contrary to that which is enjoined by the caste.

Some of the opponents of the Bill have argued that mixed marriages are physiologically undesirable, while certain public meetings have represented that such marriages are sanctioned by the Shastras. Both contentions are alike irrelevant. The Government of India cannot decide questions of eugenics or of Hindu exegetic. It can only allow certain liberties, if necessary, on certain conditions. The preamble to the Widow Marriage Act dwells on the justice of allowing certain Hindus the liberty of interpreting their Shastras in their own way. What the "true interpretation" is the Government cannot decide. Mr. Patel's Bill does not plead for this liberty, but professes rather unceremoniously to override the orthodox interpretation and custom. Hence the form has given more offence than the substance.

Whatever views Mr. Malaviya, Mr. Gandhi, or the Karayira Shankaracharya may hold on the propriety or



advantage of mixed marriages, do they deny that a Brahman who marries a Sudra may still be called a 'Hindu'? Those who marry under Act III of 1872 are classed as Hindus in the Census Report, and I am not aware of any objection raised. The orthodox contention seems to be that as long as a Hindu remains in his caste, the Government should not validate a marriage which is forbidden by that caste. If this principle is admitted, how can the liberty to marry outside be safeguarded consistently with it? Should the parties declare before a recognised authority, or by public notice in a newspaper, that they have renounced their caste? Suppose a caste is willing to permit the marriage, why should the Government insist on the declaration? Who knows that no caste will permit intermarriages?

On the other hand does the author of the Bill mean that a Brahman may remain a Brahman and yet marry a Sudra? If so, how is the marriage to be solemnised, and in what caste are the children of the marriage to be placed? How are their rights of succession and inheritance to be determined? If a marriage between two Hindus is validated, it does not follow that the law of the twice-born applies to them. The mother's caste may have one law or custom of inheritance, and the father's a different one. Certain Tantric works lay down that the children of a mixed marriage belong to the mother's caste, and not the father's which ought to be higher. In the circumstances the usual procedure followed in passing Bills will not suit the present case. A representative committee must first thresh out questions of law as well as of policy.

H. N. RAO.

## SLAYING OF A SPOOK.

## CHAPTER XX.

Curiously enough, this conversation brought relief to Mr. Bond. It lightened the uneasy feeling with which he had insensibly come to regard the childish superstition at which he had formerly laughed. In Hawkwood's experience, things of the sort were common. He put them aside as too ridiculous for notice and went on his way unconcerned. Mr. Bond taxed himself with falling back to the mental standpoint of primitive man. In a pre-scientific age, any development of unsuspected properties in matter, naturally suggested spiritual intervention. The imaginative credulity of the savage had given place to the gulping acceptance of the civilised crowd. We swallowed radium and wireless without the least idea of the supernatural. As soon as we knew a little more about the brain, the phenomena we now found able would possibly be reproducible at will. A magnet-inexplicised needle turns to the north; a properly cerebrated saucapau might hop on to a shelf just as naturally. Why not? Meanwhile, it was difficult to imagine anything more harmless than the—peculiarity—attaching to Captain Dubois' chessmen. He would imitate Hawkwood and let it alone, as quite below curiosity. To credit it with *meaning* was absurd.

In some families, the *nexus* of association is so delicate and so pervasive that the feeling of one seems to

extend to the others like an atmosphere. Mr. Bond certainly never told his wife or Etta that the chessmen got on his nerves, but the subject disappeared as naturally as—snowdrops. They are all over the garden. Other flowers come on gradually and take our attention. And the snowdrops are gone! Etta did permit herself the remark to her mother (and got snubbed for her pains) that now the spook had come *into the family*. Dada thought his feelings must be taken into consideration! But the letters of the young couple—Madge wrote delightful letters Philip's were as good as you would expect from a man—and responding properly to all the good wishes of a legion of friends, took her mind off "Captain Dubois." Mr. Bond's deliberately set in order the mass of subjects that Margaret marriage had compelled him to take into serious account. He put the chessmen definitely apart. Spook, or no spook, they had nothing in common with what he had been obliged to do or what he was now doing. Immediately after imposing upon Desforets the circumstantial falsehood which made it impossible to connect his great-grandfather with the tragical end of old Tom Bond, he had taken the first steps towards materially indemnifying the descendants of the poor labourer who had suffered for the crime. With the inherited stigma that attached to the family he could not interfere without danger—to Margaret. He laughed bitterly enough as he found himself endeavouring to reduce to *£. s. d.* the infamy of a hundred years. The account stood thus:

"Fair compensation for loss of great grandfather  
 "erroneously hanged in 1801, ——— Say £200.

"Fair compensation for mental anguish since  
 "suffered by family ——— ——— ———

He tried to analyse it. The jeers and the cold shoulderings, the silent aversion of the neighbours, the certainty that the old disgrace would be used as a weapon in any dispute, the hand of the hangman coming between the rustic lover and the girl he loved.—He remembered to have heard vaguely that one of the Bloscoms had married the daughter o' the headman on a farm in a distant village. Then he brought her home.—He could shut his eyes and call up the aspect of the Bloscom who worked on his land still, the labourer he had last seen when Philip and Etta had gone with him to Salisbury. Yes, they had met him in Gallows Lane, what had Philip said? 'Looked as if he had just lost a child.' Spit at for a hundred years! Say a hundred pounds. It would come to them, £300, as from a forgotten relation in Canada, with every encouragement to emigrate, places found to start with, farm to follow—a fortune! The *wrong* remained, must remain.—The original criminal, Captain Dubois, had a perfect right to sacrifice himself to justice. If he had not died when actually on his way to give himself up as the slayer of old Tom Bond, he would undoubtedly have been executed and the character of the Bloscoms cleared. Had Philip Desforêts come to a knowledge of the facts, he would have acted in the same spirit. The gallantry of the French character would have brooked no delay. He would have told Margaret—Thank God, Margaret was safe!

He had done right, was doing right, no matter what ugly names his conduct might have earned. Discovery was impossible. He told himself a dozen times over that to his conscience, this fact was immaterial. It was not. Like Fag, in *the Rivals*, honesty compelled him to admit

that it would have, "hurt his conscience to be found out." When the only possible choice is between wrongs, the least wrong becomes positively right. On one side Margaret, her mother and sister, would have been immeasurably miserable, Desforêts would have been cast by his own loyalty and honour into sorrow for which there could be no cure but—forgetfulness, he himself—he would not consider what his life would have become in the general wreck. Well, he had refused. He had chosen the course which inflicted a sentimental wrong on the memory of the old grazier on the wall. That was justifiable. What greater wrong can you do to the dead than suppose them to be still swayed by the meaner passions of mortality? If old Tom knew anything he knew all. And if he knew all he forgave. The Bloscoms! Supposing Desforêts to have carried out his purpose, what form would their exultation at the tardy reversal of the vilifying sentence have taken? Probably beer. Congratulation among country labourers is nought unless it expresses itself in pints, quarts and gallons. In all *likelihood* Desforêts' money would have been their ruin. To emigrate as the heroes of a story like that would have been to pass from treat to treat till the very tap-root of exertion was rotted by booze. Mr. Bond chuckled sardonically as he thought that he might very fairly be regarded as an instrument in the hand of Providence! He was fully purposed to play the part of Providence to the Bloscoms. Their fortunes in Canada should be the object of his continuous care. D—n them!

The oath was not unkindly. But a wrong *had* to be done to them no doubt, and the necessity rasped every fibre of his inherited, acquired, delicately fostered sense of

honour. Fostered ! He had coddled it till it had the airs of an over-petted spaniel ! When it came to a question between Right and Honour, Honour *must* be kicked into a corner.

No, his conscience was all right as regards the Blossoms. It was right all round for that matter for what else was there ? Etta's spook that haunted the chessmen ? That was too absurd ! There was curious vein of superstition in Desforêts' character. His great-grandfather's soul imprisoned among those bits of wood until it should be released by the undoing of a wrong for which it was in no way responsible ! The hanging of Blossom was an accident *impossible* for Captain Dubois to foresee. It was odd, of course. Very odd. Not a bit odder than Hawkwood's stories though. The old woman's saucepan that would have its own place on the shelf. 'I think nobly of the soul' said Malvolio. If you allow yourself to go to foolish imaginations of this sort, you may end by finding signs and warnings—in salt and eggshells, like Etta. That child was a fraud ! She didn't *begin* to believe in all the follies she talked about. Her life was too full. With himself it was different. Condemned to immobility as he practically was, it would not do to let his mind dwell upon fancies of that sort. They might end by getting the dominion over him.' And, in this case, he had to fight his battle absolutely alone. He could not call in his wife to help him to combat the black imagining. He could tell, personally, *something* of what a soul would suffer shut up for a hundred years, helpless, repeating at long intervals the feeble tapping which was the only way by which it could ask for the undoing of the wrong which fettered him, Deliverance had been at his doors. He

had sacrificed the spook to Margaret's happiness. Well, suppose this inconceivable absurdity to be fact. He *had*, and he would do it again! He looked the situation squarely in the face—with defiance.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Mr. Bond had a habit which his family recognised without ever referring to it in so many words. When things went particularly well with him—when the Liberals scored a success, or Charlie was complimented by the directors of his company, or one of his *protégé's* got a county scholarship—he was much inclined to have his afternoon tea in the hall instead of his own sanctum or the drawing room. This “hall” had been the “keeping room” of the farm house the Bonds had bought at Kingsquay a hundred years before. The rest of the original house had gone, this one room had been spared and built on to. The *focus* round which human life has long circled seems to possess an existence of its own. Mr. Bond felt that the life of the old house was perpetuated in the hall with its old fashioned fireplace. When he sat beside it he was in touch with many predecessors. He had perhaps an indistinct feeling that his well-being brought them cheer. At any rate so it was, and Etta, who sat on a stool at his feet toasting a delicate slice of bread before a generous fire of the drift wood he always insisted on burning on that special hearth in memory of its long-ago sea-faring proprietors, knew quite well that his mind was busy on pleasant things. It was late November and cold, so a great screen was drawn round the pair at the fire and shut them off in a golden seclusion. It was a screen which, from the very first the family had utilized as an asylum for any

specimens of obsolescent art they wanted to preserve. Huge albums had not come into existence a century and a half ago, and sometimes a screen served the purpose they were invented to meet. Old time engravings formed a basis. They had probably been in everyone's way and were too shabby for individual display. There was Hogarth's "March to Finchley", and the "Death of Chatham" upon which had been pasted a very early conception of Mephistopheles, who looked down upon the expiring statesman with sardonic satisfaction. In a very impressive representation of a duel of later date, the moral of the scene was enforced by a little black fiend, of incredible malice and agility, who was just springing out of the heart of the fallen combatant, carrying in his arms a soul! There were caricatures and there were Valentines, silhouettes that had presumably not given satisfaction, and the gaily coloured frontispieces of forgotten nursery books. Every dozen years or so a heavy coat of varnish had been laid on and an edict of prohibition promulgated. Nobody had apparently paid the least attention and *affiche* followed *affiche* till, somewhere about the date of the Reform Bill, political acrimony culminated in caricature of such ferocity that the unfortunate screen was apparently relegated as libellous to a garret from which it had been rescued by the father of Mr. Bond. Gradual deposits of grime between successive layers of varnish had covered it with a semi-opaque glaze through which the pictorial basis was only imperfectly visible. But it was very dear to Mr. Bond as representing the sportive domesticities of his forbears so vividly as to give him almost the idea of their life-enjoying presence when he sat by the hearth that had so often echoed the laughter with which some



one of them added a grotesque achievement to the over-charged blazon of the canvas wall he looked at. Etta sometimes amused herself by attributing characteristic scraps to one or another of her long dead and gone kinsfolk. A very sentimental "Charlotte" peeping out faintly between a "Corsican Ogre" and a "Garrick in the character of Othello", must, she was sure, have been the contribution of poor Clara, and she strongly suspected Captain Dubois in a helmeted "Julius Cæsar" who might have once adorned a Plutarchs' Lives. *He had* invaded Britain!

But the special charm of the old screen as an adjunct to fireside tea lay in its colour. Time and grime and varnish had all mellowed its surface into a lake of dusky gold in which, at different depths, you saw floating forms of strange suggestion. But when as now it encircled a red fire, it seemed to collect the glow and warmth and return it transmuted into an atmosphere of its own. Under such circumstances, confidential talk was inevitable.

The two were alone. Mrs. Bond had gone to call on the wife of the lawyer who acted as agent for Mr. Bond in his capacity as land-owner.

They were pleasant people and she would almost certainly stay and have a cup of tea. So Etta and her father were in the enjoyment of the sense of irresponsible liberty that always comes in the absence of an authority however, beloved.

"Won't it be fun having Madge here at Christmas dada?" said the girl, turning her toast after careful consideration of its colour. "But she won't be Madge any longer. She'll be somebody new."

"Mrs. Desforêts," said Mr. Bond, meditatively. "It does seem odd. No, she'll be more like herself before this marriage came on the scene. She'll have dropped Clara Bond, I hope. They might really have been on the stage and I expected to hear Philip speak broken English."

"Philip must really have a serious conversation with his spook in the chess-bag," said Etta. "I thought it was all settled and agreed that there was to be an end of him as soon as he, Philip, I mean, had brought back the pawn and married the young lady. He must be somebody else!"

"Really, Etta," said Mr. Bond with as much reprehension as he ever allowed himself in speaking to this reckless little trespasser upon forbidden ground, "I thought we had done with that stupid farce! A very ordinary co-incidence and then a predetermination that it shall be repeated—It did very well to make people laugh. Do put it out of that silly head of yours."

"It goes on just as it always did," asserted Etta.

"Nothing of the sort," (shortly). "It was never anything but utter nonsense. Almost cheating. At any rate, there's an end of it now."

Etta had finished her toast and put it down before the fire to keep hot while she dealt with a tiny silver teapot on a little clothless table within reach of her hand, which was crude and jarred with the warm harmony of golden browns which reigned in the glowing seclusion behind the screen. A low table of very lustrous old mahogany gave value to the relics of an ancient service of Indiaman china reserved for occasions like this. She poured a few drops of tea into her own cup, tasted it discriminatingly and then filled her father's. He liked

to put in cream and sugar for himself. Then she presented her slice of exquisitely crisp, hot toast and waited till he had taken his first sip and his first nibble.

"Dada! It does go on just the same as ever. I wasn't quite sure and I knew somehow you wouldn't like my trying. So I didn't say anything to you."

"That was thoughtful" said Mr. Bond sarcastically.

"I am *full* of tact," said Etta. "So I experimented on that foolish Miss Batway. She came in last week and wanted to see mother about some stupid committee and said she'd wait when I told her she wouldn't be in for half an hour? So that seemed providential and I said would she have a game of chess to fill up the time? She thought I was mad but she didn't like to refuse. And I made her put up the men while I wrote a note. *Exactly* the old thing. 'Why there's a man short!' 'Then she shook the bag. 'Oh no, I declare its here all the time'! I was quite—impressed. What does the thing want?"

"Why shouldn't she have left the pawn in the bag by mistake?" said Mr. Bond. "When you are secretly determined that a thing shall happen, a trifling thing like that, the odds are that it does happen. A wish is quite enough to turn the balance in a mind that isn't wishing one way or the other. Yours in particular. You're rather mesmeric."

Etta pondered, sipping her tea meditatively. Mr Bond looked at her for an answer.

"I'm thinking, dada. Thinking hard. And I'm *sure* its not me. Its something in the bag—or the men—I'm not certain I like it. Is there no way of finding out for sure. You wouldn't try it yourself, would you, dada without my being in the room?"

Etta had the gift of a cajoling manner. She had also a very pretty face and lovely grey eyes. But when she was trying to wheedle any one, she instinctively dropped her eyelashes. This was not for exhibition, long and silky though they were, but merely because nature told her that her eyes were—investigative. They looked out instead of inviting you to look in. After her voice had operated, she raised them to observe the effect of her words, not to support them.

Mr. Bond's face had the exaggerated gravity that comes of the successful attempt to disguise a smile. He spoke with decision.

"Much ado about nothing—certainly not——Etta, what are you looking at me in that way for?"

"Dada, you're a fraud. You *have* tried it by yourself. And you never told me!—what happened? Now *do* tell me.

Mr. Bond laughed—in a detected manner. "You're too sharp by half, Miss!—why, *nothing* happened. Nothing *ever* would happen if people were let alone. It was a man called Nuttall, an old Indian civilian. They play out there a lot. He's a cousin of Mrs. Clay's and she bought him in after dinner yesterday knowing I should be alone. He'd seen some problems of mine and was interested. Well, I proposed a game, and then the idea occurred to me of testing that nonsense of yours."

"And you never said a word to me afterwards! How did you manage to make him set up the men?"

"Great minds think alike. I had a note to write and asked him to do so? He was out of the house before mother and you came home."

"But wasn't there *any* hesitation? Did'nt he even count the men twice?"

"Not a flicker of hesitation. Its no good, Etta. You'll have to give up the spook."

Mr. Bond's voice was triumphant. Etta looked like a child whose card-castle has collapsed.

"I was fond of him" she said. "I wanted him to be recognised—as a fact, you know—and then laid properly, and now——"

"Annihilated," laughed Mr. Bond. "No past, and no present, and no future. Every superstition is like that as soon as the cold light of reason falls upon it. We ought to have abolished this one, years ago. Here comes mamma!"

Mrs. Bond came in, furry and pink, the crisp air of outside clinging to her almost visibly. Breezes from the pleasant ocean of matter-of-fact outside seemed to play about her as her cheerful voice broke in upon the warm stillness.

"You do look comfortable, you people!—No, thanks, I've had some. Won't you have a lamp?—Oh, its all right about the lectures. Mr. Hewlett is to come down on the 10th. We shall have to put him up. Rose Hollo-man brought in the tea. Mrs. Everly says it *is* a pleasure to have a girl who has learnt *some* thing, I think she'll do there. Little Meg has got a blue Persian kitten. You must run over and see it, Etta. She wants her godmother she says. Don't forget to tell Madge when you write. Oh, Mr. Everly came in just as I was going and asked me to tell you, Tom, that there's been a suicide at Criss

a labourer named Blossom hung himself in the barn yesterday morning. He said you would know all about him, because he was the great-grandson of the man who murdered old Tom Bond there on the wall. There had been two or three brothers, but this is the last he said."

Mr. Bond moved his head. His wife went on, "Unhappy sort of man he always was, Mr. Everly says. So he wasn't much surprised. They were all rather like that. The man who did it was hung in chains you know on the very place—Oh, yes, Philip went with you to Criss and Etta showed him.—Mr. Everly said one thing which was rather—picturesque, I thought. All the Blossoms from father to son, lived under the shadow of that gallows he said. Well, it's ended now."

"Yes," said Mr. Bond, "A sad business, all of it."

By suppressing evidence and by manufacturing evidence, by fraud and by lying, he had prevented Desforêts from repairing a cruel wrong. Blossom's death was at his door. It was the continuance of the wrong that had imprisoned among his chessman some existence real and sentient, that was beyond the cognisance of his senses. He had no doubt of that. He, in the flesh, had been living with something not subject to the conditions of mortality! Where had it gone? To its rest? Its task was unfulfilled. Into the cold infinity of immaterial space? Its—destitution was his doing too! He had not sinned, against flesh and blood—alone.

In a flash of the mind he grasped his responsibility. He had to carry that, alone, to the end of his life. He was sentenced to silence. He must not even tell Etta that she had been right!

He gathered his courage together.

He had saved Margaret from misery—by a crime against the dead as well as the living. If he had to do it again, he would not hesitate. On that he would stand—to the end.

“You may give me another cup, Etta.”

J. D. PEDDER.

FINIS.

# *EAST & WEST.*

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## FROM CLOUDLAND.

Sir Edward Maclagan has just returned from his tour.

**The Punjab.**

He has been commuting sentences passed under the Martial Law, he has been rewarding those who helped and rebuking others. The whole of the Punjab is grateful to him for his spirit of clemency. But are the demands of truth and justice satisfied? If some of the accused actually waged war then the commutation of their sentences is not altogether right, but if they did not wage war and the Government is convinced of the fact, then even a single day's imprisonment which an innocent man suffers is wrong. We must, however, wait for the finding of the promised Commission of inquiry to reach the truth. In the meanwhile informed opinion is strongly in favor of a general amnesty. "Every matter hath two handles; by the one it may be carried by the other not." Says Epictetus "If thy brother do thee wrong take not this thing by the handle 'He wrongs me,' for that is the handle whereby it may not be carried. But take it rather by the handle. "He is my brother.....and thou wilt take it by a handle whereby it may be carried."



**The Word that Heals.** Sir Edward MacLagan spoke both at Lahore and Gujranwalla, but he has not given the word that heals. There was a note of pathos in his speech when he spoke of the burning of the Church wherein

he worshipped and of the Kachehri where he worked; but we hope he will not permit these tragic events to stand in the way of his future programme. The God he worshipped will ask him only how His people were served and the Laws that he administered will ask him only how their sanctity was preserved and the inherited rights of people protected? The key to the heart of things lies in doing the right thing in spite of varying external circumstances. The opportunity of service and salvation can be found only in serving the real interests of the people. All else is in vain. The good old saying that the voice of the people is the voice of God is founded on truth. Lord Nelson, whom Wordsworth idealised in his picture of the "Happy Warrior", wrote from the "*Victory*" "I was bred in the good old school and taught to appreciate the value of west Indian possessions; and neither in the field nor in the Senate shall their just rights be infringed while I have an arm to fight in their defence or a tongue to launch my voice against the damnable doctrine of Wilberforce and his hypocritical allies." The Punjab expects no less of Sir Edward MacLagan.

\* \* \*

**Call for a Change of Heart.** The Roman who said "I am a man, and nothing human lies outside my sympathy," was inspired by a sentiment which rises in the heart of God.

Humanity has made some progress since the break up of

the Roman Empire. The world war has brought home even to the dull-witted and the obtuse the need for a larger understanding between men of all nations, races and creeds. The individual has acquired a deepened sense of equal worth of every human life and the imagination of man is stirred today with a desire:—

- (1) To secure for every person equal opportunities to the best things of life.
- (2) The supremacy of the communal welfare over the selfish aggrandisement of the individual.
- (3) The fellowship of nations.

The mere acceptance of these ideas marks a great advance and calls for a change of heart. India provides rare opportunities for increasing international sympathies and helping the inner conversion of spirit. The people of the East are equal in intellectual equipment if not superior to the people of the West. The spell which bound them is breaking and the dawn of an awakening is already on its wing. They are great in numbers and the future is theirs for the asking, only bonds of sympathy and brotherhood forged now can make safe the future of mankind.

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Why is there discontent in India ? Ask the English people in India. Why do not people rejoice with gratitude for the blessings of Peace and order? Why do not people realise that but for British protection India would have been overrun by Afghan hordes today? The picture of an

**Some Questions.**

Indian peasant with patient mournful eyes seems to rise and answer. "I am grateful for the blessing of peace," he seems to say. "Have I not given my sons to fight the battles of the Empire? Have I not spent for the great cause to the very limit of my poor resources? Have I not been tried by grim and searching tests and not been found wanting? Is it my fault that while you have admitted my representative to the Council of the Empire you have denied me some of the elementary rights at home. You talk of my being unfit to use the vote, what have you done to fit me for it? You profess great sympathy for me, but pray tell me why have you been so slow in helping me to improve my position, by providing suitable education for me, by organising my agricultural and industrial resources. IN the last ten years how many new roads and new hospitals have you opened for my benefit? Have you ever considered the question of lightening my burdens? Why have you left me to seek my own salvation? Why have you laughed my old faith to scorn and done nothing to teach me new ways of life? Why have you not been scandalised that after years of governing my affairs you have equipped me so poorly for governing myself? Why are you opposed to a few of my people taking a share in the Government of my affairs and learning the art of self Government? Why have you withheld from me the word of hope? Indeed I feel that you love power more than you love me. For you I have danced and you have not danced with me, for you I have wept and you have not wept with me. And even my patience is failing.

The coming Session of the Imperial Council will be interesting in more ways than one.

**The coming Session.** Great events have happened since the Council met last. A glorious peace has been concluded and the foundations of a League of Nations laid. The Afghan invasion has been stemmed and the Amir compelled to sue and secure peace. The Joint Committee has been discussing the Reform bill and the promise of the future is writing itself slowly on the horizon. The joy of the moment has not been without its clouds. The happenings in the Punjab have mirrored distorted images. The whole country is expectant as to what their King's Viceroy will say at such a moment. People are anxious to hear from his lips something of the great ideals which have emerged out of the war. They want to know from him that their present rights and future aspirations are safe in his keeping. They want to hear from him of the coming of the constitutional Reforms and the growing of responsible Government. They want him to give a clear expression to the determination of his Government to raise India to a position worthy of her hoary past and the British connection. The occasion is great and calls for an equally great pronouncement. Any endeavour to justify what has happened in the Punjab will only serve to accentuate the wrong; and unless Government can prove its case to the people they will take nothing on trust. They are prepared to wait for the finding of the promised Commission of inquiry and the judicial findings of the Privy Council. They wish, however, to be assured that the laws of the land will never again be

suspended and racial distinctions emphasised. They want their Viceroy who represents the King to show righteous indignation at some of the happenings, clearly and without equivocation, regardless of persons, and personal predilections, under stern and solemn sense of absolute duty. "For not every one that saith unto Me Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in Heaven."

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Thoughtful and earnest minds are inspired with bright but chastened hope, awe and wonder about the future of mankind.

**The New Time.**

How will changes which we have witnessed, so vast so far-reaching and so sudden shape the future. What will they bring to the people who have given their all for the promised golden age. Has the war humanised the nature of man or brutalised it by too close an association with the destructive forces which he handled. The world stands amidst a universe of forces, unknown, infinite, pregnant with immeasurable good or evil, happiness and woe. The great loom of time stays not weaving the living garment of God from the golden threads of sacrifice and service, preparing the purple panoply of glory for people who in their hour of strength remember that His is the greatness and the glory. The ideals which the great nations of the world have consecrated by blood and tears are already fading and unless the principles for which the millions gave their young lives are saved from oblivion, by the unending devotion of men who have faith in them, the great war will have been fought in vain.

There seems a great divergence of opinion whether in an eastern country like India western institutions will ever prosper. It is argued that the present system is based on Indian traditions and must

**Is India fit for  
Democracy?**

endure and that benevolent despotism is suited for all times. Those who argue thus ignore completely the changed conditions and fail to recognise that the old machine of Government cannot meet the demands of new times. Government by a group of individuals who have no direct stake in the country and consequently never have any direct experience of life and labour in the land which they govern is not in a position to measure the hopes and needs of the people and work towards the fulfilment of these. They compare the present system not with other forms of Government, existing or in the past, but with some ideal Government which they do not describe. Naturally they are satisfied with the ideal which satisfies them. But does it satisfy the people? If not, change is inevitable. The group that governs being unrelated to the people it governs is conscious of group power, group will and group intelligence. It is impatient of outside opinion. India can achieve self-government gradually and by successive stages, but the journey along these stages must begin. Men become themselves only in right relation with other men, which is not a relation of self abnegation but rather of a self realisation and common-will. How then can it be wrong for India to aspire to some measure of self-government? The proper aim of a ruling nation cannot be to gather all the power in its hands, but to reach a compromise in which it will forego some part of its purpose, to attain to a new purpose richer, wiser and

stronger in which Indian people too will learn "the will to will the common will."

\* \* \*

**The Adminis-  
tration of Baroda.** The Baroda Administration Report 1917-18 is a record of useful activities in many important directions for which the Durbar is to be congratulated. The Panchiats are growing in usefulness. The scope of Taluqa and Local Board was considerably widened by authorising them to raise funds by imposing certain taxes with the previous sanction of the Government. The income of the Local Boards during the year increased by 31 lakhs. In the interests of economy, the subordinate engineering staff of the Local Boards and the Public Works were tentatively amalgamated.

In the Industrial domain the work of investigation of resources has been enlarged and consolidated. The Gaikwar Sugar Factory is expected to start work soon. Infant industries were financed to the extent of Rs. 2,55,000. The Government is also contemplating the exemption of the raw material from Jakat by compensating the local bodies in special cases.

Owing to the ravages of plague and the partial failure of crops the number of educational institutions fell from 3,199 to 3,113 and of the pupils from 2,32,066 to 2,28,975 and the expenditure from 10 to 11 per cent. of the gross revenue.

In the secondary and primary schools moral instruction is included in the curriculum. Kala Bhawan a technical institution provides courses in six subjects and has large workshops attached to it. Besides this there are two other industrial schools. An increase of forty libraries and three presses shows a steady growth in the demand for literature and reading. In spite of the war and scarcity the Baroda Durbar has maintained its progressive tendencies and enlarged its sphere of usefulness.

## WHAT IS EQUALITY ?

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The cessation of the open warfare of the great world war naturally makes us review the past and try to peer into the future in order to see as clearly as we can what caused the war and to gain some idea of what will be the result of it. The din of battle may be over, but a subtle conflict is still being waged ; a conflict so subtle, so far reaching in its effects, that an unhopeful person might be tempted to think the wounds of peace more disabling to the common weal than the hurts of war. The continuance of the conflict deepens our conviction that the war was really a spiritual combat, the visible fighting bore the same relation to the motive power as symptoms bear to disease. It was a struggle incidentally of nation with nation ; but the real, originating conflict was—and is—between the forces that make for Righteousness and the forces that oppose that making.

By Righteousness we mean the right attitude towards Truth and the practical result of that attitude in rightful dealings with our fellow men ; in other words in honesty straight-forwardness and justice. Homage to Truth includes worship of the Power that gave us life and keeps us and the universe in being ; and from that homage and worship springs a relatively proportionate respect for fellow beings.



From this standpoint we regard Evil as the repudiation of homage to the great primal creative Force which we define as Spirit, and which, in terms of religion, we call *God*. *Religion recognises the personality of Spirit, thereby acknowledging the claim of God upon our adoration, obedience, service.* Evil denies God's claim, and works to subvert religion. Repudiation does not continue a negative force, does not merely deny God's claim to govern the created world, but proceeds to substitute the creatures' self as the object of regard, the point of attraction, the aim of endeavour.

Evil originates selfishness. From selfishness proceed envy, strife, oppression, anarchy as conditions of misery in national, social, family life, with wars, revolutions and crime as inevitable consequences.

So far as Revelation of Truth enables us to see into Mystery, the created world was evolved and developed as a cosmos of order, harmony and proportion. Each creature was gifted with rights, and so placed that he could exercise those rights and enjoy the use of his faculties. To man, the highest creature, was given the greatest right of all—free will. He was not compelled to act in conformity with the higher Will from which his own will was derived. Although the Wisdom "that filleth all things" had penetrated so far into the nature of man as to produce a likeness of the Divine mind in him, so that conformity would have been natural, he was gifted with a higher privilege. He was endowed with the power of choice. This brought man still nearer to God, because it gave him exercise of the prerogative of willing, thereby of influencing, and if he willed aright, of benefitting other creatures. For the acknowledgment of God as *Good* establishes the

belief that the design of Creation was beneficent. Every creature was good before Evil thwarted the design of beneficence, and would have enriched himself and others. Had man willed to work as God's adjutant, he must necessarily have worked for the weal of his fellows and of the lower creation. The mystery of Evil used its force to prevent this combination of divine and human will. The unwarped mind of man saw the legitimacy of God's claim upon the creatures' obedience. As Giver and Sustainer of life He naturally claimed homage. He did not compel obedience: He gave the royal freedom to man to choose, to take part with Him in His kingdom.

Then, very low down in man's nature, Evil wriggled himself in, and insinuated base suggestions. Truth was represented by Evil as being no King vested in Righteousness, crowned with Purity, breathing Love, but as a tyrant, depriving man of his rights, in order to maintain his own supremacy and man's exclusion from a power he could rightfully claim. The vision of the crowned Truth grew dim in the mist rising from these poisonous suggestions, then faded out of sight, and the little self of the creature loomed out of the twilight and was bowed down to.

The result was not pleasing, and the first revolution did not place man on a higher footing. He was lowered, lowered in nature, lowered in status, by his failure to give practical evidence of his belief in Truth, in other words by his disobedience to God; but nothing could take his birth-right from him. He was still a child of God, was still capable of loathing Evil. Hence the conflict between good and evil that has gone on through the centuries. The wars that have convulsed nations from time to time are spasms evidential of the force with which the good in man

struggles against evil, and the "frightfulness" of the power which is recurrently trying to smother man's obedience to a higher Power.

The war through which we have just come was a strikingly palpable spasm. The writhings in these more peaceful days are not so striking to the general observer; but they suggest a subtle poison as their cause, a poison, all the more subtle and powerful because they contain, as do many poisons, something remedial, something that could be used, if carefully separated from the injurious parts and judiciously administered, to benefit classes and individuals.

We hear on all sides a clamour for "rights." It is a justifiable demand. Every human being has his own peculiar endowment and he has a right to ask for freedom to realise himself and use his gifts. Every one has an *equal* right to demand this. It must be asked, however, how many of us have sufficient knowledge of ourselves, of life, of the trend of human events to know precisely what we can do, what scope we require, how best we can contribute to the common stock of our country or the world's weal.

We must remember that we are individual personalities not machine-made bits of uniformity, not mere types. A Vision of *Truth* is a Vision of *Beauty*, a glimpse into the Mind of God, from which Mind evolves Creation in order, proportion, harmony of parts and motion. It is a living Poem set to music whose rythm is the law of righteous conduct. This vision enables us to see the disparity between true equality and an ignorantly false conception of it. It is surely the will of God that all men should be equal; that every one of His sons should enjoy the freedom of mind and spirit and body that is

typified by the freedom given to all to enjoy sunlight and air. It is also surely His will that every one should have individual freedom.

To take away all barriers and force all classes into one compound on common standing-ground would be to do away with the law of harmony and reduce music to a mere strumming, would be to obliterate shades and gradations of colour and make one harsh crude tint. Moreover, it would be fatal to equality, for it would be forcing men to become patterned by moulds from without, instead of teaching them to know themselves and develop from within. Above all it would be fatal to Equality that makes for proportion and beauty, equality that follows an ideal bearing a faint resemblance to a Vision of the Truth—to fail to realise that the rights of self are only valuable as gifts of service to the community as a whole. Each human being has something to contribute to the general whole that nobody else can give. Let him discover what his gift is that he may bestow it. He has a right to demand help to discover his gift and to produce it when discovered. This is the right of a patriot, of a true socialist. He has no right either to keep his gift to himself unused, or to use it to the hurt of his neighbours. What he claims for himself he must concede to others. Equality is surely freedom to possess ourselves and, in full knowledge of our possession, to lose ourselves for others' good.

*Oxford*, 1919.

JEAN ROBERTS.

## WOMEN SUFFRAGE IN INDIA.

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THE question of women being entitled to vote has been very summarily dealt with by those who were entrusted with the task of drawing up the details of the future Government of India. The fact is there was no such problem at all before the public, and if any reference was at all made to the women in India in the Southborough report, it was in an academic sense by those who were engaged in the deep study of the abstract subject of self-government. Women in a self-governing country like England have suffrage, but women in India, aiming at self-government by successive stages, cannot have it because they are not yet advanced for it educationally.

This has been the final word on the subject, except of course for a few angry words from those who call themselves—or whom their friends call—social reformers. They have affected to be shocked by the summary treatment of Indian women, protest that they are not ignorant, insist that there are enough 'educated' women, in the sense that they are literate, and with a few crowning references to Savithri and Sita and pious declamations on the plight of women, which can be improved only by education and by entrusting them with responsibility, the social reformers have taken up the perennial problem of widow

marriage and post puberty marriage and inter-marriage, with learned quotations from the Shastras.

It may be that a Hindu or Moslem wife, if she had the vote, would dispose of it according to the will of her husband; but the same may be said of a married woman voter in England too. Again, if a husband can influence his wife, much more therefore can a wife influence her husband. Even the excuse of Purdah cannot be considered as valid; for if you want to give the vote to women, such difficulties are frivolous—you can always provide for the privacy required. As for lack of education, I always thought that education meant something more than mere literacy, the ability to read and write. An average Hindu or Mahomedan housewife can take as intelligent a view of public affairs as the male landholder or village proprietor on whom, according to the Southborough recommendations, the privilege of voting is to be conferred.

From the political standpoint the average Indian woman voter will be a conservative force and, viewed from this angle, every true friend of this country must deplore that this excellent reservoir has not been tapped when the signs around us have been insistent on moderate influences. The average Indian politician is a gas bag. He does not know much. It is enough for him to know that India is his country, that the foreigner wields authority in his fatherland, and that he is fit to wield that authority if entrusted to him. This is the extremist creed, and they do not trouble themselves with details. They say that the war has accelerated the force of human thought, and what was impossible or difficult five years ago appears to be easy now. Well, an Indian woman—of course we

have Sarojini Naidus—will not be a party to hasty changes and impetuous movements. She will take as cold and prosaic a view of events as she is accustomed to in the kitchen. The greatest obstacle to Indian progress, I fear, will come from the thoughtless section of Indians themselves; and Indian women voters, taking an intelligent interest in the country, would be the only influence that would stem these reckless politics.

It is my considered opinion that the Government have neglected a source of stability and strength, and those who will be responsible for the administration of this country hereafter will have reason to complain that a steadying support has been denied them. There are women who are engaged in managing their own affairs; in Malabar, especially, women do fill a very responsible place in the social sphere, and are highly literate. One wonders where want of education comes as an obstacle to women being given the privilege of voting. A small beginning ought to have been made, not, as I have said, because England has given the suffrage to women, but on pure political grounds concerning the future of India itself.

There are many deputations now in England, but unfortunately there are not many men among them who may be expected to take up the cause of women. Unless women take up their own agitation they have no hope, and, it must be confessed, we have not many women among us, fitted to take up such an agitation.

R. CHELLAMMAL.

## ANGEL-OUTPOSTS.

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“And is there care in heaven.....?” [Spencer.

O for a Song of Hope, to day,  
Transcending every fear,  
To traverse with a virgin ray  
The lurid atmosphere!

O for a wingéd Faith, to rise  
Into an ampler air  
Of angel-life, that round us lies  
To banish our despair!

O for a living tongue of fire  
To sing a Heaven above,  
Poured out upon the World-Desire  
In evergiving Love!

E. M. H.

“Life, I repeat, is energy of love  
Divine or human.....”; Wordsworth.

## COMMUNION.

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’Twas in the lovely month of May,  
When first the trees are green,  
And when, ’mid many a woodland lay  
The fairest flowers are seen;



'Twas at the tender Maying-time,  
When every lyre is strung,  
And souls sing on, that, at the prime,  
Were into being sung;

'Twas in a fresh and flowing hour  
Of Morn, that, in the mead,  
I lit upon a vernal bower  
Of beauty, few exceed;

And there beyond the stress and strain,  
The turmoil and the strife,  
I knew the Peace of God again,  
And broke the Bread of Life.                      E. M. H.

## THE SUFI DOCTRINE AND INDIAN LOVE POETRY.

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A PASSION for rhythmical expression is inborn in human nature ; and poetry was a vitalizing force long before prose came into being. The earliest histories were recited and afterwards written in verse ; the Rámáyana, Mahábhárata, and Iliad afford a clearer view of ancient civilisations than all the discoveries made in Egypt, Mesopotamia and Crete. But he who desires to reconstruct a long-buried past must not neglect the folk-songs cherished by every nation, and especially such as are inspired by the primordial instinct of sexual love. The student cannot fail to note a radical difference between the erotic poetry of Europe and the Middle East. The first appeals to faculties which man possesses in common with sentient Nature ; it is of the earth, earthy ; the second thrills with religious sentiment. Sufism is responsible for the curious blend of spirituality and sensualism which marks the love-songs of India and Persia. There is no need to enlarge on its tenets. Suffice it to say that we recognise a perfect union between God and the human soul. All created things emanate from Him ; all are irradiations of the Eternal Son into whose bosom they will return when their brief terrestrial

sojourn has ended. In Sufi eyes Woman is the purest manifestation of the Supreme Unity, a creature who fulfils its Maker's behest by multiplying infinitesimal portions of His Essence. Bearing this doctrine in mind, the European will understand why Indian and Persian poets who were affiliated to the Sufi Order, and therefore convinced ascetics, should sing of feminine charm and beauty in terms which bring a blush to the Westerner's cheeks. For the Christianity with which he was saturated in childhood has asceticism in common with Sufism, but differs widely from it in regarding Woman with profound suspicion. This attitude arose from the idiosyncrasy of St. Paul, who — humanly speaking — may be regarded as the founder of Christianity in a truer sense than Jesus Christ Himself. By his own confession he was a man of ardent passions, but cursed with a physique which was not likely to recommend him to the fair sex. There is, indeed, a persistent tradition that the Apostle to the Gentiles was jilted by the daughter of Caiaphas, High Priest of Jerusalem. Terrible was the revenge he took for the agonies of slighted love. He told the Christians of Corinth that "Man is the image and glory of God, but woman is the glory of man. Neither was man created for woman but woman for man." (1 Corinthians XI. 7 and 9). To his favourite disciple, Timothy, he wrote that women should "adorn themselves in modest apparel with shamefacedness and sobriety. Not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array, but with good works. Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer not the woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence." (1 Timothy II 9-12). The Fathers of the

Christian Church went to far greater lengths in expressing dread and even hatred of woman. St. Chrysostom brands her as "venomous birdlime, spread by Satan for the entanglement of human souls." St. Augustine doubts the possibility of woman's resurrection at the Day of Judgment for "if she were allowed to enter the gates of Heaven she might lead the Elect astray in the very presence of God!" While many devout Christians regard Woman as a snare set by the Evil One to compass man's damnation, we Sufis venerate her as God's chosen instrument for continuing His creative work.

I will now endeavour to trace the influence of this doctrine on the amatory verse of the Middle East. The Eighteenth Century was far advanced ere a school of Moslem poets arose in the Gangetic Valley who drew inspiration from Persian literature. Their songs bear the imprint of Sufism, which is apt to confuse the creature with its Creator. The object of their desire is set on a lofty pedestal, and worshipped with chivalrous devotion; they sigh hopelessly for love that is not returned. My first specimen is by Mir Mohammad Taqi, born at Agra, 1715 died about 1800 :—

When I call thy long black tresses to mind, happiness fills my eyes with tears, which glitter like diamonds as they roll down my cheeks. I don't know why it is so, but in watching them fall I bethink of me of a certain dark night, of rain drops pattering on our casement, and glow-worms scintillating on the trees outside.

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All my friends smile when they see how greatly my features are changed. Let them smile! Perchance they would envy me if they knew that it is the intensity of my love for thee which has changed my face into a bed of saffron. When thy soft arms encircle my neck, thy curling tresses are bespangled with beads of perspiration, which flash like falling stars against the midnight sky.

From Jagñi, known as Sháhgil, a pupil of Táqi :—

Sháhgil can never banish thy coal-black locks from his thoughts, since  
for him thy face is the day, and thy hair the night.

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Mir 'Izzat Ullah, whose pen-name was "Ishq," meaning Love—

Ah cruel one, coquetry fills my soul with trouble and dismay. Yet thou  
sitteest, tranquilly combing out thy long, silky tresses. Seeing thee  
thus engaged I compare thee to a traveller who, as soon as  
he reaches the *serai*, tastes selfish repose without giving one  
thought to his companions who are still toiling through the desert  
sands. Thou art like the earth, which drink up unconcerned the  
tears wrung from a woeful heart.

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From Sheikh Sháh Miyán Najm-ud-Din, 'Ali Khán,'  
known in literature as "Abru" (honour), born at Gwalior,  
1770, died at Lucknow, 1820:—

I don't understand thee at all, my darling; if thou wilt none of my heart,  
why seekest thou to captivate it? If thou art my declared enemy  
why give me long, stealthy glances which are full of promise? Can  
it be that thou deignest at length to be human, and to offer me thy  
scarlet lips? My heart is a fiery furnace, from which sighs for thee  
rise like flames. Why dost thou tyrannize over a humble suppliant?  
Fear God, my beloved one and cease to make Abru suffer.

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My last example is "The Fifth Element," by a poet of  
our own day named Mir Mohammad Ráhshán Káyýil,  
born in Kashmir, 1852:—

After creating earth, water, fire and air, Allah resolved to create a fifth  
element: He fashioned Woman. More swiftly than the wind do a  
lover's thoughts fly towards the object of his desire, were she at the  
other end of the world. My Kháro's body enshrines all Earth's  
treasures. Her lips are flowers, her breasts are swelling fruit, her  
face is daylight, her locks the night. Rubies and pearls shine in  
her pretty mouth; diamonds glitter in her eyes. Fathomless as the  
ocean is the delight of her caresses. Like all who have seen Kháro,  
Ráhshán Káyýil bears in his bosom this Fifth Element.

All of us are born Aristotelians or Platonists; we interpret the Universe in terms of materialism, or seek a solution of its enigma in mystical longings. This dualism is evident in the erotic poetry of Ancient Persia. Umárá, who flourished at Merv in the 10th Century, belonged to the same category as the Moslem bards of India. The following distich is a sample of his Muse:—

O that I could conceal myself in my verses, that I might kiss thy sweet lips as often as thou singest them.

To the same school belonged Abu Sayyid, born in Khorásán 978, died at Amol in Tabaristán 1062. Here are two of his *rubayyats*, or quatrains:—

I asked my sweetheart, "Why dost thou make thyself so beautiful?" "To please myself," she replied; for there are moments when I am at once eyes, mirror and beauty; when I am love, lover and loved one at the same time.

I daily beseech the angels of Paradise to unite me to thee, my darling; and if my prayer is granted I will not envy the angel's lot. If my soul were called into the gardens of Paradise without thine they would be far too small to contain it.

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The more famous Omar Kháyyám born at Nishápur in Khorásán 1025, and died there 1122, stands at the opposite pole. It is a curious fact that Umárá and Omar Kháyyám were profound mathematicians. This union of poetic and scientific genius seems peculiar to Persia; can we imagine a Tennyson who had been Senior Wrangler at Cambridge? It may account for the hedonism apparent in every verse of Edward FitzGerald's translation, which appeals so strongly to our disillusioned age; and is peculiarly marked in the following quatrains:—

They say that paradise is peopled by Houris; that wine and honey will flow in profusion there. Then why forbid me women and wine on earth if they are to be my recompense on high?

'Tis far wiser to quaff good liquor and court a pretty girl than to waste one's time in hypocritical devotions. If all lovers and wine-bibbers must descend into hell, very few sane men would wish to enter heaven.

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Give me some dancers, a flagon of wine and a girl lovelier than any Houri—if there be such things as Houris. Let me seek in their company a murmuring stream; and stretch myself on the moss that carpets its source—if streams and mossy banks have any real existence. Let me make love, drink and sing without a thought of hell—if there be a hell. Believe me, there is no heaven but this—if indeed there be a heaven anywhere.

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A more startling contrast to Sufi love-poetry is presented by two songs current in Central Asia and Arabia. The first may be styled "A Husband's Warning;" it is uttered by the Chieftain of a Kirghiz tribe which roams the steppes of Turkestan:—

Woman, beware, watch the purlieus of our *Kibitka*. For if, while prowling round the encampment, I surprise thee communing with a lover—were he a Chieftain, or even a Prince—I will transfix both of you with poisoned arrows. Then I will cut off thy eyelids, nose lips, ears and breasts; then thy fingers, one by one; then thy toes one by one; then thy hands and feet, one after the other: then thy arms and legs, slice by slice. Then, in full view of thy lid-less eyes, I will bathe in thy blood and drink it, sweeter than any *koumiss*. And I will force all my slaves to taste it, that they may learn how I treat an unfaithful wife. Then, with my own hands will I light the pyre on which thou and thy false lover shall be consumed!

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My last translation is "The Arab Girl's Lament."

The sun is setting, O Mohammad Ben Sulluk, and darkness descends on the desert, even as her mourning veil conceals the widow's forehead. The warrior unsaddles his horse with lissom limbs, tired servants lie stretched beside the tents, flocks return from the pasture; a vapour rises from the desert like the canopy of smoke above an encampment. Dost hear the Muezzin's voice calling the faithful to prayer? Prostrate thyself, bathe thy exhausted limbs, and turn towards Mecca.

The shades of evening deepen and I, O my Spouse, my loved one, I am watching for thy approach as the tigress watches for her absent cub. My soul is gnawed by anxiety, it is like the bones of travellers which whiten the caravan's track. My tears are falling as almond-blossom fall before the sirocco's blast. Come to me, O Mohammad, for I am filled with a longing like the hyena's which prowls round a graveyard, eager to devour the flesh of the buried dead. But thou hearest not, thou turnest thy head away like the lion which passes a sleeping man with proud disdain. For thy heart is no longer in my keeping, thine eyes are riveted on those of an infidel girl, blue as the turquoises set in thy war-steed's bit thy hands tremble with desire to stroke her tresses yellow as ripe maize. Yes; thou lovest a Christian maiden, O Mohammad. She has weaned thee from me; she has taken my very life away. I used to dye my nails with *henna*, and darken my eyes with *lohaj* to please thee. Thy new love knows them not; her skin is white as a Chieftain's *burnus*; her skin is clammy like the snake's that coils itself round a charmer's arm. And my breast swells as a mountain torrent in spring-time; I feel my hatred spreading as the shades at nightfall. For I hate, I hate that infidel, who is no daughter of the Prophet, and contemns the God we worship. May she suffer what I am suffering! May her husband forsake her; may her sons be pierced with arrows through their cowardly backs! I want to satisfy my love for thee and my loathing for her. She must give me back the man I love. O Mohammad, that I could drink her heart's blood on thy lips!

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A gulf yawns between such savages as these and the disciples of Baha Ullah. May his teachings spread throughout this distracted world and give it a peace more lasting than any Treaty can bestow!

F. H. SKRINE.

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\* A Paper read at the London headquarters of the Sufi Order, June 2nd, 1919.



## THE WINNER.

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“ Who runs ?—Who runs?—What meaneth  
     The triumph and the shout,  
 And who be these with banners  
     And loins begirt about ?”

“ ’Tis Mercy joins with Justice  
     To render Earth to Heaven ;  
 Faith also from a furnace,  
     Tried seventy times and seven.”

“ Who wins?—Who wins?...Our Father,  
     Supreme in earth and skies,  
 Now let our songs be singing  
     His praise Who brings the prize.  
 Mercy blindfolds bare Justice  
     And leads her in the way  
 And Hope like Dawn hath vanished  
     Into the arms of Day,  
 So Faith, being lost in wonder,  
     That Son of Mary wins,  
 Who is the Love that covers,  
     A multitude of sins.”

K. F. S.

## THE SUMMER-CLOUD.

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THERE is a peculiar feeling of expectancy in our minds about the summer-cloud,—the rain-clouds of July that pass slowly across the sky as we sit watching them out of the half-opened window of our cosy sitting rooms, as the afternoon gently steps aside to make way for the coming of evening. We are reminded of the promise of green-seedlings in the paddy fields, soon destined to reach the fulfilment of abundant harvests ; or we think of the cool showers which may at any moment descend upon the earth, to the infinite relief of thirsty ‘chátakas’ praying with uplifted heads for their watery salvation. Every where there is the feeling of peace and quiet enjoyment—an atmosphere in which nature seems to send us her inmost messages of communion between men and beast and tree—of the eternal unity of the universe. We feel as if, like the Yaksha in Kalidasa’s *Meghaduta*’, we could hold converse with these messengers, and forget for the moment the gulf that divides our existence from theirs.

What tales these clouds could tell us if they chose ! Wonderful stories of far-off lands and seas, of hills and valleys, of strange folks and unfamiliar ways—and most wonderful of all, they tell us their own

life-story. What devotion and self-sacrifice! Born as rain perhaps on the hoary peaks of the sacred Himalaya, giving themselves out to man as his eternal ministers and servants to fructify his lands and gardens, wandering forth from land to land in the fulfilment of their mission of service, how many obstacles do they not overcome, how many difficulties surpass, to join at last that vast ocean in which they merge their individuality and prepare themselves to enter again their unceasing work of enriching and beautifying the earth! Children alike of heat and cold, more powerful than the hardest of rocks and mountains, yet gentle as the new-born babe, when man only bespeaks their assistance, bringing him food, washing him and his clothes, by how many channels do they reach their one destination of loving co operation with humanity. But ungrateful man curses them if his crops go wrong, turns them off when they would fain stay with him in the cool air of his forests and mountains, and fails to receive their message of love and life. Yet it is not always so. Our ancients offered up songs of prayer to Indra and Varuna in verses which will endure for all time as some of the highest and grandest of poetry. To-day the poet sings out of the pure joy of communion with these messengers of nature.

The thought of the summer cloud is associated with the vision of green fields and meadows, of the blossoming of jasmine and rose, of the united family circle, the cool nights, and long afternoons with plenty of time to talk with long-separated friends to tell tales of fairy land to children clustering round one's knees in eager expectancy. There is the yearning of love in all breasts, of the lover for his maiden, of the matron

for her young ones, of the aged celibate for all creation. The idea of quarrel or separation falls "like a withering arrow on a heap of blossoms." The lonely heart yearns for companionship—and finds it at best in literature and art. The month of Vaisakh is appropriately the month of universal 'giving'. Selfish thoughts are banished or forgotten. The Poet is in the mood to sing of human loves and sufferings, of passionate endeavours and the calm strength of Hope. The very cynic is impressed and silenced by the mighty impulse of Nature, thought is turned to objects of tender affection or beauty. The country side acquires for us an interest it never had before: we discover new beauties in its trees and waters, its green meadows, and birds, and flowers. We even stop to look at the rustic farmer as—at earliest dawn—he goes forward singing merrily to his work—his plough on his shoulders, his cattle before him, his voice clear and strong in the cool breeze of morning. Hark! Did we note that strangely moving effect of his song before? We thought him an illiterate boor! What ideas could he have of God and man and Nature? Yet, what do we hear now from his lips, but the hoary message of the Upanishads or 'My God is with me in Right-- what care I of riches and power of Kings? Thou hast left the company of Kings to walk in the humble path of the beggar and peasant.' You stand lost in thought: the sun rises, and a new day is upon you.

*Madras.*

N. SUNDARA IYER.

## RETURNING EASTWARD.

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Deep sapphire water—wide thy desolation  
 O tragic sea—thou wert to trouble born !  
 While thus reflecting grew the consolation  
 We sailed not into darkness, but the Dawn,—  
 I watch'd for it ; sound through the silence dying  
 Sank like celestial words that calmed the waves :  
 In chastened mood the Ocean seem'd replying—  
 ' I weep and mourn above men's nameless graves.'

Cold felt my heart, when, lo ! strange sweetness bringing—  
 A southern wind, from distant shores had blown  
 The fragrance of its orange-groves,—distilling  
 Their stolen essence, and not theirs alone,  
 The pale-lipp'd lilies, tuberose entrancing,  
 Star-pointed Daphne—less perfumed than these—  
 Had joined the flowers in wild Æolic dancing  
 Pelting with odours the enamour'd breeze.  
 That fled—but bore the loved land's invocation—  
 Pure incense from its fields and sandal-wood  
 Earth's offering of speechless adoration  
 Upward to Him, the One, Who understood.

In fine spun air came Light, slowly unfolding  
The soft, low clouds, that edged the eastern space  
With majesty and beauty, which beholding  
I knelt in awe—so holy was the face  
Of Heaven's effluence—God's first created—  
Bride of the Sun, ere he, life-giving globe,  
Received immortal fire to be thus mated  
And showed in lustrous gems her marriage robe,  
Over whose sheen his golden rays were flaming,  
Through rosy mist the white corona beamed  
The glory of his brightness—now past naming—  
I saw, and yet in seeing, thought I dream'd.

*Oxford.*

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

## DE PROFUNDIS.

زندگی ہے با کوی طوفان ہے  
ہم تو اس جینے کے ہاتھوں سے مر چائے

Is this Life or a storm terrific? If this is Life then  
verily I do prefer death.

ہے بچا شیوہ تسلیم میں مشہور ہیں ہم  
قصہ درد سناتے ہیں کہ مجبور ہیں ہم  
ساز خاموش ہیں فریاد سے معمور ہیں ہم  
نالہ آتا ہے جواب یہ تو معذور ہیں ہم  
اے خدا شکوہ ارباب وفا بھی سنائے  
خوگر حد سے تھوڑا سا گلہ بھی سنائے

I, who write this, consider myself one of the most  
miserable specimens of humanity on Earth. I cannot  
remember one single, solitary day of happiness but there  
was something to spoil what little joy I ever knew. My  
soul is like a doleful morgue and my writings are dim  
photographs of its corpse-tenants. Shut in for ever  
from the sunshine I am enveloped in dark, threatening  
shadows that surround me.

Dead to life and joy  
I read in all things my deadness.

As I stand on the margin of the Lake of Despair and  
look down into the clear still water I see in its waves as  
though in the face of a child, the reflection of the same  
helpless man who pens these lines. It has always

appeared to me that a malign fate dogs the footsteps of certain people. I belong to that unfortunate class. Whatever I do, even from the very best of motives turns out to my disadvantage; whatever I desire, even the most laudable and innocent is denied me. The prick, the stab, the wearing pain, the poison that is mingled with every bright remembrance of the past, I feel them all, and though faint and feeble I am still plodding on the Great Pathway—leading where? to Darkness and utter Forgetfulness. Ah! what a pale counterfeit is real life of the life we pictured to ourselves in our childhood! And which of us has not his own Promised Land, his Dream Land, his Utopia? And when the arch-torturer draws aside the grim curtain of Reality and shows us a glimpse of the 'Land-of-might-have-been' where lost hopes blossom eternally and the witchery of hallowed vision is never dispelled—the vision is enough to send a shudder through our weak, mortal frame and the futile human tears to flow. Ah! what castles I had built and how fallen they are, what ideals I had cherished and how cruelly they have been damped, what ambitions I had nursed through all these long, weary years as a mother does her first born, but ah! how ruthlessly they have been trampled to the ground. At five I was the picture of gaiety and happiness, at ten of frolics and hilarity, at twenty of confidence and dreams, and to-day at twenty four—aye at even twenty four, full statured in manhood, prematured, scorched and scarred in spirit by fierce ordeals, I see the pale ghost of my youth flitting away amid the ruins of the Past, and know that instead of making the voyage of life under soft silken sails I have been swept under dark, threatening, clouds before a howling hurricane into an



unknown hostile port where lashed to the deck and with torn strips of hope I have finally moored—a strained, dis-masted barque in the anchorage whence with flowing canvas and pennons flying no ship ever sailed out.

There are exactly two things under the sun worth striving for—Work and Love, and when love is filled and work becomes impossible then farewell to all hopes and ambitions, all ideals and speculations, aye farewell to happiness and to life! Inward soliloquy is the last resource of the man who has nothing to hope for, nothing to venture, nothing to love. I must draw upon the fastnesses of my Conscience. What do we know of each other, what do we know what is passing in our heart? In every man and woman there dwells the most terrible, the most ruthless power that exists—Silence. Who can divine the tumult of my heart when I see my last ray of hope vanish, who can fathom the agony of the mother when she sees the portals of the grave close over the remains of her only child? A sigh or a tear! What does it signify? Overflowing of the soul—running over of the cup of reverie. All that we cannot or will not say, all that remains pent up within the inmost recesses of the heart—confused desires, secret trouble, suppressed grief, conflict with oneself, speechless regret, the secret emotions we have struggled against, the pain we have sought to hide, our massacred hopes, our restless presentiments, our unrealised dreams, the countless wounds inflicted upon our ideal, the turbulent earthquakes of the heart, the volcanic eruptions of the soul—all these mysterious workings of the inner machinery of the brain end in a sudden outburst of emotion—a sigh or a tear. Are there any poor souls wearying on forlornly towards

the grave, and monotonously performing the daily routine of life without either heart or zest in it, who see infirmity and premature weakness close upon them, who feel they cannot do without love and yet find that beyond their reach, who know that their faculties are declining, who are aware that their brood of youthful hopes has flown away leaving nothing but a handful of ashes, who cannot look back to the troubled Past without a regret, to the saddened Present without a sigh, and who in the uncertain Future that awaits them see nothing but increasing loneliness, mortification of spirit, humiliation, long continued regret, melancholy neither to be consoled nor confessed, a rapid decay, an early grave: let such look back to the time when the world opened out before their gaze like a dazzling arena of fair fortune and bright prospects, and then will they understand the meaning of spiritual torture, then will the passionate craving for death become more and more clamorous. Beware then young men, beware of the world and its temptations, its promises—sugar coated promises—its evils, its stings, its wiles, its treacheries. Life, your life is a huge sham and we are all masked puppets jumping grotesquely just as the strongest hands pull the wires. Your near and dear—yea, even those in whose veins flow the same blood as yours, those on whose help you count, those on whose friendship you rely: Show them the emptiness of your heart and you show in vain, wail out the litany of your sufferings and you wail to the winds. You ask for bread and you are stoned, you seek sympathy and you are stung. You have no business to be indigent, and if you are indigent you have no business to complain, and if you complain you had better make your exit off the world-stage and the

world shall be the none the worse for you—your people—probably the better if you happen to be dependant on them. It is really wonderful how we get over the loss of our friends and relations—our bosom friends, relations, our nearest and dearest. ‘How sad!’ ‘What a bolt from the blue!’ ‘What an angel he or she was’—a few other hackneyed phrases of the like for a couple of months or so, nay, not even so much as that and the poor deceased, the ‘dear departed’ is shelved into oblivion and forgotten to memory even. More wonderful still is the callous, apathetic indifference with which we watch and enjoy the sufferings of our fellow beings. We take a peculiar, keen delight in the spectacle as in the days of yore the Romans did in watching men, women and children being torn to pieces by wild, furious, beasts. Such is the world, such man, such life alas! People are prone to withdraw the encouraging word or smile as long as that word or smile can be of any use in brightening a fellow traveller’s burden but when that word or smile has ceased to be of any use, they hasten to offer their now useless comfort and relief. Ye men who are happy in the comfort that wraps you round and keeps you warm and comfortable, who are proud of the fortune that accident has bestowed on you—do not hesitate to be just or generous or demonstrative towards one who really deserves your help until he is struck down by illness or threatened with death.

Ah God! When shall the Millenium come? When shall peace and good reign throughout the world? When shall hatred, jealousy and malice die? When shall the bitter strife of men with fellow men be ended? When shall torture and agony—physical and moral—cease? When shall men be more truthful, more upright, more peaceful!

Women, more virtuous, more devoted, more God-fearing ? God ! Is there not pain and sorrow enough in this world that meddling groups must need poison the few pure springs of enjoyment and peace ? Is there no redress for the unhappy victim to the wiles and treacheries of the merciless assassins who infest society in countless hordes ? God of Mercy and Forgiveness ! Why are there such cruel things as malice, spite, hatred, jealousy, back-biting, separation, darkness, death ? And what made Thee create Love, O God, if us Thee made mortals ? What an impassively dumb spectator of things Thou must be O God on Thy vast august Throne to let falsehood and selfishness, spite and lust walk the world unchecked ; to see men butchering their fellow men for a bit of land, women selling their priceless virtue for a couple of coins ; Satan casting out Satan everywhere and yet do nothing to improve the world ?

Surely it is not too late for Thee O Thou All-Seeing and All-Powerful to avert, to propitiate, to save, nor too hard for Thee to work a miracle !

*Bankipore.*

S. A. K.

## THE INNER UNITY.

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"And East is East and West is West."

Perhaps nothing in the world has ever done so much harm as half truths conveyed in a pithy form. Their pithiness and apparent truth cause them to be immediately accepted and almost universally believed. In this particular case the reference is to Kipling's two famous lines:-

"And East is East and West is West,  
And never the twain shall meet."

The platitude on the first line is obvious, but unfortunately this more or less obtrusive obviousness casts a glamour over the whole couplet. Consequently the lines are too frequently quoted as a conclusive proof that any attempt at a solid or lasting rapprochement or understanding between East and West is futile and useless. Time and again young people, generally sympathetic and determined to understand things for themselves, are put off by older and more cynical people who volunteer the gratuitous advice that the Eastern mind is incomprehensible. This advice has been disproved and is being disproved daily in hundreds of ways, and the union of East and West on a common platform is not only not impossible, but at the present day easily feasible, and most desirable.

The fundamental qualities or passions\* are the same in every man, no matter what be his creed or nationality. All men are swayed by love, and hatred and the various emotions resulting therefrom. The ties of wife, mother, husband, sister, brother,—are all universally binding, generally in the inverse ratio to the progress of civilisation. Good works, noble deeds, kindly feelings, unselfishness and charity are also all alike more or less universal in their effects. Where the real difference arises between both men and nations is in details, and moreover, details which are of the most trifling unimportance when viewed from a broad or universal standpoint. The omission of a daily bath, or the substitution of fingers for knives and forks, is dealt with by ostracism, yet the victim is quite capable and willing to sacrifice his life in a noble cause. All will listen to learned theologians and philosophers with the greatest respect, but no one is tabooed if he dares to disagree with them. Yet those after all do deal with things which are important and which have at times the most far-reaching effects. On the other hand the neglect of little details which have not the slightest effects on the progress of civilisation of the world at large is met with the direst and at time the most disastrous consequences

At first sight the peoples of the East and West seem to be so totally different in habits and customs, in appearance, dress and manners, in ideas both religious and philosophical that a proper understanding between the two races seems all but impossible. The Eastern, however, loves and hates as well as the Western, though there may be a marked difference in the manner or method of displaying these emotions. Both are grateful for services rendered, and both remember with a certain amount of

dislike any ill deeds that may have been committed against them. This is only human nature. We naturally return a good action, and just as naturally are inclined to repay evil with evil. The Christian ideal of turning the other cheek is beautiful and sublime, but it can scarcely be said to appeal to the animal instinct in man. "Do unto others as they have done unto you" is more or less the motto of the practical and material life of the 20th Century. We admire the Christian teaching. At times we may be inclined to go so far as to treat with respect a man who tries to live up to the Christian ideal. But the majority of people would be rather inclined to look upon such a man with contempt, and if they had their way, would in all probability appoint over him a strict guardian or censor to keep him out of harm. If then the same things appeal to both in the way of love or hatred, there is no reason why as a general rule, sympathy and love should not be established in the place of a possible mistrust, dislike or hatred. All this sounds theoretical in the extreme, but it is by no means impossible to put those theories into practice. As a matter of fact these theories have been put into practice in isolated instances, and these instances might be multiplied indefinitely. If we examine the particular cases where Europeans and Indians have arrived at a close and mutual understanding, and also at a reciprocal liking and trust, we shall find that the ordinary trumpery details of an artificial conventionality in no way hindered their friendship. They became friends, and since their friendship was based on fundamentals, their friendship was sincere and lasting.

Undoubtedly the differences that exist in the social, religious and political life of the East and West are very

great. The fact that social intercourse to any large extent is very much restricted, owing to the nature of things, makes a mutual understanding all the more difficult. Among Europeans the bond of good fellowship and friendship is society, a society on which dinners are eaten and freely given, and a society moreover in which women play a most important part. The caste system and the purdah renders this almost impossible in India. In this particular case it seems to be the fault of the conservative Indian who is loath to cast aside at a moment's notice traditions, habits, and customs, which he has obeyed for centuries. It is hardly fair that the privileges extended by Europeans should not be enjoyed by them in turn. Though this necessary restriction of social intercourse delays an arrival at a mutual understanding, yet it does not by any means do away with the possibility of a mutual understanding being arrived at. All it does is to call for more patience, more perseverance, more toleration on both sides, and the results will be all the more solid and lasting when finally effected.

Then there are the differences in religion and systems of philosophy. Philosophical differences, for the most part theoretical, have never and will never create practical obstacles or barriers, and the fundamental tenet in every religion, when stripped of all sectarian creeds and dogmas, is charity, after all even amongst Europeans themselves what numerous differences there are, both religious and philosophical, yet we find people with totally divergent views smiling in a common ground, and inspiring each other with mutual confidence, respect, liking and esteem.

Perhaps the political barrier is the most difficult to overcome. It is difficult at all times for the ruling class



to remember that certain rights are due to their subjects, and it is equally as difficult for the ruled to refrain from being irritated, or annoyed, at trifling and sometimes unnecessary inconveniences. The onus, however, is on the rulers. They are in the superior position, and it is up to them to be always broadly tolerant and even magnanimous. Compromise is the pivot on which the whole routine business of the world turns. Without compromise it is wonderful to think how many ordinary daily transactions would become well-nigh impossible. Moreover, this spirit of compromise is not a natural or inherent quality but a quality that must be assiduously cultivated.

All these difference have been overcome at several times, but mostly in the case of individuals.

As a general rule there is always a better chance of individuals behaving in the proper spirit towards each other. The difficulty arises when groups come in contact. Immediately a spirit of suspicion and distrust seems to permeate either group and they unfortunately become unconsciously antagonistic. Perhaps it is that individuals are inclined to be more on their guard with each other, inclined to be more tolerant with each other, forgetting for the time being racial jealousies and antipathies on appraising prominent individual quantities and characteristics. All that is necessary then is that the same spirit which characterizes individuals should actuate the people at large. Both sides, however, should play the game and do their best to bring about a mutual understanding, based on a spirit of compromise and charity. If their endeavours are honestly sustained, then the imputation of East and West never meeting will be wiped out once

and for all. East and West may, in a good many ways, be as poles apart even when this understanding has been reached, but once the understanding is complete the differences will be recognized, the agreements will be emphasized, and for all united there will set in an era of peace, harmony and good-will.

T. F. O'DONNELL.

COAL MINES.

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BEFORE the recent Coal Commission in England, Mr. Sydney Webb contended that "The root cause of the relative inefficiency of the British Coal supply was its foundation in private profit-making." Many arguments can no doubt with justice be brought forward to show that personal profit, advancement, gain, and so forth are on the whole the most impelling motives for efficient work. That may be so, but as far as the development of any particular industry goes; personal profit as a motive has accomplished its mission, when it has fully developed and set going that industry. As soon, however, as private profit and parasitism become a hindrance to progressive industrial development in the interests of producer and consumer, social conscience dictates that private ownership in that industry must go. This would be no great hardship, for the State would adequately compensate private owners in such cases, and as the new system in State ownership in the means of production, replaces the old system, the increased responsibility for—and organization of—labour which it would entail, would lead by definite degrees to the training and absorption in productive work of Coal-owners no less than of casual labourers, in positions for which they were best fitted.

## COAL, NATURAL WEALTH.

Granted, that personal advancement and personal gain will in the main be the most compelling incentives towards afficent labour, yet coal miners will undoubtedly work with better heart and an absence of bitterness under State employment—provided the State minimized as far as was humanly possible the dangers of mining. No doubt in the present day many Coal-owners do their best in this way, but it is doubtful if any do their utmost. Moreover, State ownership in coal mines is obviously right, for coal is natural wealth. It is moreover obviously wrong for individuals to grow wealthy by that which they have no hand in producing. A manufacturer is in some measure responsible for the material out-put of his factory, but the Coal-owner is not. He is merely lucky in that coal is discovered on his land; and so we come to the root evil—private property in land.

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 "COAL."

## A MORALITY PLAY.

Persons of the play.

COAL.

AN OLD MAN.

A YOUNG MAN.

A YOUNG WOMAN.

\*WHITEHAVEN, a demented old woman.

*Chorus*—miners, their wives and children.

SCENE.—*A bright starlit night. Silhouetted against the sky is a triangular mass of human beings—miners, their wives*

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\*About the year 1909, some coal miners were entombed in a shaft under the sea at Whitehaven, a fishing port on the N.W. Coast of England.

*and children. At the apex is seated COAL; a gigantic black figure, half nude, the contours of his body are clean cut against the sky. The chorus grouped around him are sleeping. The men resting on their pick axes and shovels, the women sitting and reclining, holding babies and children. There is no movement in the mass of figures, which are almost indistinguishable in the deep gloom. To the spectator's right, is seen a rising slope of ground leading up to a high hill. A short distance of foot path, leading to the summit, is discernable beyond the chorus. On the left in the distance is seen a pit-head and mining erections. A great silence pervades the scene, although there is a distant sound of incessant toil.*

*A blood-curdling cry, which ends in a wailing, breaks the stillness. A state of tension is felt in the atmosphere.*

COAL.—(*Until then unmoved, stirs uneasily. He takes up the inarticulate cry, and with a movement of impotence and despair, buries his face in his hands. All is silent and still once more.*) ENTER from left, AN OLD MAN. *He is tall, his face is furrowed with care, his eyes move feverishly, his mind is disturbed. He is dressed in black, wearing a heavy cloak and a felt hat. He carries some heavy ledgers and a bank book. After stepping into the scene he stands still and listens.*

OLD MAN.—*Strange—it sounded then quite near. (Peering round and listening intently. There is no sound to give him a clue. He looks for a likely spot in which to rest and listen. Having found it, he deposits his books which fall with a heavy thud; then stretching his arm which had become cramped with carrying them, he sits with a deep drawn sigh and a groan.)*

I'll wait and listen, it may come again (*lapsing into reverie, he becomes lost in troubled thought.*)

ENTER.—*From the hill path on the right* A YOUNG MAN and YOUNG WOMAN. *They are simply and rationally dressed. Both are hairless. The woman wears a loose brown cloak over a straight green gown. The man is dressed in grey wearing an easy collar and a red tie. There is grace and ease in their clothes, their movements are unhampered and free. The woman is the first to enter. She stands for a moment pointing in front of her.*

YOUNG WOMAN.—That must be the house of which the old woman spoke. There is the valley. Do you see it?

YOUNG MAN.—Yes, I see—that white mass buried in trees.

Y. WOMAN.—This is surely the spot she described. Listen!

Y. MAN—I hear no sound. This is the footpath at the bottom of the hill leading to the valley. We will wait here, and if the poor soul is right, we cannot miss him.

Y. WOMAN.—It seems of late he has wandered up the hill at night, but has not reached the summit; and the poor creature fears to go towards him. He carries heavy books and rests much by the way.

Y. MAN.—That gateway leads to his estate, we will wait and watch for him.

Y. WOMAN.—This mound will serve. (*They are about to sit when a rustling sound arrests them. They turn and see the old man rising to his feet.*)

O. MAN.—Good evening friends. It's lonesome here--the night is dark.

Y. MAN.—Good evening sir. The stars are bright.

O. MAN.—(*Slowly looking up at the sky, then nodding his head.*) That is so.

Y. WOMAN.—(*to YOUNG MAN*) He carries no books, this cannot be he.

Y. MAN.—I'll question him. A stranger here sir?

O. MAN.—(*bitterly*) Aye a stranger—homeless.

Y. MAN.—(*brightly*) So are we all—in a sense.

O. MAN.—Not you; with your comrade. I am quite alone. Alone I've wandered very far, in search of what I never find. One turning leads me to the next, there is no halt upon the road I go. No one to share my travel, and no end in view.

Y. MAN.—Your's seems a troubled life sir.

O. MAN.—Aye, that's so. My mind seeks rest. If I could reach that hill top, away from the incessant lives of men, I might see clear.

Y. MAN.—It is not far to go. Why not climb up?

O. MAN.—I have tried, but I get weary. My books weigh me down.

Y. WOMAN.—Do you live in the great house down the valley?

Y. MAN.—He's homeless—did you not hear?

O. MAN.—Truly I live in that great house;—yet am I homeless and alone.

Y. MAN.—Sir, you are he whom we seek.

Y. WOMAN.—We share your mood to-night. Home brings no rest.

O. MAN.—What troubles you?

Y. WOMAN.—A woman's wail.

O. MAN.—Strange—it was a wailing cry that brought me out too. My household had retired for the night and

all was still. I had seated myself before the fire to examine my colliery accounts, when of a sudden a blood-curdling cry rent the night. I tried to forget and return to my work, but twice was the cry repeated. I could no longer sit in peace by my fireside, while suffering seemed at my very door. Thrice again have I heard the cry. I follow the sound, but it seems to mock me—now here, now there! I was listening for it when you came.

Y. WOMAN.—Our children were sleeping soundly, and having kissed them in their sleep we crept away. We had barely settled ourselves before the fire for a cosy time, when a wailing cry was heard. We too came out to seek the cause.

Y. MAN.—And we have found it, It is an old woman who lives on yonder hill top. A great calamity has robbed her of her reason. The miners, by whom she is held in constant dread, daily send her food. They try to prevent her from coming down the hill, but indeed she has little inclination to wander. If she is so much as sighted from the distance, it is looked upon as an evil omen. To-night, she wails in mental anguish.

Y. WOMAN.—Yet the sight of her relieved the tension of our minds. And when she saw us, a gleam of recognition flashed from her wild eyes to ours.

Y. MAN.—We have been troubled and perplexed. The way seemed dark, full of dangers and difficulties. But Whitehaven and her sufferings have made things clear.

O. MAN.—Who?

Y. MAN.—Whitehaven—the demented old woman on the hill top.

O. MAN.—(*a gleam of terror mingled with understanding on his face*). Whitehaven!



Y. WOMAN.—From her we gained inspiration. New strength filled us, and as we spoke together hope lit up her face.

Y. MAN.—Never-the-less madness seized and possessed her. She seemed in her distracted state to be aware of approaching calamity and cried aloud for deliverance.

Y. WOMAN.—She cjang to us weeping bitterly. Eventually we calmed her and offered our help in her distress.

Y. MAN.—She blessed us but said that we alone were powerless. Then she told us that an old man was wandering on the hill side, himself in trouble—and that he had the power to relieve his own burden and hers at the same time.

Y. WOMAN.—Until he takes action our hands are tied.

Y. MAN.—Our talk, but idle words and futile theories.

Y. WOMAN.—You must be he of whom she spoke. She wishes to meet you face-to face. She bade us go and seek you.

O. MAN.—It seems that she is on the hill top I failed to reach.

Y. MAN.—She has nightly waited, hoping you would come.

O. MAN.—My books dragged me down. I grew weary by the way.

Y. MAN.—Leave them here—walk up without them.

O. MAN.—I cannot leave them—but if I could the weight of my troubles would be with me still.

Y. MAN.—Go up She would cure you.

O. MAN.—She could not lift the burden of responsibility that is with me day and night. I am judged happy in my wealth, but the burden is intolerable. Oh for a

cue—for a safe prompting from some infallible source. That Nature were God—visible, near, and tangible! That the earth and elements had voices! That Coal itself could speak!

COAL.—(*moves, and raises his head. An inarticulate sound escapes him. The YOUNG MAN and YOUNG WOMAN become alert listening*). For public good—

Y. MAN.—Hark!

COAL.—and not for private gain.

Y. WOMAN.—What voice was that?

O. MAN.—No voice—may be the sounds at the pit head.

COAL.—(*again stirring and striving to speak*).

Y. WOMAN.—Hark again!

COAL.—For public good—

Y. MAN.—For—public—good!

COAL.—not for private gain.

OLD MAN.—Not—for—private gain! (*a cry of anguish rends the air*).

Y. MAN.—	} ( <i>together</i> ) Whitehaven!
Y. WOMAN.—	

O. MAN.—(*looks up terrified*)  
Whitehaven!

Y. WOMAN.—(*who has run a few steps up the hill path*)  
Come—come quickly!

Y. MAN.—(*following*) Come!

O. MAN.—(*standing transfixed*) Not for private gain!  
(*the wailing continues*).

Y. WOMAN.—Come, Oh come!

O. MAN.—Lead me, lead me—the way is rough and difficult. (*They go towards him and lead him up the hill side. His books are left lying on the ground.*)

EXEUNT.

COAL.—(*Slowly spreading his arms above the sleeping group.*)

Sleep my children, sleep .

Important I watch and wait—powerless to avert the inexorable doom that awaits you at my unwilling hands.

Then sleep, sleep—for a while sleep in peace. (*A wailing sound from the hill top.*)

Deep, deep in the bowels of the earth, you travail for the world of light; body of me delivered, atom by atom, to the land of sunlight and of men.

Delivered in toil—delivered in pain—delivered in death!

To you, my myriad mothers, I owe my life and usefulness ;

To you, ships that sail the seas their speed.

By you, my toil-stained mothers, is luxury's lap well filled; Through you, each tiny grate burns bright, each fiery furnace huge.

You smelt the iron that makes the plough, make wheels that grind the corn.

Its life you give to the sunlit land, its death you reap in return.

Do they think of the lives lived here in the dark, those men who live in the sun?

Lives filled with danger, death, and despair, filled with women's and children's tears,

"They do not feel as we would feel." We hear those sun-men say. "They eat too much, they drink too much—their joys are not our joy's"

True—nor is their work your work.

Brutish work makes brutish joys—joys, never the less. Grudge them not.

Arise, Sun-men! Up there where the sweet flowers blow, Where green grass waves beneath spreading trees, and the song of birds is heard.

Arise—look around with clear-sighted eyes; pierce the crust of things that seem fair.

For whom this grim toll of human lives?

For whom? For all—and for you!

But for whom the yielded wealth and good?

For each and all, and not for one—but yet for you, for you!

Of the earth am I—no man-made thing to be bought and sold!

To mankind I belong—not to owners nor men. They hold me in trust for man.

Democracy, your reign has come! Woe to you if your sceptre fail!

Woe to you, if the people's fuller vision of life be not realised!

Woe to you, if callous, unintelligent, indifferent and inert—crimes worse a thousand-fold than that of capitalist greed you allow such greed to gorge.

Think not that the men could win all in a strike against well filled coffers.

Great, heroic would be their fight, but their blows would rebound and smite them, while wealth in private hands would grow, and so likewise would tyranny.

Demos arise! Clear from the path economic facts  
that bar the way to freedom! (*Sirens are heard at various  
distances.*)

The day approaches. Awake, my children—you  
sleep is ended. (*A wail from the hill top—pause, during  
which COAL groans in despair.*)

Impotent, I watch—I wait. (*Dawn breaks, a grey light  
pervades the scene, dimly illuminating COAL and the group  
below him. They faintly stir, reluctantly awaking. During  
the singing of the chorus they slowly and gradually rise. The  
men surround COAL. The women and children group them-  
selves on either side of the stage. The mothers become occupied  
in household duties—bread-making, mending, washing, minding  
children and babies etc. The light grows stronger and  
stronger, until a brilliant lime-light floods the centre of the  
stage, lighting up the groups on either side as with sunlight.  
The brilliant light throws COAL and the men into deep gloom,  
until they practically disappear. The centre of the stage which  
separates the groups represents the street.*)

CHORUS.—(*All, unaccompanied.*)

Arise, arise! Our sleep is ended,

Arise, and greet the sun!

Arise, though night and morn are blended,

For one more day's begun.

Arise! Arise!

MEN.—(*Women group themselves.*)

To Work, to work! The day before us

May close with death and pain;

Yet will we sing our morning chorus—

"March boys—'tis loss or gain."

To work! To work!

WOMEN.—(*happily settling to work.*)

To-day, to-day ! Gladly we greet you.

To-morrow come what will—

Or death or gloom—we're born to meet you.

Of joy we'll have our fill

To-day, to-day !

*At the upper left of the stage 1ST WOMAN is washing clothes in a tub on a wooden stool, just below her 2ND WOMAN is seated on a stool peeling potatoes; below her again 3RD WOMAN is on her knees dressing two children, a BOY and a GIRL. At the upper right of the stage 4TH WOMAN is standing, bread-making in a large earthenware bowl placed on a wooden stool; below her 5TH WOMAN is seated mending clothes; and below her again 6TH WOMAN is sitting on a low stool with folded hands. Behind these women other women may be grouped, some nursing babies, some knitting, etc. etc. Children may be grouped at the back centre, playing marbles and other street games. THE 6TH WOMAN is aged. She sits with her boney hands clasped, her elbows on her knees, leaning forward shaking her head and muttering to herself; every now and then heaving deep sighs.)*

6TH WOMAN.—The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away ! Oho—oho !

2ND WOMAN.—Here, stow it old 'un ! T'aint no use to keep harpin' on what's dead and done with.

6TH WOMAN.—'Taint never dead an' done with—and I've one more son to lose. Oho !

4TH WOMAN—Let the old witch be ! There's no stopping her.

1ST WOMAN.—(*vigourously washing.*) Get on with yer work I say, it don't do a bit o' good to keep wailin' and

moanin'. Just keep things clean an' tidy till the troubles are on you—ye can't do more'n that.

3RD WOMAN.—That's all right for us young ones—but she's getting on. She's past work, an' she've only got her thoughts to fall back on. (*To the little boy who is now fully dressed*) There now, Sonny; go an' kiss Granny good-morning.

BOY.—Good-mornin' Granny. (*Kissing 6TH WOMAN, and putting his arms round her neck. Then breaking away suddenly, he stands sturdily legs apart, and pulls a bright top out of his coat pocket, and a long piece of string out of another.*)

Look! Me father give it me this mornin' afore'e went off!

6TH WOMAN —(*tenderly drawing him to her and looking sadly into his face*).

Did he, love?

BOY.—An' tonight when 'e comes back—

6TH WOMAN.—Ah—when he comes back. There, there, love, go an' play—go an' play.

BOY.—When 'e comes back, 'e's goin' ter spin it for me. (*crouching down and trying to spin it for himself.*)

6TH WOMAN.—When he comes back—when he comes back!

2ND WOMAN.—Hark at her! As if it ain't bad enough—knowin' as the men is all talkin' about the gas down there—without her croakin' an' never lettin' us be for a blessed minute.

1ST WOMAN.—Get on with your 'taties, my dear, and never you mind her; let her be.

5TH WOMAN.—(*dolefully*) Eh—but the old 'un's right. Its may be the last we've seen of them this mornin'.

4TH WOMAN.—(*shrilly*) Look 'ere if ye can't keep yer ugly mouth shut, I'll shut it for yer! Now then!

5TH WOMAN.—But its true, its true—

4TH WOMAN.—An' what if it is—that don't make it no better, do it? Ain't it bad enough that its true without bein' reminded of it all the time? If ye snivels same as this 'ere now, what sort of a way would yer carry on if yer man was brought on a stretcher, and wanted a sensible woman to do for him?

1ST WOMAN.—She's right, my dear, though she've a rough way of puttin' it. Troubles'll come soon enough—t'aint as if bein' miserable can keep 'em off.

3RD WOMAN.—(*tying up the little GIRL's pinafore.*) There, my lamb. Now you'n Tommy can go off with the food.

Who's sending it along to-day? My two will take it.

1ST WOMAN.—(*taking her arms out of the wash tub and drying them on her apron.*) I'm sendin' it to-day. Wait a bit.

EXIT *Left.*

3RD WOMAN.—Come here Tommy—put yer top away. Now listen, both of you. You know where to put it—just under that gorse bush more'n half way up the hill. When ye've done that, holler out. Then when she lifts 'er arm to let ye know she've heard, just yer come straight back home, without lookin' back once—d'ye see?

Boy.—Yes mum.

1ST WOMAN.—(*bringing food tied up in a coloured handkerchief and a bottle of tea*) Here my dears. (*giving the dinner bag to the Boy and the bottle to the GIRL.*) The cork ain't too good, so hold it up straight.



3RD WOMAN.—Go along now, and mind—come straight back home an' don't look back.

*Exeunt CHILDREN, Right, up hill path.*

I be always glad when that job's done.

*Exit Left.*

4TH WOMAN.—Aye—its a comfort to know as she ain't got no reasonable excuse for comin' down.

2ND WOMAN.—Its my opinion she would'nt come down not if she was starvin'. She seems about as unwillin' to come as we be to see her.

1ST WOMAN.—Yes, that's true—an' you may be sure if she comes this way it means trouble.

4TH WOMAN.—She've been pretty quiet of late. A few weeks back she were terrible restless an' my man he didn't half like it.

2ND WOMAN.—(*nodding her head*) I mind it, an' now she's quieted down again Its my belief as we shan't have no more trouble with her just yet.

5TH WOMAN.—May be ye didn't hear her in the night—wailin'

4TH WOMAN.—May be the tripe ye had for supper lay heavy on yer chest!

6TH WOMAN.—Wailin' an' cryin' she was, as if her time had come—

5TH WOMAN.—(*timidly*) Yes, my man he heard her too, an'—

4TH WOMAN.—Who wants ter know what your man 'eard. P'raps—

2ND WOMAN.—P'raps 'e 'ad tripe for supper too!

6TH WOMAN.—Wailin' an' cryin' she was—

*Re-enter.*

3RD WOMAN.—(*with a basket of fresh picked peas. She sits down and begins to shell them.*)

2ND WOMAN.—That's a nice lot o' peas. I can't keep the brats off of mine. They fills their pockets with 'em afore they goes to school.

4TH WOMAN.—T'ain't no good to have a garden wi' children about ; but yours do seem to do all right in spite of 'em.

3RD WOMAN.—They 'elps their dad with it—see ? An' they'd be in too great fear of 'im to get up to mischief in it. I don't know whatever my man'd do without his garden. He do say many a time as its about the one thing he's got to live for.

2ND WOMAN.—You and the children ain't enough, seemingly? 'E do want surmat more?

4TH WOMAN.—That's natural ain't it? Don't your man 'ave no pleasures of 'is own?

2ND WOMAN.—Yes, (*doubtfully*) 'e do—but—

4TH WOMAN.—(*jeeringly*) But—but?

3RD WOMAN.—Afore a man's married, 'is sweetheart's what 'e's got to live for—but when 'e's married, see, its different. 'E's got her—an' then they 'as children, an they fits in all right; an' one day's much the same as another—but it do seem to me as yer wants summat more'n just breakfast, dinner, an' tea a'tween four walls—My man finds it in the garden. When my two was babies, I found it in them, but now—

4TH WOMAN.—Gawd 'elp us, I believe she wants the vote!

1ST WOMAN.—An' if she do I don't blame 'er

4TH WOMAN.—(*to 3RD WOMAN*) Go on now, do yer? Are you a bloomin' suffrigette?

3RD WOMAN.—(*laughing*) I don't rightly know—but I do know its good to look beyond the street yer live in, an' to mix up in public meetings an' the like—

4TH WOMAN.—Votes for Women! Votes for Women! Didn't I tell yer!

3RD WOMAN.—(*smiling*) Yes, I've been to some of them Votes for Women meetings—They're all right. My man an' me's 'ad many a talk about the things I've heard.

2ND WOMAN.—You'll be walking up an' down the street one day, like a sandwich man—

3RD WOMAN.—Not me! I know when I've 'ad enough work. It's all right for the ladies as ain't got enough work ter do at 'ome, an'

I admires their pluck—but not me, no thank you. It's what they gives me to think about, that I like.

1ST WOMAN.—It's a sort o' eddication us don't get no other way.

4TH WOMAN.—Gawd' 'elp us, 'ere's another of 'em! (*lifting her dough-covered arms and waving them over her head.*)

Votes for woman! (*throwing a piece of dough across at 1ST WOMAN, who retaliates by splashing across o'p-sals*)

1ST WOMAN.—(*laughing*) Votes for Woman!

2ND WOMAN.—'Ere I'm thinkin' its abo it time as we started a hanti society in our street.

4TH WOMAN.—All right I'm game for one! We'll ave the first meeting to-night in our back yard!

VOICES.—(*off" crying*) Mummy! Mummy!

3RD WOMAN.—What's that?

1ST WOMAN.—Why, it's your two running down the hill for dear life!

3RD WOMAN—(*rising and swiftly crossing to Right, looking off*). What is it?

*Enter CHILDREN, crying. They cling round their mother's skirts. She kneels, placing her arms round the two, comforting them.*

3RD WOMAN—What is it, my dears? There, there now, what is it?

GIRL—She—sh—She's after us! (*sobbing*)

3RD WOMAN—Now then Tommy, don't cry—tell me, tell me quick.

BOY—Us'd just reached the gorse bush—an'—an' put the dinner under—when—when—she caught us. She comes runnin' down. An'—an'—afore us could get away—she—she caught us. She got us, that tight—us could not get away. She shook us, an' laughed an' cried—an' said—Tell yer mothers I'm comin'—I'm comin, down to-day "

GIRL—She kissed me mummy an' it hurt!

3RD WOMAN—There there, my dears, don't cry. (*both children have buried their heads in her lap. She looks up with a great fear in her eyes. She's comin' down to day.*

4TH WOMAN—(*clearing the dough off her hands*)

My Gawd, but she's not—I'll answer for that!

1ST WOMAN—(*wiping her arms dry on her apron*) I'll come with you—we'll

2ND WOMAN—*Exeunt, the three women up the hill path. The other women group themselves, Lower Left, looking off Right.*

3RD WOMAN—(*brings the CHILDREN to 6TH WOMAN who had remained sitting where she was when the others had moved. The 5th Woman had not moved either.*)

Come cn' stay with Granny. (*Stands behind 6TH WOMAN, with a hand on the shoulder of 5TH WOMAN, who has buried her head in her hands. She looks round in direction of the hill path.*)

Boy—(*pulling the top and string out of his pockets*)

Dad's goin' ter spin it for me when—

6TH WOMAN—(*stroking his hair*)

Yes, yes, love.

4TH WOMAN—(*from the hill path*)

I don't see nothing of her.

2ND WOMAN—She said it to frighten the children.

1ST WOMAN—Let's go back. (*They return, making their way across to the group of women, Lower Left. All look fearful; they huddle together in little groups, 3RD WOMAN remains standing behind 5TH and 6TH WOMAN, her head turned away, gazing up the hill path*). Perhaps after all there's nothing in it.

4TH WOMAN—D'ye mind the day when all the street was tak'in about Mary Johnstone's man—sayin' as they'd seen 'im brought in, a corpse on a stretcher—An' while they was talkin', Johnstone hisself comes out of his door, same as usual, wi' a pipe in 'is mouth an' says 'e, "What's the news?"

2ND WOMAN—After all, perhaps the poor creature is just comin' down to ask for a warm wrap—it must be bitter cold up there these nights.

6TH WOMAN—(*to the little GIRL, who is leaning back on her stretching.*) Tired, my dear? Then come to Granny an' go to sleep. (*the little GIRL scrambles up and the OLD WOMAN places her on her left arm, and makes her comfortable. The BOY has grown tired of his top and leans back against*

the OLD WOMAN'S right leg. She passes her lean fingers through his hair.) My boy were just such another—just such another.

*Enter, WHITEHAVEN. She stands looking silently at the women.*

3RD WOMAN—(hoarsely) Mother! Mother! in a moment she has buried her head on the OLD WOMAN'S shoulder, with her arm encircling the little GIRL.

6TH WOMAN—My child! (catches sight of WHITEHAVEN, and with a feeble cry her head droops.)

My son! My son!

5TH WOMAN—(seeing WHITEHAVEN, with a low moan clings to the OLD WOMAN. The women opposite look from the stricken group to WHITEHAVEN, and with stifled cries and groans they huddle close together.

1ST WOMAN—Whitehaven!

WHITEHAVEN—(quietly) Sisters!

2ND WOMAN—Go! Leave us!

WHITEHAVEN—(coming towards them) Deep, deep, below the sea—deep, under the ocean bed—no power to save—not God's nor man's. (Comes forward) Pray, sisters, pray! Nay sisters—weep, weep! (The women shrink from her in terror) Ah no—let my tears with yours flow to the ocean, the ocean, that tenderly laves them—and they lying dead and cold. Dear sisters, let me come. Let me come. (THE WOMEN shrink, huddling close together. WHITEHAVEN is sorrowfully about to depart.) Then for me my lonely hill top with the cold stars by night and the cruel sun by day.

6TH WOMAN—Stay, sister, stay!

WHITEHAVEN—Sister?

6TH WOMAN—Aye, Sister. We no longer fear you,

We have nothing more to dread. Grief has flung wide the doors of our dwelling, and stands guard on the threshold. Come sister. Come close.

WHITEHAVEN—But the little ones will be afraid. (*putting out her hand towards the Boy.*)

BOY—(*Going to WHITEHAVEN and sorrowfully showing his top.*) Will me father not come to spin it?

WHITEHAVEN—It is a pretty top. (*The Boy lays his hand on the top and nestles close to her. She puts out her free hand to the little GIRL.*) Come, love. Kiss me. The little GIRL allows herself to be drawn close and puts up her face to kiss.)

Sisters! (*The WOMEN slowly approach and crouch round her with extended hands. The stage grows dark and the figure of COAL dominates the scene, silhouetted against the sky as before. The miners around him are lying dead.*)

COAL—Rest, rest, my children—rest in peace.

CURTAIN

Lahore, May 1912.

N. RICHARDS,

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“ A DAY IN TIR NA N’ OG.”

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MOTHER had taken away the light after they] were safely in bed, and they had gone to sleep in the dark. They were brave little girls and obedient. They had a long walk with mother and as they were tired they went asleep quickly. It was Mairin that awoke first and saw a light in the room. At first, she thought it was mother but it was not, and then Una awoke and she too saw the light in the room. It was a golden light and in the middle of it was the figure of a girl dressed in a robe which was of the colour of the leaves on the trees in the spring time with a border of gold at the neck and the hem, and round the waist a belt of gold. Her hair was golden and her eyes the same colour as the sea on a bright day in summer. The children gazed at her in astonishment. On her head she wore a chaplet of roses and the golden light played in and out of their leaves, and they opened their buds, and sent out their perfume on the hair so that all the room was fragrant with the scent, and then the girl came towards the bed, and as she moved she made music such as the wind makes when it blows gently over the meadows in the autumn. The two children had often heard this music when mother had taken them out for a walk and they had sat in the hilly field when the grass was high. She stood by the bed side and spoke and as she



spoke it was as if the waters were rippling over the pebbles of a stream at a time when there has been rain in the hills and the sun is shining.

"Do you know who I am?" said she,

The children continued to gaze at her without speaking for some time. She smiled lovingly on them and her eyes had that expression and that beauty which mothers have when the children have been good and happy all day, and mother kisses them good-night.

"I know, I know," said Malrin clapping her hands. "You are the fairy god-mother."

"I think you are the fair queen" said Una.

"You are both right" said the visitor. "Some call me fairy queen and the fairy god-mother; some call me a dream, and others say that I am the Beautiful, or the True, or Happiness. I come to all that look for me in the right way. Children who are good and gentle and kind, who love the flowers and the trees and the green fields, and the birds and animals, who delight in the sun and the sky and the winds, I come to them as I have come to you, and I make them beautiful like me. I am everywhere, and you will find me if you look for me, and the way to look for me is to love every body. You have often seen me in mother's eyes but you did not know me. And when you have learned to know me you will have become very wise. You will have learned to know what the sea says when it murmurs gently to the shore and when it rushes up in big waves on the strand, and what the wind sings when it peeps in at the window, or hurries in at the door, or rushes up the chimney. But come along with me now and I will show you something."

And as soon as she had said these words, the children found themselves on the strand at the edge of the sea. It was night, but the moon was shining, and all the stars, and the light that surrounded the fairy made all things bright. "Now," said the fairy, "we shall go over the sea."

"But," said Uua, "there is no boat. One must have a boat to go over the sea."

"In fairy land," answered she, "we do not use boats. This is fairy land because I am here. Whereever I am that is fairyland."

"But how we go," said Mairin, "must we swim? I have not yet learned to swim. Next year I'll be able."

"No, no, a stoirin, we do not swim. We go on the waves. That is what the waves are for. Sometimes I go on the wings of the wind, but to-night the wind is in a hurry, and he is going very fast. I do not like to go so fast. It makes me breathless, and I am sure you would not like it either. The wind knows this, so when he has to rush quickly across the world, he makes waves on the sea so that the fairies may travel on them."

And they stopped out on the sea, the fairy holding them by their hands. The waves lifted them gently from one to another. It was like a swing but much nicer. And always in front of them, the moonbeams danced and marked out their path over the waters. The stars twinkled at them and seemed to smile while the sea sang for them as they passed over it, and it was to the music of this song that the moonbeams danced.

And by and by, the light began to change. It was not brighter, but the darkness that was all around them went away slowly, and the path of light which they followed grew broader and broader until all around was

the same kind of brightness. The colour of the waves changed too. It became lighter and began to resemble the colour of the sky on a bright sunny day in the spring-time. Their music was different. Each little wave sang more softly, but they all sang. It was a song of joy and gladness. The children were delighted. It was more beautiful than anything they had heard before, and they thought they could hear another song different to the song of the sea, but just as sweet. It seemed to come to meet them across the waves, and was like the sound of the voices of children. Mairin looked eagerly across the sea, and suddenly began to clap her hands with joy.

“Look, Una ? look,” she cried.

An island had risen from the waters. At first it was but a dark mass in the far distance, but they approached it quickly, for the waters seemed to hurry to meet it, and carried them along swiftly. Soon they were able to see it more distinctly. It was very beautiful. The beach was not like that of Skerries. There was neither sand nor stones, but the fields came down to the edge of the waters. And some were green grassy fields, and others were filled with roses and violets and primroses and daisies. And there were many birds of bright colours flying above and they sang as they flitted from tree to tree, and the children who were playing in the fields, and those who were bathing in the sea, all sang. Their song was a song of welcome. When they saw Una and Mairin come near, they all hurried down to the edge of the sea, arranged themselves in a half circle with their hands clasped. When the waves carried Una and Mairin to the shore, four of the children came forward, took them by the hand and led them up into the middle of

the others. Then still holding Una and Mairin by the hand they began to sing this song :—

A welcome to Una and Mairin we give  
To Tir na n'og where all good people live  
A fairy has brought them to see us, and we  
Know they love the bird and the flower and the tree  
So we'll make them as happy as happy can be.

The children of Ireland to us are so dear  
That always we're longing for them to come here,  
So our dear little fairies to Ireland we send  
That they may watch over and care and defend  
Those children who may happy hours with us spend.

The child who is tender and loving and brave  
Is brought to our land on the crest of a wave,  
But such as have fear, and are ever unkind  
The sorrowful fairy must leave them behind  
For the land of the young they're forbidden to find.  
Then Mairin and Una come with us and play  
We'll romp in the fields, on the grass in the hay  
We'll dance on the turf, and we'll swim in the sea  
And the birds and the flowers and the fishes will be  
As glad and as merry, as happy as we.

And when you return to your home on the earth  
You'll think of us kindly, you'll remember our mirth  
And if you remain as you are good and true  
The fairies will love you and watch over you  
And always will yours be the dear land of youth  
For nothing's so real as beauty and truth.

When the song was finished they all gathered round Una and Mairin, placed on crowns of roses and violets on their heads, and led them along a path bordered with primroses,

up to a large lawn in the middle of which was a tree whose branches were bright with apple blossoms. This tree grew up from a low mound the top of which was covered with violets, and the lower part with smooth grass. On this Una and Mairin sat down while the other children arranged themselves for the dance which they were about to perform.

The fairy who had all this time remained beside them told them that they could join in the dance as soon as they had seen how it was done.

Then all the children stood in a great ring around the tree with their hands joined. Some wore on their heads garlands of roses white, pink or red, some of violets, some poppies, some daisies, primroses and all the other beautiful flowers. Thus when they stood in a ring they formed an immense circlet of flowers around the tree. When all had taken their places the music began. It was the sweetest music that ever was heard. Una and Mairin could scarcely keep from jumping up and dancing to it, and Mairin clapped hands with delight. It came from all sides but they could not see who was playing it. They looked around but neither the players nor their instruments were visible. The fairy smiled when she saw their surprise. She was pleased that they loved the music so much. "Look over there" said she where the sun shines on the dewdrops in the grass and you will see the makers of the music."

They looked where she showed them and soon they were able to see tiny figures moving in and out. Some had violins and others had harps, and the tiny musicians were dressed in cloak, red, green, yellow, purple and blue.

"What kind of music is this?" asked Una. "I have never before heard such lovely music as this."

"This is the 'ceol shee', the fairy music. And these are fairies that are playing."

And do the fairies go to school to learn to play music?"

"No, no, a croidhe, they do not go to school, but they are always learning music."

"And how do they learn?, Who teaches them? I want to learn too."

"I too" said Mairin.

"They learn" said the fairy, "by listening to the sound of the winds on the hills and in the valley, they learn the music of the waves, of the rain falling on the grass of the meadows and on the leaves of the trees. "Children who live on the earth must go to school, but if they are very good and love to listen to all these sounds then they too can learn to play like the fairies."

Meantime the dance was going on and all the little children dancers were circling round the tree. Sometimes they were like long lines of the flowers, and sometimes when they came together in groups they were like a number of huge bouquets. And all the time they were moving in and out, up and down, their white feet twinkling like so many stars brushing the grass with steps as light as the snowflakes that fall on the fields. One who had a crown of violets on her head stretched out her hand to Mairin, and one who was crowned with roses took Una's hand. And thus they went in amongst the dancers, and although they were at first doubtful of their being able to dance like the others, they found after a short time that their feet kept time to the music, and they made no mistakes. Up and down, in and out they moved, now slowly like those huge waves that gently rise and fall on a fine

day in summer, and again as swift as the seagull when it lightly brushes the tops of the waves in its flight. It was called the "dance of the flowers" because all the children who took part in it were decorated with flowers of different kinds. Una and Mairin had never enjoyed anything so much. Every time they came around to where the fairy queen was standing, she smiled and waved her hands to them. She was very pleased to see them so happy. And all the birds came in flocks from all sides, and they perched in the big tree, and began to sing, the thrushes, and blackbirds and linnets and goldfinches. And the larks flew above the heads of the dancers and sang while flying. And those birds that do not sing, sparrows and swallows, they all came too and chirruped encouragement to the dancers, and the seagulls came in from the sea, and the wild ducks and wild geese, and the cormorants and the cranes with their long bills, they stood round, and nodded their heads in time with the music. And the young lambs came out from the fields, and jumped about and tried to dance to the music. It was very funny to see them jumping about, and when the young goats and the calves and the baby donkeys and the young foals come up, all looking very much surprised, then it was funnier than anything, for as soon as they listened to the music, they all had to dance. Faster and faster moved the feet of the dancers in this wonderful dance. They seemed just to touch the tops of the blades of grass which bent down as if in time with the music. And the feet were like so many stars glimmering in a sky that is flooded with the moonlight. The hair of the children floated out on the breeze in one long beautiful wave as when the wind sweeps over a sun

bathed field in which the corn is ripe for the harvest. All as they danced sung to the music :—

“ In the land of the young there is music and song  
And we dance through the day till the shadows  
grow long.

While the fairy musicians pipe under the trees  
And the voice of the waves is borne up on the breeze.  
Our joy is the joy of the earth and the sea,  
Of the grass and the flowers of the leaves on the tree,  
Of the eastern sky blushing red with delight.  
When the dawn child comes forth from the darkness  
of night.

Then all who would wish as the years pass them by  
To keep their hearts light, and their courage still  
high,  
Must come hither and join in the games that we  
play

To the land of the young, Care finds never a way.

The dance ended and the children went off together in a group to rest in the shade of a clump of trees that grew by the side of the meadow. These were all fruit trees, and when the children sat down in the shade which they made they shook their branches, and fruit of all kinds fell down. The fairy queen explained to Una and Mairin that in Tir na N'og, everybody lived on fruit and water; and because they loved the trees and took care of them, the trees gave them as much fruit as they wanted. While they were enjoying the delicious fruit, the birds began to come hopping up to them to see the little visitors, and just as they were able to hear the music of the winds and the waves, also they were able to understand what the birds were



saying. It seemed at first very strange to Una and Mairin to hear the birds talking, but the fairy queen told them that all birds talk, but only those children who live in the land of the young understand them. A robin with a beautiful red breast came up. He stood between Una and Mairin, "I am very glad to see you both here" said he. "I know you very well but you did not know me before. I have often seen you at home. You are good children. I have seen you going for a walk with mother, and because you love mother and are frank and gentle and kind, I am fond of you, and I will take care of you." "The robin is a funny fellow" said a sparrow who had come and perched on Mairin's shoulder. "Ever since he heard that story of the Babes in the wood" he thinks that nobody can take care of children as well as he. I think that is a silly story. I think it was the wind that brought the leaves and covered the children. The wind could do it much quicker than the robin. He can carry a lot of leaves together. I think books are silly things with their ugly black and white.

"But" said Mairin "you cannot know whether books are silly or not unless you can read. Can you read?"

"I can't read your ugly books" said the sparrow, but "I can read the winds and the sky, and the trees and the fields. I know all the winds, the brown wind that comes from the west, the red wind that comes from the south, the pale grey wind that blows from the east, and the dark wind that rushes down from the north. I know many things that you can't learn in books." "The sparrow is a great chatterer" said the robin. He is always chattering. He likes to hear himself talking, and he very often talks nonsense, and makes a lot of unnecessary noise."

Just then the two children saw coming towards them a bird they never before had seen. The other birds seemed astonished. He hopped gravely up and solemnly bowed to the children. He had big round yellow eyes and they were blinking as if the light troubled them.

"Hello, owl," called out the sparrow. "I think you have made a mistake and got up too early. It is not yet night."

The owl did not take any notice of the sparrow. "Good afternoon, Una and Mairin said he" in a hollow deep voice. I don't usually come out before dark, but I wished to make myself known to you. You have never seen me before, for like good children you go to bed early. But sometimes as I am flying by, I look in at the window of your room and see you sleeping.

"But" asked Una, "why do you always wait for the darkness, why don't you come in the daylight?"

"There is much noise in the day time" answered the owl. "I like the peace and quietness of the dark night. Then all men and animals are asleep. All the other birds are in their nests. No voice is heard except that of the wind which rustles through the grass or sings in the trees, and that of the river which calls all the long night through to the sea towards which it is for ever hastening. I don't know why the river never ceases to call out during the darkness. Perhaps it is saying good-bye to the fields and the flowers which it loves. And when I go down near the sea I hear it answering back in its deep loud tones the call of the river. And sometimes I listen to the rain pattering on the leaves or swishing through the branches. When the night is bright, I often sing to the moon.

"Did you say 'sing' interrupted the sparrow. I do not call that singing. Why the tiresome 'caw caw caw' of the chattering crow is pleasant music compared with the dismal noise you make."

"It's a pity" went on the owl "looking indignantly towards the sparrow," that some people talk so much they never have time to learn what music is. Sometimes I listen to the conversation of the trees. But for the most part I think."

"And what do you think about?" asked Una.

"Think about? I do not think about anything. I simply think."

"But you must think about something" said Una.

"Must I" said the owl in a tone of surprise. "That never occurred to me. Are you sure I must?"

"Quite sure" said Una. "I think also, but I think about mother and daddy and Mairin and Maeve and Lorcán about school and all kinds of things.

"But I am very wise," said the owl. "Perhaps there is no need for me to think about things."

"Oh, yes, there is. Isn't there Mairin?"

"Of course" said Mairin. "I think about things too".

"Very well" said the owl. "If I must think about things, I will. Nobody ever told me so before. I am glad you reminded me. Good night"

And with a 'hoot, hoot,' he flew away towards the wood.

It is seldom" explained the fairy queen, "that the owl comes here. He is not allowed in as a rule. But because he sometimes thinks kindly of little children and looks in

at them when they are sleeping he has been allowed to come and see you. Nobody can come in to Tir Na N'og except those that make others happy. The owl does not. He comes out in the darkness of the night, sits on a ruined wall, or on a deserted house and when he is not catching mice he broods and is melancholy. He thinks he is wise but he is really very foolish. He does not know how to be happy.

"Oh, just look at that crow over there" said the robin as he flew upon Mairin's shoulder.

The children looked, and what they saw made them, break in to peals of laughter. The crow was having an argument with a Turkey cock. He was talking talking very fast. Some times he tried to stand on one leg and to point with the other, and then he fell, but was up again in a moment, talking away as fast as ever. The turkey did not seem to be giving him much attention and tried to go away, but whenever he moved the crow followed him, and either stood in his way or flew around his head. All the other birds had gathered round in a ring to hear the conversation. The turkey seemed to be getting angry and his comb was becoming quite red. At last he could stand it no longer and he walked quickly away holding his head high, for the turkey is very proud. His head being so high he did not see where he was going and therefore he walked right over the crow. The latter uttered a few feeble 'caws' when he found himself trodden under the feet of the turkey, then stood up, shook himself vigorously, looked thoughtfully after the turkey and then flew towards Una and Mairin.

"Good afternoon" said he. Did you see that stupid Turkey cock? He did not wish to listen to me. I have

always heard that turkeys were stupid, but I thought that he would surely be glad to listen to me.

"But, why should he listen to you. What were you taking to him about?" asked Una.

"I presume you could not hear what I was saying, or you would not ask such a question" said the crow in an injured tone. But surely you must know that I am very wise, the wisest of all the birds, and that I am remarkable for giving advice. I was giving the turkey advice, but he would not listen to me, he would not listen to me, he would.—

He went on repeating "he would not listen to me" until he had to stop for want of breath.

"Come now", Crow, put in the robin, trying to speak severely, if you cannot talk to Una and Mairin without getting excited, you will have to go away. Besides how should Una and Mairin know that you are wise. I never heard that you were wise."

"You didn't, but they did."

"How do you know they did."

"How do I know? Why, it is written down in their books."

"I have not seen that" said Una. "Have you Mairin?"

"No" answered Mairin. "There is nothing about the crows in my books."

"Well, then" said the crow impatiently. "You must have the wrong books."

"But we haven't the wrong books," returned Mairin. "Mother says they are the right books, and mother always knows."

"Of course, of course" said the robin. Mothers always know, don't be foolish, crow."

"Foolish, foolish, foolish" repeated the crow getting angry. "Did ever anybody hear such an absurd remark? How could I be foolish when I am the one who gives advice? Is not that known to everybody? I say it is written down in books. Do you think," turning to the robin, "that you are the only one about whom books are written? When these children are able to read harder lessons, then they will learn what I can do. But there I hear all my brothers in the trees giving advice. I must go and join them." And thereupon he flew off to a tree where a number of crows were all chattering and making a noise.

While Una and Mairin were looking after the crow and laughing at the way he had been talking, a number of birds were collecting in front of them and arranging themselves in order, as people do who sing in a choir.

"Let me introduce to you our great singers," said the robin. "I sing too but not so well as these and they have all come together to give you an opportunity of hearing them sing together."

When all had taken their places in proper order then some came forward one by one to introduce themselves to the children. And first came a tiny brown bird. He was so small that had not the grass been so short the children would have hardly been able to see him between the leaves. He was even smaller than the robin. He hopped quickly towards them and when he was quite near, so near that Mairin might have taken him up in

her hands, he raised his tiny head and in a sweet gentle voice he recited these verses—

“ I am the wren  
No bright colours I wear,  
But my song rises sweet  
On the chill wintry air

Near your home by the sea  
I sing all the year through,  
And tho’ you don’t see me  
I sing often to you.

When he had finished he bowed prettily and then hopped slowly back to his place. He was followed by another small bird who was somewhat bigger and of a lighter colour. He stood sideways looking at the children, and then in a sharp thin voice said—

“ The linnet am I  
When you hear a sweet song in the hedge  
And look but can’t see who is in it,  
You will find if you listen there long  
That the song is the song of the linnet.”

He wagged his tail, cocked his eye at Mairin, winked, then fluttered all round the children and with shrill chirping flew back to his place.

Una and Mairin were still watching the movements of the merry little linnet and did not notice the coming of a bigger bird who stepped gravely towards them. It was only when he was quite near them that they saw him. His body was of the colour of a chestnut, he had a long reddish brown tail, and his breast which they saw when he raised his head to greet them was of a light

*grey. He had a very clear musical voice, and this is what he sung:—*

“When the day is young  
In the evening too  
I soar on high,  
To the setting sun  
I say good-bye ”

He would have gone on to sing longer but just then the robin came up to him, pulled him by the tail and pointed to the group of birds that were waiting for him to join them. So he stopped and with a nod to the children he flew away and took up his position beside the thrush.

There was now complete silence. The crows even had stopped their noisy chatter. They sat in lines on the branches of the trees with their heads craned forward. The gentle breeze, which had been playing amid the rustling leaves remained still, and even the grass no longer waved. Gently from amid the flowers that formed a background to the grass stage on which the birds had assembled came the first notes of the violins and harps of the fairy musicians. Soft as the wind from the south that breathes sweet perfumes over the earth in the summer, and which makes waves in the hilly field when the grass is tall, and bends gracefully to the breeze. Ripples of the sweetest sound they made, and the ripples grew, and as when the wind passes over the surface of the sea and makes waves that hurry towards the shore, so here the waves of music came faster and faster and drowned the hearers in harmony. Then it gradually grew soft, and when it was faint and almost lost in a distance that seemed infinite, the first note came from the bird that stood first



in the line of the chorus. One by one the birds caught up the song. It swept through the line like the lightning flash that touches with glory all things over which it passes, and then in a moment burst forth the full chorus of the birds. It was so beautiful, so wonderful, so delightful that for some time Una and Mairin were as if in a most blissful dream. They saw nothing, thought of nothing, only listened as if they could not listen enough, and by and by, they found themselves joining in the song of the birds. They did not know what they sang, they knew only that they sang, and that their voices mingled with those of the birds, and they felt that never before had they sung so well. Never before had their voices sounded so sweet, not even when they had sung at the concert in the school, and when mother had been so pleased that her little daughters had been able to give pleasure to others. But this was different, was better. The song of the children of the birds and the music from the fairy musicians amid the flowers, all mingled together in one grand sweet sound that was carried away on the breeze. It went on the winds, was caught up on the waves of the sea, and was borne far away to reach the ears of those who were always longing for its coming. Mother heard it, and mother's heart was again young and glad. She was the happier because this joy had come to her from her little children, and Una and Mairin knew some how that mother was listening to their song and they sang all the better on account of that. The music died away as it had come and the last notes of the fairy music was still throbbing in the air when the birds rising up from the ground circled round the children, and then flew away to their nests. All this time the crows had remained sitting still on the

trees, but when the other birds had flown away they began chattering. They all seemed to be talking at the same time. The one who had spoken to Una, and Mairin was in the centre, and the others were crowding around him. Sometimes they pressed so closely towards him that one of them was pushed from his place, and with a loud caw he would fly to the nearest vacant place and listen attentively to what the others were saying. At last they seemed to have come to a decision. With the one who had spoken to the children as leader they flew down, alighted on the ground and formed a long single file. Then they began to walk towards the children. But as each of them wanted to be near the top, they were continually pushing and stumbling and falling. And now and again two of them, who had pushed against each other, and had fallen would rise to their feet, shake their wings and begin to talk. The other would gather round to hear the argument, and for a time the procession would be stopped in spite of the orders of the leader who tried in vain to put them back in their places. At length they came up to the children and then the leader arranged them in a long line. But even then they could not keep order. They pushed and scrambled, and the leader crow went up and down the line, sometimes flying and sometimes running cawing angrily because they would not pay attention to him. After much trouble he succeeded in making them stand quiet for a while and then he walked proudly up towards the children.

"Una and Mairin" said he. "You have heard the other birds perform but you have not learned what we can do. We have considered the matter carefully as you

may have remarked, and we have decided to show you."

"I say crow," interrupted the sparrow. "You are not going to try to sing, are you? I can stand a lot. It's bad enough to hear you talking, but if you attempt to sing, I am going home."

"Perhaps you think I can't sing," replied the crow in an angry tone. "But you are wrong, very wrong. I don't mind what you say. Everybody knows that the sparrow is a feather-head. I say crows can sing. Isn't it written down in the books that the crow can sing?"

"I don't mind what is written down in the book. I know you can sing no more than the goose."

"But I say I can I can, I can."

"Come, come, crow" said the robin. "If you can't keep quiet you will not be allowed to stay. Have you never been asked to sing"?

"Of course I have. Have you never heard that the fox once asked the crow to sing, and said he had a lovely voice. The fox is not a feather-head, he is very wise and he should know. What are you laughing at?

The robin was trying to keep from laughing because he knew how easy it was to annoy the crow, but the crow had seen him smiling.

"My dear crow" said he. "Did you never hear that the fox was only deceiving the crow. He asked him to sing because he wanted the crow to drop the piece of cheese which he was carrying in his mouth."

"I never did hear it. You may have heard it that way, but every thing you hear is not right. I heard the story from my grand father, and he was the very crow who

was asked to sing by the fox. My grandfather often told the story. He was a great singer. It was he who taught me to sing."

"I can quite believe that " said the sparrow with a grin. "I am glad you have not accused anybody else."

"I do not understand you and I don't wish to talk to you," said the crow. "You are a very cheeky little fellow."

"Well, crow," said the robin. "Una and Mairin have listened to a lot of singing. I don't think they would like to hear any more. I don't see what you have got to do with it anyway, robin. But as a matter of fact, I have not asked them to listen to us singing."

"Then what has all this talk been about?"

"It was you and the sparrow who were talking about singing. I didn't say we wanted to sing although I know we can sing as well as other people."

"As I said before, we know that we can sing. And we know that only foolish people think we can't. But we wanted to show Una and Mairin that we can do other things also. We propose to have some sports on the strand and we have all assembled here to invite Una and Mairin to watch our sports. Do you find any objection to that? Perhaps you think we do not know how to have sports."

"Oh, I am sure" said the sparrow "that your sports will be very amusing."

"Excuse me" said the crow. "Would you mind repeating that word?"

"Amusing" said the sparrow again.

"Yes, that's it. I could not think of it before. Would you mind waiting a moment until I say

it to the others. And he flew away and spoke to each of the other crows in the line and each of them went on saying "amusing, amusing amusing for a long time."

"Thank you" said he as he returned. "It is a new word and we want to remember it."

Then he gave a sign to the other crows and they rose up in the air in a great black crowd, and flew off towards the sea.

Then all the children stood up and they gathered round Una and Mairin. "Come" they said, "shall go to see the sports of the crows. We have never seen them. They will be funny for the crows always do things in a funny way. They are very vain and always want to be seen and heard.

"In the green woods of June  
Darker than the darkness seeming  
When the moonlight pale is gleaming  
On the leaves silver—tinctured by its rays ;  
You may sometimes hear me singing  
Notes that through the darkness ringing  
Change the earth into a paradise of praise

In the green woods of June  
When the night's black veil is lying  
On the landscape, and the sighing  
Of the wind through the wood is like a wail,  
Then my music oft has risen  
And the winds are hushed to listen  
To the music of the nightingale.

Una and Mairin would have loved to listen for ever to the beautiful voice of the nightingale, and when he had finished singing, they remained as if lost in a dream.

The bird knew that they liked his singing and he was glad. He remained standing there for some time, looking at them and then bowing to each in turn, he turned and hopped back to his place.

There were many other birds there in the group, the thrush, the blackbird, the finch and many others. And the reason that these three had come forward was that the wren is the smallest, the linnet the merriest, and the nightingale the sweetest of all the birds that sing. The rest of the birds would have liked to introduce themselves also, for all birds love children who are good, but they did not wish to delay, as everything was now ready for the chorus. They were just about to begin but they seemed to be looking around for somebody.

"The lark has not yet come" said the robin. "He goes up so high in the air, right up to the sky, and some times he forgets all about the what is happening below. But he should not be late to-day.

Just at that moment they heard singing above, and looking up they saw a bird coming down towards them. He made circles as he came down and was singing all the while. He alighted between the two children, chirped at each of them in turn and then he sang this little song:—

"From my nest in the hilly field  
Where the grass grows thick and high  
I have seen Una and Mairin play  
Jumping and tumbling in the hay,  
I have seen them many and many a day  
But they never knew I was nigh.  
I am the lark  
That greets the sun  
In the early morn.

And thus they went hand in hand over the fields through the grass and the flowers. The grass bent sideways to let them pass, and they took care not to walk upon the flowers. The birds flew around them, but the robin and the sparrow went with them, the robin sitting on Mairin's shoulder and the sparrow on Una's. The sun was bright on the fields, but it was not hot, and the gentle breeze that blew brought the smell of the sea mingled with the scent of the flowers.

When they had approached so near the sea shore that they could hear the splash of the waves, they saw the leader crow come flying swiftly towards them. When he was near he seemed very much excited, and as soon as he came up to them he began chattering so fast that nobody could understand what he was saying. And all the time he was talking he went on fluttering his wings and shaking his head.

"What is all the fuss about, crow?" said the sparrow. "Why don't you talk plainly?"

"I say we will not have it, they have no right, they don't own the shore, we will not have it."

"What ARE you talking about? Who are they and what is it you will not have?"

"It is the sea gulls. They say they will not allow us to have games on the shore. They say we make too much noise. We don't make too much noise we only talk. They have nothing to talk about, and they can only scream. We don't scream we talk sensibly. When they come into the land and follow the plough looking for something to eat we don't interfere with them, They are very wicked. We will not have it."

"You are right, crow" said the robin. „They are

unjust to prevent you, but Una will speak to them and it will be all right."

Now Una had never spoken to a sea-gull. She had not known that one could speak to a sea-gull. She had often heard them cry out as they flew over the waves, but she did not know what they said. She therefore turned to the fairy queen and asked her how she would speak to the sea-gulls. "You need only speak to them as you speak to me. In the land of the young everybody understands what is said by another. You have been able to understand what the other birds say and they have understood you, the sea gulls also will know what you say to them."

When they reached the shore, they saw a strange sight. On the branches of the trees that came down near the strand the crows were clustered, and in front of them at a short distance away, the sea gulls circled. Whenever a crow returned to approach nearer, he was immediately pursued by the gulls who drove him back. There was a great noise, the sea gulls screamed, the crows chattered. The sea gulls were crying out "go back, go back; the crows "we sha'nt, we sha'nt" When the children reached the shore, the noise lessened somewhat. The sea gulls were silent, and when Una spoke to them, they withdrew to a distance from the shore and floated up and down on the waves. When the crows saw the gulls retiring, they set up loud "caws" of triumph. The children sat down by the sea, and waited to see the games of the crows. The latter continued their chattering, and the leader crow flew from group to group giving instructions, but evidently without much effect. This continued for some time. There was no sign of anything else being done, and the patience of the robin became exhausted. She called the



crow "Are these the sports you invited us to see? If they are, we have had enough. If they are not, when are they going to begin?"

The crow seemed flurried. His feathers were ruffled and his temper was short.

"I did n't invite you. I invited Una and Mairin. You came without being asked. Nobody wants you. These are not our sports. The impudence of the sea—gulls has disturbed my brothers. They have forgotten the games somewhere and there is a slight difference of opinion as regards how they should be done. We are discussing it. It will be settled." And he flew away again.

The noise and the commotion among the crow increased. The groups look up into smaller groups. There was a continual flying to and fro; some of them flew away to distance as if they had given up all hopes of agreement, and then suddenly returned quickly calling out their views as they came. If it was not a game, it was just as amusing, and the children laughed heartily.

Meanwhile the sea wanted them to bathe, and the waves as they rose and fell called to the children to come and play with them. And when they entered the waters, the waves leapt up and danced with joy, and tossed the children in their arms, but by and by as the sun went down and the first shadows touched the sea, the breezes fell, their music became also slow and crooning, the small waves ceased to dance, and were gathered into large billows that rose and fell slowly and silently. The sun went down lower. Gradually the golden gleam on the waters merged into pink, and the darkness of the billows crept slowly towards the crests now violet—tinged. The winds

*became hushed, the motion of the waves had almost ceased. Darkness closed in on the world.*

The early morning sun crept gently through the curtains, softly it touched the eyes of the children and they awoke and looked around them.

"I wonder where the fairy has gone?" said Una, and Mairin repeated, "I wonder."

And when mother came, they asked her, and she with the understanding peculiar to mothers realised all. She told them the fairy would come back to them whenever they wanted her, and the children believed her. They felt the presence of the fairy to be near them, for they lived in Tir Na N'og where everything is possible and most things easy.

L. MACDERMOTT.

## ABOUT BOOKS.

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### THE HOME AND THE WORLD

BY

SIR RABINDRA NATH TAGORE.

*(Globe Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)*

IN clearness of perception and literary elegance the 'Home and the World' maintains the high traditions of the author of the "Sâdhana" and the "Gitanjali." The book is peculiarly interesting as it presents Indian life from a variety of points: domestic, social, economic and political. Here we get the glimpses of old ideals which unluckily are fast disappearing. To the wife, the husband was the embodiment of divinity. She worshipped him as a God, and her devotion was a source of satisfaction and pride to the husband. Nikhil's considerate treatment of his widowed sister-in-law and the latter's devoted concern in Nikhil's welfare reveal another pleasant aspect of the Hindu home. It is only when Bimala, the wife, plays the part of the "new woman" by asserting her rights that the placid harmony of the home is disturbed, though her final return to ancient moorings becomes all the more permanent because of these temporary wanderings.

The central theme of the story, however, is an attempt to unfold the character and nature of the dominant political forces. Sandip is the representative of the new school of thought. He believes that his surroundings must supply what his mind covets, that nature surrenders itself only to the robber and that "successful

injustice and genuine cruelty" are the only formative forces of men and nations. Sandip presses into selfish service, the pistol, the Gita and the hypnotic cry of the Bandé Mātaram according to the temperaments of those who come under his snake-like charm. 'Hatred' and 'Force' are his weapons. Desire and Delusion make up the gospel of his life. Such men arouse passions which they cannot control. They exercise, a most vicious influence over the innocent and unsuspecting minds of students like Amulya who ultimately could only be reclaimed by the sisterly affection of Bimala. Under the deceptive stimulus of patriotism they lure women of the Bimala type—whose souls are athirst for service and sacrifice—into paths of shame, wherefrom they can only be saved by the gentle forgiveness of a loving-husband like Nikhil.

In pleasant contrast to the Sandip Class there is the rival school of thought as represented by Nikhil. He is a genuine patriot indifferent alike to popular clamour and police suspicion; he wisely, firmly and unostentatiously, goes on doing what he considers to be the right thing for the permanent interests of his country. He recognises that "to tyrannise for the country is to tyrannise over the country." He knows that he cannot emancipate himself unless he sets others free, and that the joy of deliverance comes only through the terrible experience of suffering. He is anxious to know his country in its "frank reality." He rings true as a husband, as a landlord, as a friend, as a patriot and as a man. To us the strength of his character lies in the fact that he is the product of modern education—and yet has not lost his hold on what is healthy in our own traditions and ideals.

It is highly significant to note that most of Nikhil's character is the outcome of the wise, gentle and patient influence of his teacher Chandra Nath Babu, who enables him to see things as they should be seen and fruitfully counsels him not to sell his conscience for a political potage. To this Nikhil bears a generous testimony when he says "Nothing could have saved me, if he had not

established his own life in the centre of mine with its peace and truth and spiritual vision, thus making it possible for me to realise goodness and truth."

---

## KING COAL

BY

UPTON SINCLAIRE.

(*Hutchinson & Co., Paternoster Row, London.*)

Upton Sinclair always writes to some purpose. In "King Coal" he tells the story of coal mines in America and the slavery to which the workers are subjected. It seems that new times have robbed the labourer of sunshine and truth and given him ceaseless drudgery instead, without joy or hope. The story is grimly realistic and bound to make a great sensation. No one will help the worker till he learns to help himself, and modern industrial conditions are compelling him to learn to do so. The grim nature of the story is relieved by a love incident. Hal, the son of a great coal merchant, comes to work in the mines and meets Mary, a refreshingly clean Irish girl, and loves her; but he also loves the daughter of the rich mine owner to whom he is engaged to be married. The two girls meet and when Hal comes to say good-bye to Mary, her remarks are full of mystery and truth, foretelling the dissatisfaction which is the heritage of men who belong neither to this nor the other world. "I tell ye fair and true, I love ye as much as ever. I've seen the other girl and know ye'd never be satisfied with me. Ye'll not be altogether satisfied with her either. Ye'll be unhappy either way. God help ye."

---

## LOVE ETERNAL

BY

SIR RIDER HAGGARD.

(*Cassell & Co., Ltd. London.*)

The story touches some of the deepest things of life with a light and artistic touch. Love is eternal as life itself. Shapes

and forms, in which life mirrors itself, break and pass away, but life moves in its endless course and those who love truly part only to meet. Links of love and friendship lie hid in the remote past, and subtle forces work at the warp and woof of human destiny. The story seems like a study of Karma and destiny and life hereafter.

The story is refreshingly radiant in the revelation of love and life and the problems that are interwoven with our journey here on earth.

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### GOD'S COUNTERPOINT

BY

J. D. BERESFORD.

(*W. Collins Sons & Co., Ltd. London.*)

A novel of unusual power and interest. It is the story of an episode, says the author in a cryptic sentence, but all the life of a man went to the making of it, and of a woman's also. To reveal the plot would be to anticipate the curiosity of the reader. The hero of the story exclaims at a psychological moment: "Love is surrender," and the heroine pleads only to go like two children on a great and an exciting adventure. This is the way to the founts of ecstasy that rest beneath the waves of external discord and broken rhythm.

---

### FOE-FARRELL

BY

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER COUCH.

(*W. Collins Son & Co., Ltd., London.*)

Sir Quiller Couch tells the story with his usual skill, and it seems to have a moral which I wonder if the author will own up to. Farrell who rises from a working man to wealth and position excites the people against Professor Foe, who is engaged in research work of great importance. The mob sets fire to

the Research institute and the valuable collection and data gathered as the fruit of incessant labour by the Professor is resolved into ashes. The Professor, is unhinged, and determined to avenge, sets himself to the undoing of the prosperous Farrell. The hymn of hate enters his soul and he seeks subtle ways of satisfying himself, gloating on the sufferings he causes. Farrell leaves his hearth and home and like a hunted animal seeks a hiding place, but the Professor gives him no rest, till the fire of hate blazes up in the heart of Farrell also and he turns on the Professor, with a fiercer passion and drives him to despair. In the end the Professor kills Farrell and destroys his own life. A little love incident, human and true, relieves the grim reality of the book.

Incidentally the story points a moral ; that hate in individuals as well as in nations is destructive of all that humanity holds dear. It is well to leave vengeance with God and see the face of the enemy.

---

## A WRITER'S RECOLLECTIONS

BY

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD.

(*Collins Sons & Co., Ltd., London.*)

A few scattered leaves from the garden of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's life, a life that has been rich in thought and power and truth. She talks of men whose names live, men of God-given power who wrought in the field of art, letters, politics and literature and dreamed of making this work-a-day world a better place for mankind. The story is told with great simplicity and charm and invites the reader to a heart to heart talk with friends of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, who included Gladstone and Matthew Arnold, Alfred Lyall, Stopford Brook, Renan and Bishop Stanley. Altogether a very interesting volume.

---

## FIVE TALES

BY

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

*(William Heinemann, London).*

Galsworthy has a wonderful way of bringing the reader into intimate relation with human passion, joy and sorrow, and his "Five Tales" breathe the breath of life. "The Apple Tree", one of the five tales, is a symbol of love and life and the tragedy which haunts youth and spring. It is a story of opening flowers, innocence and love and of Megan who gave herself entirely, and when the man she loved departed looked for him in flowing streams and breathed forth her life in a state of ecstasy. They buried her at the cross roads where Frank Ashurst came with his wife to celebrate his silver wedding, and heard the story of Megan's sacrifice and his own defeat. Truly life deceives and destroys and deludes in a strange fashion, driving men to their doom. Infinite joy and infinite sorrow water the roots of life.

---

## THE ROUGH ROAD

BY

J. W. LOCKE.

*(John Lane. The Bodley Head, London).*

It is a story of the change which war worked in an Englishman of middle class, who was easy going and mainly concerned about himself. He entered the new army as a private and realised that truth and nobility inspired his fellow soldiers of whom he had never thought before, the triumph came when he enjoyed dining with a man whom he would not have allowed to enter his house before. The part that women played and the eternal love interest is portrayed in the development of Peggy and Jean, both lovable characters. The story lacks the vivacity and animation which we have come to associate with Locke but he paints life as it presents itself to him and his reading is always profoundly interesting.

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## THE CITY OF RENOWN AND OTHER POEMS

BY

CHARLOTTE AND REGINALD SALWEY.

*(Heath Cranton, Ltd., Fleet St., London, E. C.)*

A sheaf of poems poignantly eastern in conception: tender true and serious; steeped in the beautiful. The journeying to the City of Renown might have been written by an Indian philosopher and found expression on the lips of a wandering minstrel or a moon-struck lover.

The poems, with their haunting music and picturesque phrases, therefore make a special appeal to the oriental mind.

## PROVOCATIONS

BY

SYBIL BRESTOWE.

*(Erskine Macdonald, Ltd., London.)*

"The sincerity of Miss Sybil Brestowe's poetry is perhaps most clearly proved by the number of points at which it touches life," says G. K. Chesterton. The poems gathered in this little volume provoke thought. The following lines may have found utterance from the lips of an Eastern sage.

The crystal tears by men and nations shed  
Water my harvest, sanctify my dead,  
The crimson flood which stains the hapless earth,  
Is but the prelude to a noble birth.

## STUDIES IN EARLY INDIAN THOUGHT

BY

DOROTHEA JEAN STEPHEN, S. T. H.

*(Cambridge University Press, Cambridge.)*

The little book deals with great problems and is a sincere study of Indian thought as it has appeared to the author; she

has admiration for the clearness and vivacity of Indian philosophy and disappointment that it does not hold out the promise of fulfilment. The author from her comprehensive studies has excluded the Yoga system which might have brought her more clearness, for Yoga means the end of all searching and longing: the final realisation and fulfilment of life's purpose. The Indian thinkers marched boldly to the truth, age-long experience had told them that desire feeds on its objects and its fires only flame the stronger the more they are fed.

The story of Yajnavalkya, Maitreyi and Katyayani is an interpretation of the teaching. Yajnavalkya, established in knowledge free from doubt and desire, walks out to the forest, and one with, the life eternal that expresses itself in endless variety of ways. Maitreyi is struck with the truth, tries to approach and yet holds back. The old familiar fields with sunshine and flowers still tempt him and he lingers and longs and the light that has never failed calls him to leave the rainbow shadows and seek the sun that makes and unmakes them, while Katyayani still seeks in the world outside the fulfilment of inner longings. She has not realised that life can only fulfil itself in turning on itself.

The why and wherefore of things and the ultimate destiny of man is writ in the heart of God and partially revealed to God filled men. Indian religious thought is a revelation of this nature. To enquire more and to know more we must become one with God. There is no other way.

---

### "RUSTAM AND TAMINEH"

BY

CHARLES A. DOBSON.

(Chaudhry Bros. Bombay Rs. 2-)

A Persian tale of love and passion, told with heartfelt sincerity and courage. How Rustam the mighty warrior, lover of his horse and little beside, came to lose that horse vowing vengeance on the thief; how he discovered the culprit to be the lovely

and high-spirited Princess Tamineh, and how he was passionately loved by both her and her laughing slave girl, Mohini the graphic lines of the poem will relate. The poem, with fine reticence, closes with an *envoi* that adds to the glowing tale of love a hint of impending tragedy and woe. The illustrations are not worthy of the poem.

---

"THE DREAM QUEEN."

A TRANSLATION OF THE DRAMA, "SVAPNA VASAVADATTA,"

BY

A. G. SHEREEF AND PANNA LALL.

(*The Indian Press, Allahabad. As-12-*)

Good service has been done by the translators of this play, described in the preface as the earliest romantic drama of the East, and attributed to Bhasa. It is written in six scenes, called by courtesy acts, dealing in fifty-five pages with the self-sacrifice of Vasavadatta, wife of Udayana, King of Vatsa. Vasavadatta effaces herself that the King her husband may be free to marry Padmavati, sister of Darshaka, King of Magoda, with whom an alliance is Udayana's only hope of recovering his lost kingdom. Vasavadatta finds herself placed in the charge of Padmavati, to whom—unknown as the wife of Udayana—she becomes an attendant. The pathos of Vasavadatta's situation is the key note of the play. In the preface, the translators tell the story of the play "Pratijna Yaugandharayana," to which this is a sequel and without which it is unintelligible. It seems that the prologue and epilogue of the play has been omitted. If the prologue gave any indication of what had occurred before the play began, it is a pity it was left out. A translator need not necessarily be an artist, but the translation gains much if he is. The Greek plays translated into English by Gilbert Murray may not be literal, but they are the *equivalent* of the originals, in which the richness and charm of Gilbert Murray's genius is keenly felt. All the play translated by Gilbert Murray are finished works of art; they are works of intrinsic beauty and have

been played by leaders of the dramatic profession in England and America. The translation of the play under review is not intended to be a work of art. The translators say in the preface that it is merely a literal translation. It is in fact research work, and as such, valuable. It would have been well, however, had nothing been omitted and had it been even more literal. Such exclamations as "Ugh" and "Hullo!" are un-Indian and damage the atmosphere of the play. "Sir Guts" applied to the greedy jester might have had a better equivalent, if it could not have been literal; also "breakfast" strikes one as being out of the picture. It is to be hoped that the translators of this play will continue their useful work, and translate more of the thirteen plays which Pandit Ganpati Shastri is said to have discovered nine years ago in Southern India, all of which he attributes to Bhasa, who lived about the 4th Century. B.C.

Though the play itself lacks construction and development, and hardly justifies the claim to be "fit to rank in the forefront not only of Sanscrit dramatic literature, but of that of the world";—I would be quite possible for schools or colleges to stage it. It would be most interesting to see plays of this type produced without modern additions, or to see adaptations reproducing as nearly as possible the conditions under which they were acted in their own day.

---

### "THE SILKEN TASSEL"

BY

ARDESHR F. Khabardar.

(Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras.)

A book of poems and love rhymes, by a Gujerati. The most convincing of which, "Memories" might have been written by an Englishman. To quote in full:—

A turn to the left,  
And a turn to the right,  
A hill but to climb  
And lo ! there is light !  
A few steps to go up  
'Mid daisies in dew !

And lip to lip, heart to heart,  
 I and you !  
 A turn to the right,  
 And a turn to the wrong,  
 A vale deep and ghastly,  
 And O ! Where's the song ?  
 A few sighs to go down  
 'Mid daisies in tears :  
 And to remember all this—  
 Years and years !

Some of the poems are Indian in atmosphere, but they are too few. "Lalita," who "sleeps beside a lake within her garden green" over-arched by banyan, palm, and mango trees, is perhaps the most successful.

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## ANTHOLOGY OF HISTORICAL INDIAN VERSE

EDITED

BY

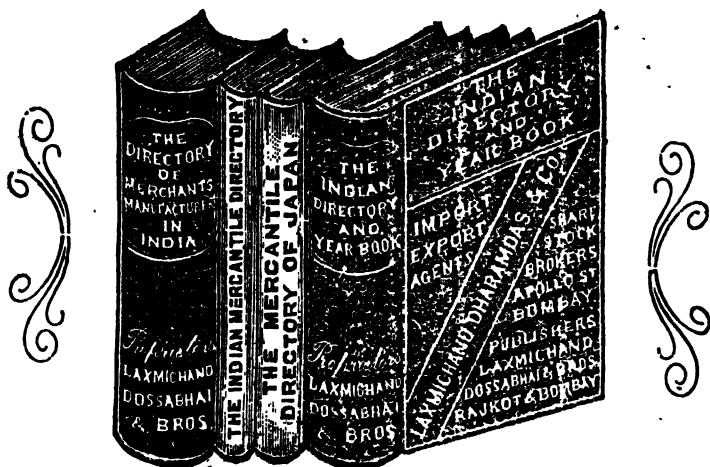
P. SESHADRI, M. A.

(*Macmillan and Co. Rs. 2-8.*)

There are two difficulties which confront the compiler of such a collection : the first is to find poems which are related to every period of such a vast chronology as that of India ; the second is to find poems of sufficient literary merit. In the present anthology Ancient India and Mohammanadan India are represented by four poems each, Mogul India by six; and the greater half of the volume relates to British India. This disproportion was no doubt inevitable in a selection for the greater part from British writers : and there may be also justification for it. Sarojini Naidu and Romesh Chandra Dutt are laid under contribution, and to mention a few other poets: Tennyson, Browning, George Meredith and Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Seshadri has brought together a very interesting volume of verse.

The Jaina Gem Dictionary. (*The Central Jaina Publishing House. Arrah. Re. 1.*)

A handy dictionary of Jaina technical terms, compiled by J. L. Jaini, M.A., Judge, High Court, Indore. This book should prove invaluable to students of the literature of Jainism.



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# *EAST & WEST*

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VOL. XVIII.

SEPTEMBER 1919.

No. 215

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## FROM CLOUDLAND.

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**His Excellency the Viceroy's Speech** His Excellency the Viceroy spoke at the opening Session of his Council with his usual clearness and candour. He surveyed the whole situation from the Punjab disturbances to the Afghan War, the coming of Constitutional Reforms, the position of Indians in South Africa, the conditions of labour in Fiji, the promise of Industrial development and the future of higher education, concluding with an appeal for union of hearts to realise the promise of the future. The speech with a little warmth and a different arrangement of subjects might have evoked enthusiasm, but expression is a question of temperament and Lord Chelmsford is peculiarly shy of oratorical flights. It is, however, winged words that like fire-tipped arrows enter other hearts and win them to paths of service and united effort. India more than ever in this transitional stage needs guidance and enthusiastic leading, and unless her rulers cultivate the art others will usurp the leadership which by right belongs to Government. India expects her rulers to champion Indian aspirations in the same way as Mr. Lloyd George champions the interests of Great Britain and the British Empire. They must lead India boldly and without fear of self expression and self realisation in

the domain of religion, art, literature, social and economic development.

\* \*

The land of the five rivers figured largely in the Council debates. The discussion revealed the wide chasm which yawns between the official and non-official views. The official is more than certain that but for the prompt action, admittedly strong, the situation in the Punjab would have very likely become dangerous. It was argued that to minimise the events was not altogether fair. His Excellency invited his Council to go and see the vestiges of "senseless" destruction in the disturbed areas. The non-official view, on the other hand, held no less strongly that the rioting did not amount to rebellion, that the crowds could have been easily managed and that some officers by hasty action provoked the crowds and that at the worst the need for martial law ceased with the restoration of order, and that in many cases the action taken exceeded the limits. It seems as if the matter has passed out of the hands of the officials or non-officials and the final verdict rests with the people themselves. The vestiges of senseless destruction can be seen, but the pain and suffering of the people cannot be measured. The question which demands an answer is,—has the faith of the people grown stronger in British justice? Has the power and the prestige of the Government increased? If not, what has been the gain to the people and the Government of these happenings? The Commission of enquiry will serve a great purpose if it can reach the truth and clear up the air in bringing home to the people the danger of relying on rumours and to the Government the still greater danger of acting on information which often

originates like the rumours, from the inventive brains of interested parties. The appointment of the Commission is a guarantee of good faith that the Government is prepared to have its action scrutinised. The constitution of the Commission ought to give general satisfaction and the thanks of the country are due to His Excellency for its appointment.

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**The Need for Mutual Re-approachment.** The events in the Punjab more than ever have emphasised the need for a mutual mental re-approachment between the rulers and the ruled. The two hold altogether divergent opinions about the same events. Take the Punjab, the official thinks that he acted in the best interests of the Province and the non-official is convinced that his inherited rights were infringed by the suspension of laws and declaration of martial law. The one party holds that dangerous disorders were about to invade the land, while the other says that there was hardly any ground for such apprehensions. If the officials and non-officials were more in touch with each other, there would have been a fair amount of unanimity as to the situation. No man with a stake in the country realising the danger which according to official version lurked beneath the waves of unrest, could reasonably grumble at measures taken to protect his interests and if the people's version is right then the officials would have found easier ways of dealing with the situation than the measures which to many a free born Briton must have been most unpleasant. The two together can alone take a clear measure of the situation and co-operate in alleviating it. The chasm between the mental attitude of the officials and non-officials, was dark and dangerous yesterday, it is darker and more

dangerous to-day and unless it is bridged the future is full of unthought of perils.

\* \*

The way to re-approachment can only be discovered if right minded men on both sides  
**Reunion.** have greater opportunities of closer association and co-operation in the interests of the Empire. The judgment of the men in the mass is founded on a long chain of cause and effect, and goes right down to the springs of action. An unselfish action is rarely misunderstood even when it fails, while a selfish action even in its success rarely wins approbation. We must all look deep into our hearts and purge them of motives which darken the inner vision. The issue is much bigger than the official and non-official creed, indeed the official and non-officials together must subscribe to a higher loyalty—the loyalty to King and the Empire and to God, and worship Him by serving his people. Then all misunderstanding will vanish and the Government will become the heart and the brain of the people. Then alone we can “leave things which are behind, and reach forward to those things which are before, in the sure and certain confidence that success will crown our efforts if they are devoted with a single eye to *our country's* good.” We Indians must recognise that it is British example, British inspiration, the labour of Britons that has led us within the reach of the light of freedom which free nations enjoy. And Englishmen in India might also see that the impatience and the unrest is natural in this growing period, and to permit it to obscure the very mirror of personal sympathy on which the Viceroy is anxious to secure bright and unclouded reflections, is to defeat the great purpose of God.

The end of the war provided a golden opportunity for a closer union of hearts. The occasion was wondrous in its possibilities and unquestionably warm.

**A Golden Opportunity.**

We have made nothing of it. Government has made nothing of it. The passing of the Reform Bill will provide another great occasion. If the officials and non-officials co-operate in making it a success it will strengthen the foundations of the Empire greatly. If we still continue to look at each other with suspicion and distrust, another great occasion will have been lost, never to return again. The salvation of India lies in a union of hearts; mutual sympathy should reign between us, and we should both be willing to bear and forbear.

\* \*

Official speeches are peculiarly free from enthusiasm.

The Government of India and Provincial Governments rarely speak of their future programme of social, economic and industrial developments. Lord Chelmsford spoke with some warmth of the industrial future of the country, but the sands of time are running out and his programme of industrial development is still in the making. When will there be a definite move on? What have the Provincial Governments done to appraise the possibilities of their Provinces? Have they taken the people into their confidence and defined the steps which they intend taking in saving old industries from dying, and creating new industries? What has been done to awaken popular interest and enlist popular sympathy? Have they started educating popular opinion to secure popular support? Nothing will serve more easily to restore public confidence than a definite programme of industrial,

educational and agricultural development, framed not in the silence of secretarial offices, but in the open forum shaped jointly by the people and the officials working together for the attainment of common objects. The impatience with the professional classes is responsible not a little for the misunderstanding which exists to-day.

\* \* \*

Empires grow like families when wisdom guides, and fall to pieces when wisdom departs.

**The Eternal law .** Wisdom is ultimately righteousness.

The laws of God and as a matter of that of nature never alter. In solemn silence good and bad deeds of men and nations are judged and rewarded by the gift of wisdom, or the withdrawal of wisdom. This law knows no change, men often move in a dream world of unreality and trespass these laws deluded by shadows, laughing realities to scorn, grasping power with both hands, forgetting that power comes unasked when wisdom reigns, and nothing can hold it when unwisdom usurps the seat of authority . . Indeed the days of greatest victory and success call for greatest humility and repentances so, that service to man may still lead to the conquest of self. He alone is victor who is victorious over his own mind.

## THE LIBERATION OF HUMANITY.

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Liberty, what of the night?—

I feel not the red rains fall,

Hear not the tempest at all,

Nor thunder in heaven any more.

All the distance is white

With the soundless feet of the sun

Night, with the woes that it wore,

Night is over and done.—*Swinburne*

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IT is possible to consider the late World-War from many points of view and to ascribe various reasons for its occurrence. Some regard it as the necessary sequel to the state of things, which turned Europe into an armed camp several years before the War actually broke out. Others dwell upon the ambitions of the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs to achieve a World Empire and dominate the near East. Others again think that it was the first of the great Trade-Wars of the future. And so on. The exponents of these particular views are able to bring ample evidence to bear out their own particular theory. It is possible, however, to adopt a more general explanation, which takes into account Humanity as a whole and follows the teachings of History. Let us recount a few common place facts of History and see whither they seem



to lead us. With the dawn of the historical record we find the known civilized world divided up into a number of small states and communities, most of which were racially or sub-racially distinct. Then there comes a time when some tribe or nation, grown more powerful than its immediate neighbours, starts on a war of conquest and absorption of the weaker tribes and nations. It was thus with the invasions of Syria and Palestine carried on by Rameses II and Thotmes III. So also the Assyrians spread over Western Asia, until they in their turn were over run by the Medes. The Persians then rose to power, extending their efforts finally against the Greeks, until Alexander the Great rolled back the waves of conquest, defeated Darius and penetrated even as far as North West India.

Rome rose, expanded into a mighty Empire based on military conquests, and fell before the attacks of the Goths. Huns from Asia ravaged Europe until their barbaric hordes were broken up and dispersed on the field of Chalons. Gradually Europe and parts of Asia settled down to more or less orderly Government under more or less despotic Kings and Emperors, at whose will War would be declared against neighbouring potentates, often for very trivial reasons.

Thus the tyranny of the old tribal Wars gave place to the tyranny of dynastic Wars, waged by autocratic rulers, in whose hands the peoples were as pawns to be sacrificed at whim or a caprice to satisfy regal ambitions or safeguard personal and dynastic interests.

The nation, who took the first step on the path of the liberation of Humanity was England, when in the seventeenth century the people rose against the tyranny of the

Stewarts and secured Parliamentary freedom and curtailed the powers of the Crown. The independence of the United States was secured by another revolt against bureaucratic tyranny. France, after many vicissitudes, finally merged as a Republic 50 years ago. It is noteworthy that it was her war with autocratic Germany which indirectly brought about the freedom of France from the caprices of the 2nd Empire, while it was the self-same 2nd Empire which helped to achieve the liberation of Italy from the Austrian monarchical yoke and her unification as a nation.

England, America, France and Italy, "the big four," as they have been called at the Peace Conference against Germany and Austria, the last embodiments of dynastic autocracy. That Russia fought at first on the side of the free nations of the West was a diplomatic accident. The Russian military and bureaucratic parties never had their hearts really in favour of a '*guerre a l'outrance*' with German and Austrian Imperialism and Militarism.

They sold the plans of the battle of Tannenberg to the enemy and kept their armies short of munitions and rifles at critical periods. Brussiloff was compelled to break off his offensive and the Rumanians were left in the lurch. Russia, however, has achieved freedom from Czardom, in her own way. When the Bolshevist phase has passed—and it is already showing marked signs of decay, Russia will emerge into an orderly Republic.

The most significant result then of the World-War is the disappearance of the autocratic Empires, side by side with the resurrection, of a number of hitherto submerged nations, such as the Poles, Czecho-Slovaks, South Slavs, Finns, Armenians, etc.

Gone, gone for ever is the despotic sovereign, who gambled with his peoples lives for his own personal ambition or for diplomatic ends, together with the crowds of military satellites and financial backers, seekers after martial glory and fortunes to be made out of the casting of cannon and bullets and poison-gas.

It is the dawn of a new Era, a stage on the road of the liberation of Humanity.

A league of free nations has been formed, which if it does not make wars impossible in future, will at least make war more difficult for the aggressor.

A great impetus has thus been given to International Law, all the rules of which were violated by the Germans in the most shameless manner. These rules will now have some measure of what the lawyers term "sanction," by being endorsed and enforced by a community of civilized nations.

Further the right of small nationalities to self determination, and to work out their own destinies, free from foreign control, has been practically recognized.

And India, what of India? India has entered the League of Nations. She has individual mention after Great Britain, with Australia, Canada and South Africa. A scheme is being elaborated to give her a measure of Self-Government, which is recognized to be an instalment.

Let us not be misled by exaggerating the recent lamentable happenings in parts of India. Lord Sinha has told us from his responsible place in the House of Lords that the great bulk of the Educated Classes are opposed to such demonstrations. The great heart of India is loyal and true. Gave she not her sons and her wealth in

the battle for freedom in many a hard fought field in France, Mesopotamia and Palestine, remembering Shri-Krishna's saying—

अथ चेत्त्वमिमं धर्म्यं संग्राहं न करिष्यसि ।

ततः स्वधर्मं कीर्तिं च हित्वा पापमवाप्त्यसि ॥

The nerves of the whole world are on edge as the result of the reaction four years of murderous strife. India too is suffering from famine and the strain of high prices, and has been ravaged by the influenza epidemic.

The present phase will pass and India too will go forward in the path of progress to emerge finally as one of the free nations of the world, true to her British connexion and joining in the task of the liberation of Humanity.

W. DODERET.

*Ashted  
Surrey*

## ASCENT.

**“ Rise up my love, my fair one, come away.”**

**Song of Solomon, II, 10.**

My soul hath heard the call, and willeth to obey  
But feareth.

**Doubting her own power  
To follow Love's "Away!"**

**Until she heareth**

**Again the Voice of the Beloved : " Rememberest  
not the dower**

I sent thee from above  
By the most holy Dove,  
When He did seal

## Our union for thy weal ?

## He gave thee Wings of Prayer

## To cleave the air

**And rise to me**

## Who calleth Thee.

**Rise up my love, my fair one ! Let thy pinions sway**

## Air in which love pulsates

**And flower-sweet incense saturates,**

**Make thus a path-way unto Me,**

**I wait for thee :**

## And yet I am thy Guide

**And hold thee close pressed to my side,**

**That I may be thy Stay**

Till breaks for thee the Day  
 And thou with me  
 In Light shall be.

Rise up my love ! The winter of thy life is past,  
 Summer is come at last  
 Away ! to Me,  
 I long for thee :  
 Night shrivels at the touch of Morning's Ray,—  
 Away to Me, away !  
 I am Eternal Day.

*Oxford.*

JEAN ROBERTS.

## THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND.

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There is one proverb that I learned in childhood that I find I must unlearn—the one that stands at the head of this article. I was taught to look upon the policy of setting a blindman to lead the blind as the height of folly. I now find that a man who cannot see is the logical leader of the blind, and that no sighted person can possibly take his place.

I have learned that lesson from one of my old editors who, a few years ago, had the misfortune completely to lose his sight. When I was introduced to him he was plain Mr. Cyril Arthur Pearson, but a couple of years ago the King conferred upon him a Baronetcy in recognition of the devoted service that he had rendered to the blind, especially to men who had been blinded while fighting for freedom.

A tall, well-built man, Sir Arthur Pearson has been fond of sport of all kinds from boyhood upwards. He is full of energy, and, as is often characteristic of energetic men, says things that you least expect. He has succeeded in putting into effect many an idea which, when he uttered it, brought nothing but scorn, and his success has shamed the scoffers. About a quarter of a century ago he came to London with little money, and much ambition. When approaching blindness made him withdraw from

Fleet Street about ten years ago, he owned and edited several daily newspapers, weeklies and monthlies, and had he not been handicapped by Fate there is no telling what he may not have accomplished.

This is not an article about Sir Arthur Pearson. It is meant to tell how he made me believe that a blind man is the logical leader of the blind. And I must get down to that story.

When Sir Arthur Pearson lost his sight, he decided to devote what remained of his life and vigour to the cause of the blind. To do that to the best advantage, and also in his own interest, he decided "to learn to be blind"—as he facetiously, but none the less significantly puts it. For years past he had a valet who helped him to dress and looked after him generally. He began to "learn to be blind" by dismissing him. He desired to show—to himself quite as much as to others—that he could dress without any aid, and that he was not dependent for such a service upon others.

For years past Sir Arthur Pearson had written practically no letters himself, but had kept many secretaries busy, attending to his correspondence. He had dictated even the articles that he contributed to his own papers. After becoming blind, he felt that he must learn to type—write for himself. And he did. Therein lies the measure of the man, and the secret of his ability to help the blind.

As soon as he had adjusted himself to a world of darkness, Sir Arthur Pearson joined the National Institute of the Blind, and with that business ability and vigour that had enabled him to become a dominating figure in the newspaper world of Britain in so short a time, he found



ways and means to increase the usefulness of that Institution. He began a campaign that resulted in bringing in a large sum of money (£250,000). These were used to overhaul and enlarge the buildings, to buy new furniture and equipments, and to improve the methods of teaching the blind to live happily and usefully—usefully to themselves and usefully to those near and dear to them. The library for the blind, containing literature of all sorts—serious and amusing—printed in Braille, which enabled the blind to spend what would be weary hours deriving profit or pleasure, or both from books, received his particular attention. In a comparatively short time he made it the largest and the best library of its kind in the world.

Not long after Sir Arthur Pearson had taken up this work the hostilities began. The Prince of Wales's Fund was promptly opened to relieve distress caused by the war. He was invited to join the Managing Committee. He put his heart and soul into the collection of funds, and his advertising campaign resulted in bringing in large sums of money.

In the meantime blinded fighters began to arrive from France. In the book "Victory over Blindness"—a characteristic title—recently issued by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton (7-s—nett), he tells us that the first fighter who came across the channel was a Belgian whose eyes had been pierced by a rifle bullet on the first day of the siege of Leige. He was sent to an English hospital, where Sir Arthur still occupied with the Prince of Wales's Fund, used to pay him frequent visits. Then he heard of a British Sergeant and a Private who had lost their sight

and were being cared for at the 2nd London General Hospital (St. Mark's Hospital) in Chelsea, where the poor Private died shortly afterwards.

Sir Arthur Pearson, like other people, imagined, at the time, that the war would be of short duration. But he was quite sure that there would be many wounded, and many among them blinded for life. He formed the idea of a hostel—too homelike to be an institution—where these men who had given their eyes to save civilization could “learn to be blind”—where they would learn to regard blindness as a mere handicap, and not as an affliction, where they would acquire a cheerful mental outlook, where they would learn to walk firmly and freely, to read and write by using new methods and appliances, and to learn to do things for themselves that would enable them to be independent as far as possible from attention from other persons, and where, with the fresh powers of accomplishment and enjoyment that they would find, they would be able to lead a happy useful life.”

With Sir Arthur Pearson, to form an idea is to execute it. As soon as he thought of this hostel, he began to “look around” for a suitable site. He did not have to go far afield, for Mr. Otto Kahn, the American financier and philanthropist, had a home “St. Dunstan’s” in the heart of London which appeared ideal for the purpose. It was situated at the edge of Regent’s Park, and therefore combined the advantages of town and country. It had large grounds—16 acres in extent. With the exception of the King’s Palace no other residence in London had such a large “compound” as we would call it. The house was old and rambling. It had been, in days gone by, the home of

the wicked old Lord Steyne of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." Sir Arthur Pearson approached Mr. Kahn, who readily consented to place it at his disposal, and told him to do what he liked with it, to knock down walls, or to put in partitions, or to cover up the lawns with buildings, just as he pleased.

On March 26, 1915, the hostel was ready for occupation. Work for the blind had already commenced in February, 1915, at a house in Bayswater kindly lent to Sir Arthur Pearson by Mrs. Lewis Hall. When he took the first sixteen men to it, it seemed that the new hostel was much too large for his purpose. But as the war went on and the military operations became larger, the hostel actually became crowded, and Sir Arthur was compelled to put up building after building on the estate. Soon no space was left to build on and still leave room to enable the blinded fighters to take their exercise on the lawn. Various houses near by were therefore taken to serve as annexes. Besides these places, Sir Arthur maintained a separate house where blinded officers were taken care of, and two homes at the seaside where blinded N. C. O's and men could be sent for purposes of recuperation. He was caring for over 1,500 blinded fighters at the various houses at the end of last year.

Sir Arthur tells us in his book that the majority of men who came to the hostel early in the war had lost their sight as the result of bullet wounds. Forty of the first 60 were Lancashire lads—the type of men "who when told to keep their heads under cover would, in defiance of danger, want to see what threatened them." Later came "more and more cases of men injured by effects of bombs and shell-fire." The eyes of many had been put out. In

some cases, however, nothing appeared to be wrong with the eyes of men who were nevertheless totally blind. Often a man who could just see a streak of light was more hopeless than a man who was totally blind, and found it harder to acquire that fineness of touch which, in the case of the blind, takes the place, in a large measure, of sight.

Sir Arthur arranged that all the men who had lost their sight should go to a certain hospital where he or some of his colleagues went to visit them to try to cheer them, and to tell them of the opportunities that were waiting for them at the hostel if they would only take advantage of them. Well-meaning wives, mothers and sisters often complicated the situation by insisting upon taking them back home instead of letting them go to the hostel where they could "learn to be blind."

When he visited the hospital Sir Arthur took with him watches specially made for the use of the blind, with dots to indicate the places of the ordinary numerals, and hands slightly raised, and so strong that their position could be safely felt with the fingers. He gave one of these watches to each sightless fighter that he met. As the blind man let his fingers pass over the face of the watch and thereby "saw" the time, his face would light up with joy. The fact that he had been unable to tell the time had been one of the most depressing circumstances which sightlessness had forced upon him, and the time piece that enabled him to check the fleeting hours made him feel more like the sighted persons about him. Usually the watch given a blinded soldier by Sir Arthur proved the means of making him realise that he could, to a large extent, make his finger-tips take the place of his eyes.

One of the first things the blinded soldier was urged to do was to learn to read Braille, which accomplishment would make it possible for him to read books and to keep in touch with the stirring events taking place in the great world about him, through newspapers and current literature. Braille is an embossed alphabet which was invented in 1829 by Louis Braille, a blind Frenchman. The characters are formed by means of six dots arranged in an oblong three dots deep and two dots wide. All the signs and contractions are made by combining these dots in different designs. The blind man passes the finger-tips over the lines of embossed characters and is thus able to "read." At first the dots are about the size of peppercorns, but gradually they become smaller and smaller until, by the time the blind pupil is thoroughly efficient, they are not much larger than pin-pricks.

Some blind persons become so proficient in reading Braille that they can do so in spite of handicaps. Thus Sir Arthur tells, in his book, of one man who could read the embossed characters through *four* thicknesses of a crumpled handkerchief placed over the page—and read it as fast as his tongue could go. He also tells of a blind lady who taught Braille at St. Dunstan's, who habitually wore thick woollen gloves in cold weather, and read Braille while wearing them.

Simultaneously with learning to read Braille, the blind fighter learns to write so he can carry on correspondence both with those whom are blind and those who can see. For the blind he writes in Braille; for the sighted he uses a typewriter. Sir Arthur reminds his readers that the first writing machine was invented for the blind.

The men at St. Dunstan's are taught to use ordinary typewriters—the same, in every respect, as those used in

any office, except that they have an embossed instead of an engraved scale, so that the typist can tell, by touch, the position of the carriage. In some instances, however, machines have had to be made with special fittings for war-battered heroes. Thus, if a blinded soldier has lost a hand or an arm, an ingenious lever is provided to enable him to shift the carriage, to write capital letters, or fractions, and to insure that the paper is inserted straight in the machine. One man had not only been blinded, but had lost both hands. Special devices were invented to enable him to use the typewriter, and he was employed to do special organising work in the offices of the Institute for the Blind.

Sir Arthur and his colleagues quickly realised that typewriting, by itself, was not enough for a blinded man to know to enable him to get the most out of life, but that he must also be taught shorthand. A system of Braille shorthand and a machine to enable a blind person to write it were at once invented. The Braille shorthand has about 150 initial, medial, and final contractions, and arbitrary signs for about 500 words and phrases. It is taken down on a little machine which embosses the signs on a thin paper ribbon by means of six keys, a seventh key being used for spacing. After the shorthand notes are finished, the paper ribbon is run through a guide, a piece of wood about nine inches long in the middle of which is a shallow groove the exact width of the paper. This guide can be attached to the typewriter. The notes are, of course, read with the finger-tips, the same as Braille. A blind man passed as proficient in shorthand and typing must be able to take down 100 words a minute. Each

soldier at St. Dunstan's is presented with a shorthand machine as soon as he becomes proficient in using it.

The blinded soldiers at St. Dunstan's do not learn shorthand and typewriting merely as a pastime, but situations are secured for them in offices as secretaries and typists. Sightless as they are, they go into the hurly-burly of modern business, and are able to compete with sighted experts.

A number of St. Dunstan's men have become telephone operators, and are able to manage switchboards in busy exchanges. As masseurs they have done so well that, during the war, Commandants at military hospitals preferred them to masseurs who were able to use their eyes. Besides studying human anatomy with the aid of a skeleton in the class room, they are instructed in the practical side of the work in the gymnasium, around the walls of which are arranged appliances of all sorts for correcting deformities and strengthening weak muscles. On plinths in the centre recline the models. In the lecture-room next door the theoretical side of the work is taught. The skeleton used for demonstration purposes is about six feet high, and its joints are arranged so as to make it possible for the lecturer to demonstrate every form of dislocation, as well as the normal movements. There is also an anatomical figure, on which it is possible for the students to trace, with their sensitive finger-tips, the deep-lying arteries, veins and nerves. The head may be taken to pieces to enable the students to examine all the throat and nose passages. The internal organs are removable, and also may be opened to show the internal structure, this making it possible to study them in respect to their relative position to one another, and also in detail. The

course of training lasts from a year to a year and a half, and even longer if circumstances require it.

A large number of the men at St. Dunstan's have chosen to take a course in poultry farming. They are taught to distinguish the various breeds and varieties by touch, and quickly learn to recognize them by the peculiarities of their combs, wattles, weight, and plumage, and to tell whether they are cocks or hens. They learn how to mix food, distinguishing between all varieties by touch, smell or taste. They even learn to make working models of chicken-houses and runs, and when they have finished their course of training, they know all about breeding and rearing chicks, both by artificial and natural means, caring for the chicks when hatched, curing and preventing the diseases to which fowls are subject, marketing eggs, and preparing birds for the table. They also learn to care for ducks and turkeys, and take a course in rabbit breeding and keeping. In growing vegetables for his birds and rabbits the blinded man learns gardening. The final month of training is spent on St. Dunstan's poultry farm in Hertfordshire, and when they leave they are given birds to start them in business. A staff of poultry experts visit them periodically, and set them right, if they have made mistakes.

In the workshops at St. Dunstan's the blinded soldiers are taught a number of trades to render them self-supporting. Basket-making, mat-making and netting are traditional occupations for the blind. In addition to these, boot repairing and joinery are taught, and the men become expert cobblers and joiners.

Everything that the blinded soldier learns at St. Dunstan's is taught to him *individually*. The hand of the



instructor must guide the unpracticed hand of the pupil until he learns his lesson perfectly—whether it be Braille, or shorthand and typing, or whatever it may be. Many of the instructors are themselves blind, and are devoting their lives to helping their blind fellow-creatures. So enthusiastic do the men become over their tasks that it is not at all unusual to go into a perfectly dark room at night and come upon a man industriously clicking away at a typewriter, so fascinated that he cannot bear to leave it, or hammering and sawing at a piece of joinery. The whole idea of the institution is to send a man out into the world fully trained and equipped to become a useful unit of society, able to keep pace with the world and earn an independent livelihood. Every man leaving St. Dunstan's is provided with a complete set of tools and apparatus for the trade or profession he has elected to take up as his life-work, and is helped to instal them in his home or shop, and if necessary is given a weekly allowance during the first year. If, through loss of limbs in addition to blindness, it is hopeless for him to expect to make a living at a trade or profession, he is set up in business as a newsdealer or tobacconist.

It must not be imagined that the blinded soldier's life is all work and no play. On the contrary, he spends hours every day at sports of one kind or another—swimming, rowing (even taking part in boat races), engaging in tugs of war, wrestling, boxing and cycling. It is impossible, of course, in the very nature of things, for him to cycle by himself, but a half-dozen men ride on a tandem cycle steered by a sighted person, and derive a great deal of fun from this form of sport. They take part

in all sorts of competitions, such as hopping, walking, three-legged, sack, or wheel-barrow races. Dances are held regularly at St. Dunstan's, and the men who cannot see quickly, learn to overcome the difficulties attendant upon their handicap, and tread as lively a measure as their sighted brothers.

How well men suddenly blinded are able to manage for themselves is shown by an incident related by Sir Arthur Pearson. One of the sightless soldiers set off to walk in Regent's Park with a friend who could see. A thick fog came and wound a thick, grey veil over the landscape, blotting out all land-marks, and the sighted man became utterly confused and lost his sense of direction. As the blind man led his seeing companion down the roadway at a quick pace, he heard the rattle of a stick on the railing of the fence. Thinking another St. Dunstaner was coming, he called out: "Hullo, old chap—who are you?" To his great surprise the answer was: "British officer! Fed up with this beastly country. Can't see a thing." "No more can I," was the answer. "Perhaps I can help you."

So the blinded fighter took the British officer under his protection and conducted him to the York Gate of the Park, which he found without any trouble.

*Herne Hill,*

NIHAL SINGH.

*London.*

## THE BELLS OF CHRISTENDOM.

---

O you going down to the sea in ships  
     In armour-plated might,  
 O you faring forth to the battle front  
     With a sword and a shield to the fight  
 O you with all panoply empowered  
     To slay that ye may save,  
 May I ask you a thing  
     Will you drink to a King  
 To the boldest of the brave?

If the cup be mixed with the wrath of God  
     And the mockery of men,  
 You may make a heaven in the mouth of hell  
     You can laugh in the lion's den ;  
 If you make your boast in the Son of God  
     And the manliest of Men ;  
                                     Yes, we see aright  
                                     And we love the sight  
                                     We must walk unshod  
                                     When we see our God  
 As the manliest of men.

Can you wake with Him in Gethsemane  
     With shadow circled eyes?  
 Can you watch Him walk—all weaponless  
     To the uttermost sacrifice?  
 Can you see Him falter beneath the cross  
     And wince as you feel Him fall?  
 Can you feel for the fittest fighter  
     In the fiercest fight of all !

Can you watch Him slay the struggling self  
In the citadel of Mansoul ?

Can you take your share in an agony  
With a vigilant self control ?

When you see Him with His own life-blood  
Obliterate a doom—

If you clear your throat,  
You will find your note,  
You must shout and sing  
To proclaim our King.

As the Conqueror of the tomb.

If we bring our gift to the altar then  
Having made our peace with all  
Shall we see in the light of Olivet.

No enemy at all—

But the notion that of sinners we

Are not the worst—as the pharisee ?

'Tis a prayer we bring  
When we see our King

As the Saviour of us all.

If we take firm hold of His holy feet,  
We shall lose self conscious fears ;  
We shall reckon the sweetness of that hour  
Worth centuries of tears.

'Tis a clarion call

“ He hath freed the thrall ”

All our bells shall ring

Who is born a King ?

'Tis the true-love of us all.

Let us put no faith in the arm of flesh  
 But pray to be inclined  
 And arm ourselves—like Him—to face  
 The worst with a willing mind  
 O measureless love of God for man!  
 Can we tread the path He trod  
 Whose Archangels were all too weak  
 To conquer man for God?

Then let us ring the new world in  
 With mercy's blissful bells,  
 Let us make triumphal melody  
 As their harmony upswells;  
 But let it be as sinners all,  
 Who scout the least pretence  
 That the love and laughter of our lives  
 Were not bought at His expense.

O the power of hate  
 To hallucinate  
 As a shade 'twill flee  
 Love alone shall be

Love—the only reality!

Nor a seer, nor a saint, nor thou O God  
 Canst make Thy Kingdom come  
 Till we meet in the eyes of men the smile  
 Of the Christ of Christendom.  
 For so shall the Son be glorified  
 Thus the spirit be outpoured  
 And men take note of such that they  
 Are ever with the Lord

May Thy Kingdom come  
 Prince of Christendom—  
 We salute Thee O Son of God.

O sweet is the smiling of the surf  
 And the laughter of the sea  
 And sweeter yet to the fettered thrall  
 Is the rapture of the free  
 And how spake Zion when the Lord  
 Turned her captivity ?

Who shall laugh the most ?  
 The Captain of the Host  
 Let us follow him fast  
 He who laughs the last  
 'Tis the King of Christendom.

Do we dream we are free, can He help us but smile ?  
 Does He laugh at our expense ?  
 Who knoweth that all our freedom is  
 But a childplay and pretence ?  
 Who feeleth the fortress of His heart  
 Is our royal residence ;  
 And seeth our status swallowed up  
 In his pre-eminence

His the name to extol  
 Jesus Christ makes thee whole  
 Bless the Lord O my soul

And the King of Christendom.

And still the bells have a peal to ring  
 And the best is yet to be  
 Ye have known the Lord as a Man of War  
 Making prisoners you and me.  
 We must hold Him fast as the Sire of love.  
 And the Son of liberty.

Seraphnote, Angelsong,  
 Lift it loud, Sing it long  
 King of Christendom  
 May Thy Kingdom come  
 We are *more* than free  
 Life is love with Thee

Thou hast given the Word  
 And our ears have heard:  
 At a word of thine  
 Be our water wine;  
     "All that live on the land,  
 All that sail on the sea  
 Ye shall love them—as I love ye.  
     O ye souls of ~~the~~ land,  
     O ye sons of the sea  
 Let us love—in the life to be.  
 " All Hail to Thee, Saviour of the Earth,  
     Hail ! Sov'ran of the sea,  
 Thine aerial legions at thy birth  
     Extolled Thy Majesty  
 All glorious Galilean—worth  
     Hath won the victory !  
     Thou art worthy—Thee  
     Thee alone we see  
     God of Rest, Man of Toil,  
     Blessed son of the soil  
     Overlord of the sea  
     All the Earth blesses Thee  
     Very man, very God,  
     Lone the path Thou hast trod  
     Each of us was undone  
     Reign alone All-lovely One  
     Thou hast said  
     Comfort ye  
     Judah, yea and Galilee,  
     By Thy Grace  
     Are we free  
 To love in the life to be  
 To be loved in the Lord and Thee

KATHARINE FRANCES STUART.

MILTON.  

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THAT English poet whom Dryden hailed as surpassing all modern as well as ancient writers in loftiness and majesty, most of all excelled among our English writers as a scholar and a man of affairs. His youth brightened and sustained by images of surpassing richness, purity and beauty, delighted by pomp and feast and revelry, occupied in musing meditation in the pensive secrecy of desert cells and by the glassy cool translucent waves of streams and rivers, watching the vernal brilliance of primrose and violet, of woodbine and daffodil, listening to the most musical and melancholy of birds as she made night melodious by her mourning, or to the lark singing from his aery watch-tower, dissolving into ecstasies as the sweetness of pealing organ and clear anthem brought all heaven before his eyes. Milton learned more and more with years advancing to scorn delights and live laborious days. He plunged into the thick murk of civil war, of divorce, dethronement and usurpation; he became a Secretary to Cromwell's Commonwealth; and through it all he maintained a tireless study of learning and science. And when, blinded by his eyes tireless activity, he turned once more to poetry in the political constraint which overcame his maturity, he produced the most sublime, comprehensive



and gorgeous fabric of imagination that it has been the world's felicity to know. Hardly less remarkable than the "Consistent and unflagging elevation" of his style is the sweep and accuracy of his knowledge "for the material of those palaces" said Sir Walter Raleigh of his poems "whole provinces were ravaged and the waste might furnish forth a city." Life and imagination and the love of beauty were not unassisted by scholarship in his early poems, but he did not then display the detailed appreciation of the whole world's splendour which fills and decorates "Paradise Lost" as with barbaric pearl and gold and all "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind." The gorgeous east came up on the maturity of his mind's excursions as it had rewarded the later efforts of Elizabethan rovers. His youth describes "the Indian steep" as the loophole of the morn, and the Orient wave as the pillow over which the sun lifted his chin rising from bed; these fairy fancies were recalled in his reference to "That Pigneau race beyond the Indian mount in "Paradise Lost" but it was from the west winds then that the poet caught the balmy smells of nard and cassia.

His occupation in the world brought him to know the exhilaration and wonder of the sea, and really to understand that verse which had been the inspiration of Hakluyts lifework, that "They that go down to the sea in ships and exercise their business in great waters, these men see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep." Leviathan Milton thought of first among the mysteries sailors recounted of the sea :—

Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam  
The pilot of some small night founder'd skiff

Deeming some Island, oft, as Seamen tell,  
 With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind.  
 Moors by his side under the Lee while night invests  
 The sea and wished Morn delays.  
 Satan's spear he likened to a memory of ships:—  
 The tallest pine  
 Hewn on Norwegian hill's to be the mast of some  
 great Ammiral.

But what most moved Milton's enthusiasm was the picture of the East Indian fleet. As he ransacked the riches of the Orient to gather magnificence for the bottomless pit, so he brought the gallant beauty of ships in sail for a similitude of that 'spirit unfortunate' for whom he always produced the most telling of his images.

As when far off at sea a Fleet descri'd  
 Hangs in the Clouds by Aequinocial winds  
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the Iles  
 Of Ternate and Tidore whence Merchants bring  
 Their spicie Drugs: they on the trading flood  
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape  
 Play stemming nightly to the Pole: so seemed  
 Far off the flying Fiend.

And he recalled the same voyage when pictured Satan wandering among the sweet scents of the Garden of Eden

Now gentle gales  
 Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense  
 Native perfumes and whisper whence they stole  
 Those balmie spoiles. As when to them who sail  
 Beyond the Cape of Hope and now are past  
 Mozambic off at Sea North East winds blow  
 Sabeen odours from the spicie shore  
 Of Arabie the blest, which such delay  
 Well pleas'd they slack their course and many a  
 League.  
 Cheard with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.

Even when done with the brave words and boasts of the Archangel ruined he returned to the same image to suggest the flaunting woman sailing stately like a ship of Tarsus bound for the Isles of Javan or Gadier, her sails filled and streamers waving, courted by the winds in an amber scent of odorous perfume. And though, careful and scholarly, Milton refers his simile for Dalila only to Mediterranean sailing, the suggestion manifestly came to him from a remoter journey.

His interest in the East went further than the voyage. Her cities Damascus, Cairo and Babylon he describes as pleasant and magnificent. Agra and Lahore struck him among Indian cities as seats of the great Moghul; the Ganges twice he mentions, and he refers both to the Indus and by its ancient names Hydaspes to the Jhelum. He pictured the elephant wreathing his lithe proboscis, and his studies lead him to a lively description of the banyan tree.

The Fig tree

Such as this day to Indians known  
In Malabar or Deccan spreads her arms  
Branching so broad and long that in the ground  
The bended Twigs take root and Daughters grow  
About the Mother Tree, a Pillard shade  
High overch't and echoing walks between,  
There oft the Indian Herdsman shunning heate,  
Shelters in coole and tends his pasturing herds  
At Loopholes cut through thickest shade.

This description which as Warton pointed out follows that of Gerard's Herbal shows how well Milton's reading coalesced with his power of observation and imagining in producing his effects. And if, as Sir Walter Ralieggh has pointed out, Shakespeare's references to

sailors "testify rather to a love of the sea than to a love of navigation " and " the seaman whom he sketches unerringly were to be met on shore " then it is true also that Milton was a lover of the beauty and mystery and traffic of ships rather than a sailor. He knew them as they rode at anchor rather than as they churned their way through the foaming seas. As he watched them thus, their charm so worked on him that the roar of wind and waves combined in one *ensemble* of impression with their beauty, provided him with a simile not unmeet for the majestic voices of Pandemonium.

Such murmur fill'd  
Th' assembly as when hollow rocks retain  
The sound of blustering winds which all night long  
Had roused the sea now with hoarse cadence lull  
Sea faring men orewatch't, whose bark by chance  
Or pinnacle anchors in a craggy bay  
After the Tempest.

And yet his colossal genius never fails to baffle us: as in one line he amazes with the appositeness of his classical scholarship, so in the next he will dazzle us with the detail and vividness of a direct description. Even while we are vaguely wondering at the embassies filling the Appian Way from Syene Meroe and the realm of Bacchus he flashes before us the tableau of another:—

From India and the golden Chersoness  
And utmost Indian Isle Taprobane  
Dusk faces with white silken turbants wreath'd

He saw, and through the centuries he had forced others by that line to see, the very aspect of Indian nobles congregate.

R. G. SENCOURT.

## THE ANCIENT INDIAN NAVY.

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In the great cataclysmal war whose peace celebration we witnessed with so much relief and joy, the British nation, the strongest naval power in the world, had to apply to Japan for the protection of the Pacific Ocean against the treacherous attacks of German cruisers and submarines. And indeed, the land of the rising sun seems to claim the monopoly of the eastern waters not only as a naval power but also as a commercial power. The irreparably heavy loss India has sustained, in trade and commerce, amongst other causes, for lack of merchant vessels and the envious position she once occupied as the granary, and commercial centre of over half the world, is a heart-rending contrast which reminds every Indian of Lord Timon of Athens shorn of his glory, wealth and power and raving forth against his over-weening friends and neighbours who fatly enriched by his hospitality and munificence turned a deaf ear in his hour of need. The price India now pays for Japanese goods will, in a short space of time, be the accumulated wealth of Japan. Nay, there is something more vital and serious. The moment the alliance with Japan gets strained, the interest of Great Britain and India is sure to be jeopardized. The German menace was no nightmare but a reality. And should we not foresee

in proper time the Japanese menace? Suppose China and Japan, whatever their relative position now be, unite together in a cause as much humanitarian and righteous as Austria's and Germany's in the recent war. Considerations like these require positively a constructive discussion of the possibilities of an Indian Navy.

I do not quite realize how the question of an Indian Navy is fraught with difficulties. Perhaps not that she does not possess the materials necessary for the purpose; not that she does not possess that spirit and enthusiasm for adventures on the sea; but the question deserves the attention of the Government both in their own interest and for the prosperity of India as an integral part of the British Empire. India in the past afforded ample scope for the construction of ships. The Western Ghats can give a perennial supply of wood for ship-building. The Tata Iron and Steel Works may well be utilized for smelting iron and making the necessary machinery. The West Coast of India splendidly admits of the opening of naval yards. There is the fisherman caste or the sea-faring people of the maritime districts from whom sailors and seamen may be selected.

We have the authority of Dr. W. Vincent beside our own books the *Kautilya Arthasastra* composed in about 320 B.C. by Chānakyā, the prime minister of Maurya Chandra Gupta and Prof. Benoy Kumar Sarkar's "Sukraniti." They clearly show, and modern researches prove, that India in the 7th and 6th Centuries B.C. had extensive foreign commercial intercourse, and that even at the end of the 18th Century, Tippu Sultan built a frigate and with a fleet of warships gathered at Onore, fitted out an expedition to the Maldives which adventure bore him the title of "the lord of thousand islands."

The fabulous wealth of India in the past not to speak of the present was no myth. There are proofs of her trade with the east coast of Africa, with Asia Minor, Greece, Rome and England besides Arabia, Persia, Ceylon, Burma and China. Large sea port towns existed on the west coast of the country at Surat, Kalyan, Goa, Calicut, Cochin and the modern Broach. India's chief articles of export were spices, pepper, betel, pearls and precious stones, tortoise shells, ivory, silks and cotton cloths of the finest texture and of various colours, coral, brass, tin and lead. Later researches have proved that copper, brass, tin and lead existed in India long before the advent of the Greeks. Dr. Vincent says that Indians had gone far into England and into Germany across the North Sea and the Baltic some 800 years before the days of King Alfred the Great. The latest histories written of ancient India do place her as the richest market of the world abounding in material resources and carrying on an extensive trade in the Atlantic, the Pacific and the Indian Oceans.

With the growth of commerce and increased navigation piracy sprang up, and in order to defend, if not to put it down, recourse was had to armed protection. This was the beginning of the ancient Indian Navy. It is laid down in *Kautilya's Arthashastra* that the prime minister of Maurya Chandra Gupta gave direction to the head seamen to destroy private ships (*Himsrika*) bound for an enemy's kingdom as well as those which violated the customs and rules in force then in port towns. Accordingly the merchant vessels had in them at first a small body of trained archers, and afterwards improved methods of defence with guns, cannons, etc. In a work of the 4th Century A. D., a description of how to make gun powder, and how to use

a cannon or a gun is given. To be brief, an equal quantity of salt, sulphur and charcoal burnt from the *arka*, *snuhi* trees such as to allow no smoke to escape, in a closed vessel, are powdered and mixed together and dissolved in the juices of *snuhi*, *arka* and garlic and then dried up by heat and again finely powdered. The powder was made of different colours also by the addition of indigo, iron filings, lead, camphor and the juice of the *saralu* tree. The cannon balls were made of iron or other strong metals, with or without any substances inside the balls, while those used for guns were made of lead. Two kinds of merchantmen fitted with guns and cannons may be mentioned here. They were in use from the time of Alexander the Great. The *baggala* or the *budgerow* was 74 feet long, 25 feet broad and  $11\frac{1}{2}$  feet deep, with a tonnage of 150 tons. Two guns were fitted on to it. The *Arabdow* was 85 feet long,  $21\frac{1}{2}$  feet broad and  $11\frac{1}{2}$  feet deep.

The construction of armed ships was not, however, done on a large scale so as to have a large navy properly so called. Because they were mainly intended to safeguard against pirates, and India did not carry on an aggressive trade. Rich in her material resources and the demand for them being very great abroad, she had smooth commercial intercourse interspersed now and then with an encounter with pirates. The need for a more powerful navy on a large scale was subsequently felt at the advent of the early European trading companies to the eastern waters. The Portuguese with their well-built and strong armed fleet attacked the sea port towns on the west coast of the country. There were then Hindu and Muhammadan Kings ruling in India with rancorous animosities common in those days. These were overlooked for a



common cause, and the rulers united together against the new enemy. The Zamorin of Calicut is said to have performed in this connection a successful feat of the Spanish Armada. He had a fleet of 80 warships with 380 guns as well as some "floating castles" which he ordered to be rowed into the midst of the enemy's ships, ignited and given up to be burnt, causing the destruction of the enemy's fleet also. In the pell-mell caused by this stratagem he sent in his fully-equipped fleet to bombard the enemy. Alfonso de Albuquerque in 1503 A.D., Don Lorenzo Almedia in 1507 A.D. encountered such a serious rout that the latter was killed with the loss of his ship and men, except a few. The Portuguese infuriated by this defeat came again on a much larger scale for attacking *Diu* and collected an unprecedentedly large fleet in the Bombay Harbour. Now, again, the Muhammadans under Mustafa Khan Roomy routed the enemy who returned to Portugal with the scattered remnants. The Portuguese historian, Faria de Souza while sympathizing with the loss of his countrymen in the defeat has paid a lasting tribute to the pluck, bravery and dexterity of the Indians in their naval attacks.

Dr. Vincent writes: "It has been sufficiently proved that a communication was open between India and Arabia previous to the age of Alexander; and it is impossible to conceive that those who lived either in India or Arabia should not have observed the regular change of seasons and winds, which recurred every year and of which if they were mariners they could not fail to have taken advantage in every voyage they performed. It is likewise certain that vessels frequenting either coast, would accidentally be caught by either monsoon, and driven across

the open sea to the opposite shore, if they happened to be a few days too early, or too late in the season for the voyage in which they were engaged. That this had happened, and that there was a direct passage by the monsoons in use, between the opposite continents—Africa and India—before the Greeks had adopted it has already been noticed from the *Periplus* and finally proved." In accordance with *Kantilya* also we learn that the captains, oarsmen and the crew were excellent mariners with an accurate knowledge of the study of the signs of stars, the movement of the tides, the course of the currents, the safe routes, the coming of storm, etc.

Surrounded by the sea on three sides it is not wonderful that Indians should have evinced a spirit and zeal for adventures on the sea to the great admiration of foreigners and enemies. Complex internal forces disintegrated the harmony of the different rulers, and with the least resistance, more powerful foreigners settled in the land. The zeal has flagged indeed. But necessity is the mother of inventions as well as the mother of rejuvenation. Did not India possess all the materials and motive power necessary for a navy, and does she not possess them now? Did she not attain a high state of proficiency in the past in Astronomy, Meteorology, Geography and Navigation and can she not now attain the same? These are questions that touch the very heart of every Indian. If these would profitably touch the mind of every true-born Britisher, oh! how glorious the Empire would grow in strength, wealth and power! The whole world cannot possibly shape the foundations of such an Empire, with a dependency made as strong as any of the great nations.

## SONNET.

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I long for fame and gold whose dazzling rays  
 Infect my heart, whose each fresh longing chill's  
 My better part ; these dusty toys, these ills  
 In polished walls, in vain shall charm my days ;  
 Till Sov'reign Fate, my Destiny that sways,  
 Illumes my path, my soul inflames, and thrills  
 With burning love my mortal clay, and fills  
 With keener zest my hopes for happier days.  
 When I have on the rosary of my life,  
 Told all the beads of joy from grief I stole,  
 I shall return where I had first begun,  
 For Death, and Birth that leads to human strife,  
 Are inlets, outlets to the same where soul  
 In higher fields enjoys a purer sun.

*Simla.*

S. M. IHSAN ALI.

## THE WIFE OF LA FAYETTE.

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There is a remote spot in Paris, far from the fashionable streets, frequented by tourists, that, on the 4th of July, is the object of an American pilgrimage. Long before the war, I remember seeing in this far away country a flat grave stone, on which is inscribed the name of la Fayette ; above floated the stars and stripes and on the slab lay visiting cards with pencilled words of gratitude from American visitors.

Since the United States entered the great war, this yearly pilgrimage has assumed greater importance and the whitero-bed, red-mantled Sisters, who guard the enclosures, marvel at the excellent attitude of the grey soldiers as, early on the 4th of July, they troop through the garden to the cemetery beyond. It is the one day in the whole year, where the tramp of military pilgrims breaks the conventual silence, but these soldiers were the friends of France in her hour of need, and their passage creates a flutter of sympathy among the kindly Sisters.

After a new flag and fresh flowers had been left at the grave, speeches were made and good wishes exchanged for the triumph of "the Cause", then the visitors departed, a veil of silence dropt over the Convent; the garden,

and the graves, only the tragic memories that haunt the place remained. We who know it well, sometimes wonder if these American soldiers realize the worth of the woman who sleeps by the side of La Fayette ; also, if any of them are familiar with the dramatic story of this unique burial place? Yet the wife of La Fayette has a distinct claim on their interests. She was married to him when a child and till her death in 1807, she loved him, helped him, suffered for him, was proud of him and, we may add, died for him ; her health having been hopelessly destroyed by her voluntary imprisonment in the Austrian dungeon, where he was buried alive. At a turning point in her history, when the shadow of death fell across her path, she was saved from the scaffold by the secret agency of Gouverneur Morris, the representative of the American Government, who thus repaid to the wife, the husband's services to the cause of independence.

To some amongst us, Madame de La Fayette is the most sympathetic character of the two. From an American standpoint, La Fayette is simply a chivalrous hero, who left a position of ease, to fight for an oppressed people and who sacrificed his fortune and risked his life to secure the independence of the States.

The part he played at home is more complex and, in the eyes of those to whom the French Revolution of 1789 appears, on the whole, as a hideous mistake, he is less of a hero.

In America, he championed a righteous cause ; in France, his dream of a golden age of liberty and brotherhood, blinded his mental vision to the dangers ahead. Reform was needed, but revolution was a greater evil than the abuses it professed to destroy, and the erection

of the "guillotine" throughout France proved the danger of the theories that La Fayette helped to make popular.

Close to his grave in the Picpus cemetery is an enclosure, where in the space of six weeks, in the summer of 1794, more than thirteen hundred headless bodies were thrust. Among these victims were peasants and workmen, harmless folk, to whom the old "regime" and its abuses, was kinder than the republican reign of Terror.

It was to one of these martyred women that the young Marquise de La Fayette owed the training that made her a singularly perfect character. She was the second daughter of the Duke d'Ayen of the noble house de Noailles, whose wife, Henriette d'Agnesseau, was very different to the conventional eighteenth century great lady, Melle d'Agnesseau. She came from a family of magistrates and was as grave and as devout as her husband was brilliant and witty. He represented the courtier of the old "regime", charming and frivolous, she had a touch of Jansenistic austerity, softened however by a tenderness that spent itself on the five daughters who worshipped her. The stately hotel de Noailles stood where the "rue d'Alger" now runs, and here the Duchess and her little girls generally lived, while the Duke d'Ayen was absorbed by his duties as a soldier and as a courtier, and seldom left the, to him, more congenial atmosphere of Versailles.

The duchess was a wise and loving mother, she kept herself informed of every detail of her girls' education, read with them, talked to them, treated them as her friends, allowed them to express their thoughts

and feelings freely; thus she remained throughout life their guide and counsellor.

Like all the girls of their time, rank and nationality, they married at an age, when our twentieth century maidens are still in the school room. The eldest became the wife of her cousin, the Vicomte de Nouilles, the second was Madame de La Fayette, the third, Madame de Thezan, who died young, the fourth, the Marquise de Montagu, the fifth, the Comtesse de Grammont. With the exception of the third sister, whose premature death saved her from its horrors, the daughters of the Duchess d' Ayeu suffered grievously during the Revolution, but the training they had received made them strong enough to stand the blast of adversity without being either broken or embittered by its rough treatment. Adrienne, the wife of La Fayette, was only fourteen, when, in 1774, she married the lad of eighteen, who was, in 1777, to take service in America, much to the scandal of his family. The Duke d' Ayeu openly blamed his departure, but the little bride, although she shed many tears in secret, showed a brave face to the world lest her sorrow should add to the unpopularity of the man she loved. We may add that this unpopularity was short lived and that when, in 1779, La Fayette returned to France on leave, he was received with enthusiasm.

Meantime, the young Marquise, a girl in her teens, remained under her mother's wing. Politically the Duchess d' Ayeu and her son-in-law held very different opinions, but her open mind and large heart made her value the generous impulse that prompted a man who was wealthy, young and beloved, to draw his sword in

favour of a cause that he deemed worthy of aid. She probably thought the material risk he incurred was less to be dreaded than the moral evils attending a life of idleness at home. During his absence, his wife was her first care and, supported by her mother's wise tenderness, the young Marquise bravely bore the separation and smilingly faced the criticisms of the world on what was considered a quixotic undertaking.

In 1783, La Fayette, having returned to France definitely, he, his wife and their three children : Anastasie, George Washington, and Virginie, removed from the Hotel de Noailles to a house that the General had bought in what is now the "rue de Lille", but the intimacy between the duchess and her daughter continued as strong and tender as before. The political horizon was troubled and signs of a social upheaval were now visible. Strangely enough, the larger proportion of men and women belonging to the higher classes, seemed blind to these alarming symptoms, indeed many of them, among others, La Fayette and his brother-in-law, the Vicomte de Noailles, believed in the speedy reform of abuses and the peaceful reign of liberty and brotherhood. M. de Montagu and M. de Grammont, who had married the Duchess d' Ayeu's younger daughters, held other views and their belief that reforms, imprudently advocated and hurriedly carried out, must lead to revolution, was too truly justified some years later. The duchess herself had a prophetic sense of coming disasters, and, while she indulgently listened to the optimistic views of her surroundings, she prepared her daughters and herself to face whatever trials the future held in store.



In 1791 La Fayette having given his demission as Commander of the National Guard, retired with his family to his birthplace, the Château of Chavagnac, in a mountainous region of Auvergne. Here, the Duchess d'Ayen and her eldest daughter visited them, and although exhausted by the strain of the last three years, Madame de La Fayette gave herself up to the joy of the unreserved intercourse that had been the blessing of her life. She seems to have caught her husband's optimism, for she owned that no shadow of coming catastrophies darkened this meeting: I hoped to "see my mother again soon", she wrote many years later, "so there was nothing violent about a separation, that was, however, to be the last! How many years of my life would I give to see her again, even for one hour!"

War had been declared between France and the allied powers, who had taken up arms against the Revolution and, in March, 1792, La Fayette was appointed Commander-in-Chief of one of the three armies that were to defend the frontier. But even his optimism was now shattered by the deeds of violence of the new "regime" and he courageously protested against the excesses of the extreme party. This led to his arrest in August, 1792, and his execution would probably have followed, if he had not fled the country.

At home, he was out-lawed as an "Aristocrat" whereas in the eyes of the allied powers, Prussia and Austria, he was a dangerous democrat and, as such, he was imprisoned by the Emperor in the fortress of Olmutz.

His wife knew he was alive, but except, occasionally from the American minister, she had no news from the

prisoner; France was in a state of anarchy and her days at Chavagnac, between an aged aunt and her own children, passed drearily enough. The country neighbours had mostly left the country or else they remained concealed at home, to avoid persecution. For weeks together, snow covered the ground and, from Paris, came in January, news of the execution of Louis XVI. It threw a lurid light over the condition of the country, where a blood-thirsty minority now reigned supreme. La Fayette's youngest daughter, Virginie, in a *Life of her mother* written many years later, tells us that although filled with anxiety, time passed not unhappily. "My mother did her best that we should suffer as little as possible. We were her constant occupation, she provided amusements for us and watched over our education as she would have done in more peaceful times". She read with her girls, walked out with them and endeavoured to make these young lives, cast in such stormy times, as bright as was in her power. Her own personality, so brave and yet so tender, was one to radiate her surroundings wherever she passed, it made a lasting impression and some of the rabid revolutionists of Auvergne, owned that she was a "good woman."

As time went on and the "reign of terror" became more firmly established, Madame de La Fayette, who was only prisoner on parole in her own home was, in September, 1793, transferred to the prison of the neighbouring town of Brionde.

She faced this ordeal with her usual courage, but the parting from her children tried her sorely. Now and then, during the winter, they were able to visit her secretly, and the remembrance of these stolen

interviews remained deeply impressed on their minds. Their mother taught them to pray, to trust in God, to accept His will and she made them promise that, in the event of her death, they would try and join their father. The ladies of the old "noblesse", who filled the prison, were inclined to look coldly upon the wife of La Fayette, whose attitude at the outset of the revolution was supposed to have unchained its violence but, in the space of a few days, our heroine's helpfulness, kindness and patience made her universally popular. When, at the end of May, an order came to remove her to Paris, her fellow sufferers were in despair; they knew that, during that fatal summer, the prisoners, who were summoned to appear before the revolutionary tribunal might be considered as doomed to certain death. The 'guillotine' was in daily use, the Paris prisons filled to overflowing and on an average, fifty persons were executed daily. The victims were not judged, but simply sentenced by a tribunal presided by a monster of cruelty, Fouquier Tinville. The story of the reign of Terror reads like a nightmare, it weighed on the poor more heavily even than on the rich and we find it now difficult to believe that for weeks and months the bloody work went on without exciting a rebellion or a protest!

Anastasie, our heroine's eldest daughter, decided to accompany her mother and started for le Suy, to procure the necessary papers. They were brutally refused and the girl returned to Chavagnac "in despair." However Mr. Frestel, George de La Fayette's tutor, succeeded in obtaining a passport, to Melun where the American Minister, Gouverneur Morris was living, and by starting

immediately, he was able to solicit the American diplomat's good offices on behalf of Madame de la Fayette before she arrived in Paris. She always attributed her escape from the "guillotine" to the secret influence of her husband's American friends. For obvious reasons, there exists no official proof of their exertions, but it was certainly owing to them that so conspicuous a prisoner was not immediately brought before the tribunal.

Instead of being taken from Brionde to Paris in an open cart, she was driven, in his own carriage by the Captain of the "Gendarmerie of Brionde a republican official who was won by her simplicity and courage. It is characteristic of her that before accepting his offer she inquired if there was any chance of her being able to escape on the way; "if so" she added, "I will not accept your proposal as, on no account, would I expose your life." He assured her that escape on the way was, in any case, impossible and, after giving her children a last blessing, she started. At first, the journey was quiet enough but when the travellers approached Paris, hostile crowds surrounded the carriage and insulted its occupants. With her scrupulous delicacy the Marquise avoided any word that might increase her companion's emotion; she saw that he hated the idea of delivering her in to the hands of her enemies and that at a word, from her, he would let her escape. She sternly conquered the temptation to say the word, though she afterwards owed to her children that when she remembered their desolate condition, she could hardly resist working on her companion's sympathy and thereby endangering his life.

In Paris Madame de La Fayette was taken to one of the most crowded prisons "le Plessis" once a College,

situated on the Montagne St. Genevieve, where her husband had been educated.

It was filled with courtiers and great ladies, boys and girls, peasants and workmen, humble folk, who were arrested, condemned and beheaded without realising how they had offended. About twenty prisoners from Plessis left daily to appear before the tribunals, whence the same day, they were sent to the "guillotine."

Among those who were waiting for their turns was our heroine's first cousin, the duchess de Duras, as brave and resigned as herself, and in the neighbouring prisons of the Luxembourg were detained the duke and duchess de Mouchy, Madame de Duras' parents, to whom she was devotedly attached and also Madame de La Fayette's mother, grandmother and eldest sister. These five members of the noble House de Noailles were to die on the guillotine. The first to be sentenced were the Marechal de Mouchy and his wife, their dignity, patience and advanced age won for them the reverence of their fellow captives. When they were taken to death the old soldiers, hearing a voice in the crowd call out: "Courage Monsieur le Marechal," answered. "When I was sentenced I went to battle for my King, now at the age of eighty years, I go to the scaffold for my God, I am not to be pitied."

Noble words that were quoted even by the revolutionary papers. The duke and duchess of Mouchy were executed on the 27th of June, and the duchess de Duras, who occasionally received secret messages from her father, noticed that her companions looked at her with affectionate compassion. It was Madame de La Fayette who early next day informed her of her loss, the duchess owns that the only thought that could make her

sorrow bearable was her convictions that she would, after a brief interval, join those for whom she wept and more than ever, she prepared herself for death.

A month later, a vague report spread that other members of the Noailles family had perished. The report was kept from Madame de la Fayette till the duchess de Duras ascertained that on the 22nd of July, our heroine's mother, grandmother and elder sister had been executed. The story of this tragedy stands out with peculiar pathos among the episodes of the reign of Terror, contemporary accounts tell us of the elder woman's dignity and devout resignation, and how the Vicomtesse de Noailles, looked like an angel, dressed in white and wholly occupied in encouraging her companions Madame de la Fayette, whose grief was intense, afterwards owned to her children that the thought of her own probable execution was almost sweet to her at that moment, the idea that she would follow her beloved ones took away from the horror of, the final tragedy and her thoughts were fixed on the world beyond, where they were at rest.

Only a few days after this execution came the fall of Robespierre and the end of the reign of Terror. But Madame de la Fayette remained in prison till the winter, when, probably owing to the exertions of the new American Minister, Monroe, she was transferred to a private house, where she was less harshly treated, although still considered a prisoner. Here, for the first time since the 22nd of July, a ray of comfort entered her soul. Her submission to God's decrees had never wavered, but sorrow for her mother and sister weighed her down until she was visited by an old man, under the disguise of a carpenter.

From the lips of this venerable priest she then heard all the details of her mother and sister's imprisonment and death, how he had followed them to the foot of the Guillotine, witnessed their calmness, sweetness and courage and realised that they recognized him under his disguise and valued the presence of their old friend.

In January, 1795, Madame de la Fayette was, at last set free. She immediately sent her boy to the United States, to the care of General Washington, and with her two daughters, started to join her husband. After many difficulties that were smoothed away by the good offices of her American friends, she was permitted to share La Fayette's imprisonment in the fortress of Olmutz, in Moravia, where she had been assured by the Emperor of Austria, her husband was "well cared for."

Without being informed of his family's presence, La Fayette saw the three women enter the damp, low cell, where, since an unlucky attempt to escape the previous year, he was buried alive. He was now a grey haired, emaciated middle-aged man, he knew little or nothing of events in France and, at first, seemed hardly to realize his wife's arrival. By degrees, she told him of the reign of Terror and of their own losses and, after a few days, she had the joy of seeing him revive under the influence of her presence. The material conditions were deplorable at Olmutz and Madame de la Fayette, whom the Emperor had authorized to write to him directly, endeavoured to mitigate hardships that seemed unnecessary. The list of her requirements are modest: she asked for knives and forks, for permission to assist at Mass on Sundays and for a woman servant instead of soldiers, as housemaid. No answer was vouchsafed to her petitions and; to the end,

she and her girls were treated like the General: they never left the unwholesome cells, where they were confined and they had to eat with their fingers. These privations were borne with smiling courage, the devoted wife could quietly, for once, enjoy the society of the man she adored and the two girls were bright and cheerful; they mended their own and their parent's clothes, they never complained and their youth carried them triumphantly through the ordeal.

It was different with their mother; she was thoroughly content with her lot, but her physical strength had been severely tried for the last few years and it gave way under the unwholesome conditions of her prison life. Want of exercise and of pure air brought on a form of scurvy, wounds broke out on her legs and arms, and, much against her will, she finally yielded to the general desire and asked the Emperor's permission to consult a physician in Vienna. The answer was curt and decisive: if once she left the fortress, she would never re-enter it. This settled the matter. "Never," she wrote, "will I risk the horror of another separation."

However, friends from the outside were secretly informed of the barbarous treatment inflicted on the three women and an active campaign was started on their behalf in America, Great Britain and France. Madame de la Fayette's relations corresponded with Gouverneur Morris and the wifely devotion of our heroine enlisted many sympathies in her favor.

Some months passed before the Austrian Government consented to negotiate, but after long delays, on September 17th, 1797, La Fayette was allowed to leave Olmutz,



The tragic position of Madame de la Fayette's life was now at an end; she spent some months in Holland and actually, when order was restored in France, returned to her own country, where after so many vicissitudes, she settled down to a home life of tranquil happiness. Her three children married according to her wishes and her tender womanly nature found its delight in the country occupations that brought her into touch with the peasants, who loved her. Her moated manor house of Lagrange like her old home at Chavagnac, were centres of active charity, where the poor and afflicted found a warm welcome.

In 1807, the old trouble began at Olmutz, broke out again and on Christmas Eve, Madame de la Fayette breathed her last, with her husband's hand tightly clasped in her own and her children kneeling round her bed.

She was buried at Picpus, near to the small enclosure, where in a sand pit, lie the thirteen hundred victims executed, in the summer of 1794 on the adjoining place. The cemetery, where she rests, was, owing to her exertions and to those of her sisters, bought and consecrated to its present use. Only the descendants of the victims of the reign of Terror are privileged to be buried in this unique resting place, close to the martyred dead.

BARBARA DE COURSON.

IRELAND AND INDIA.  

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Though miles apart and differing entirely in race, creed and language, Ireland and India have in common extraordinary similarities and contrasts. The one is a small island on the fringe of the Atlantic, and the other a large continent mostly in the tropics. Ireland has a population of nearly four and a half millions whilst India approaches very nearly three hundred and fifty millions. Perhaps the most wonderful of all is the striking similarity in the political aspect of both countries at the present time. Clouds loom on the political horizon portending a gathering storm, and it behoves the frail barque Empire to sail guardedly close-reefed through the seething water.

It may be well here to give a brief outline of how both countries became absorbed in the British Empire. Nearly eight centuries ago, an English King, supported by a papal Bull landed in Ireland to harmonise the warring elements. Long and bitter was the struggle, now on the point of success, now on the point of failure. At one time the pale—all the country possessed by the English—was represented by a few miles radius around Dublin. Then Cromwell and the plantations restored the fortunes of war, and at one time there remained for the Irish either "Hell or Connanght." Still the struggle went on, unti

the Act of Union in the beginning of the 19th century, when Ireland became more or less absorbed in the British Isles.

Little more than two centuries ago, Clive and Warren Hastings laid the foundation of the British rule in India. Here it was a case of an aggressive defence of mercantile rights legally obtained. The struggle was an unequal one from the start, and the hardy Western, even with numbers ridiculously small, always came out on top. Arcot and Plassey are typical examples. The aggressive defence policy led to a progressive absorption until in the middle of the 19th Century Queen Victoria was styled Empress of India.

In both countries the progress of education and civilisation has wrought similar changes, so that the corresponding political parties have practically the same ideas and the same ideals. The Loyalists of India are one in heart and mind with the Unionists of Ireland. Both want the continuance of the "status quo" inasmuch as their continued peace, prosperity and happiness are wound up in the powers that be.

The Nationalists of Ireland and the Moderates stand on exactly the same platform. Both aim at being an autonomous integral portion of the British Empire, and both work along the constitutional lines of legitimate political agitation. The Moderates of India as well as the Nationalists of Ireland see only too well the enormous advantages to be gained by this absorption in the Empire. It does away with all difficulties of fleets and land armies, gives them a unique position in diplomatic and international relations and finally procures for them the most lucrative and substantial financial arrangements.

The Extreme party in India and the Sinn Féiners in Ireland are almost completely identical. The war cry of the Extremists is 'India for the Indians', whilst the slogan of the Sinn Féiners is:—"Sinn Féin Sinn Féin Ainain" (ourselves, ourselves alone). Their methods are the same and both more or less openly advocate physical force and complete separation. Not only are their method and ideas the same, but both parties are composed of the same type of individual—the semi-educated, the discontented and the needy. The leaders of the Sinn Féin movement in Ireland can always harp on England's tyranny in the past, hold out the hopes of a future millenium, and the crowd of followers is always guaranteed. The leaders of the Extremist in India can with very little difficulty obtain an enormous following by working on the ignorance, superstition and religious fanaticism of the bulk of the nation. After all it is the bulk of the nation—the peasant—that counts. Here again we have a wonderful similarity between the Indian and the Irish peasantry. They are both improvident. The Indian has two crops a year and never dreams of putting by for a rainy day. The result is that famine and drought when they come along, as they do periodically, create enormous havoc. There is very little difference in the cry of the two peoples. The Irish peasant trusts in the Lord to provide, whilst the Indian backs Khuda or lays the blame on Kismet.

The love of bargaining in the East is well-nigh proverbial. Exorbitant and ridiculous prices are asked and quoted. Yet the buyer and seller eventually come down to real values. They have plenty of time, little energy, and a sale is looked upon as a contest of wits. The same

love of bargaining is apparent in Ireland. Here is a typical example.

At a horse fair the owner and buyer were sticking out for their own prices. The owner looked with apparent indifference at the seven final departures of the purchaser. The would-be purchaser returned once again to the fray:—

“Will you take the eighty pounds I’m giving you and sell the animal?”

“No, nor ninety-nine. Devil a half penny less than the hundred I’ll be having.”

“There hold out your hand,” and giving the hand a resounding smack the buyer said:—

“I’ll give you ninety, in order not to break the word of that decent man behind you.”

The owner looked around and could see no one.

“Sure I’m spaking about the man who isn’t there but should be in order to halve the difference.”

• Superstition is another common link between the two peoples. Ireland is essentially a land of Banshees, Leprechauns, Headless Carriages, and Jack-o-the-Lanterns, whilst every stick or stone in India is either a God or a devil. Again Roman Catholicism, the creed of the vast bulk of the Irish people, is essentially Eastern in its incense, its flowers, its candles, its pictures and statutes of saints, its precious vestments, and elaborate ceremonial.

Finally both people like to dwell fondly on a glorious past, and to revel in a vaunted pre-historic civilization. They are both likewise hero-worshippers and any man of

striking personality or parts becomes for the time being their uncrowned king. De Valera and Gandhi are cases in point. And they are both intensely patriotic in a more or less spiritual way which appeals to their imaginations and makes a profound impression on their mercurial temperaments.

T.F.O'DONNELL.

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### MY HEART.

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Oh! tell me my heart where you wander and haunt,  
Where the sweets of your happiness throng?—  
I roam on the hills, in the vales, in the dales,  
On the wings of the *Kokila's* song.  
On the fragrance of roses I flow and I dance  
With the dainty delight of the spring,  
I laugh with the bloom of the *bélâ* and move  
With the joy of the *shrāvana* swing.  
I dance with the dew on the lap of a rose,  
With the pollen of lily I gleam,  
I float on the wavelets of Time with the muse  
And glint on the rippling stream  
The hue of the *hena* I kiss on her hands,  
In the heart of a maiden I dream;  
I sip the sweet honey of hope from the lips  
Of a bride, in her laughter I gleam.  
I sleep with the flowers of lilies that close  
When the veil of the evening falls,  
I wake with sweet love in the heart of a maid  
At her spring season's gladdening calls.  
I sigh in the tears of a widow and haunt  
All the gloom of her misery's woe,  
In the dark of despair I sit silent awhile,  
In the gladness of life then I glow.

RAM CHANDRA.

## STRONGER THAN LOVE.

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He sits at the low harmonium and lets his fingers run warmly over the keys, waiting for her, who had long ago turned all his life to music.

Why has she not come today? Never before in the five years he has known her has she failed to be present for his daily visit, without sending him some kind message for his comfort!

Her name is Shivanditti—a favourite name among Hindu women; but for the blind Mohammedan musician she is always Ranee—for is she not queen of his heart? And so he calls today: “Ranee, my Ranee, why do you hide your presence from your slave? He is longing to hear the soft fall of your footsteps on the mat. Come quickly.....!”

Evening falls and obedient to the cry of the muezzin he rises and makes his way into the open, turning instinctively towards the sunset.

He prays with fervour, and half-unconsciously his prayer becomes more intense—he hears a departing raven’s fitful croak.

“Allah!” he says as he is about to rise—“Some misfortune draws near to me. I know it. Help me! O Allah, help me!”

\* \* \* \* \*

It is the last lesson.

He sits at her side while she plays with a slightly feverish rendering the long, rich oft-recurring notes of some old classical music.

He makes few comments but these in a manner well-calculated to make a deep impression.

"Blind am I, my Ranee, but be sure I am not deaf.....Beware of letting thy feelings of the moment affect the expression of the eternal feeling in the music... ..Train thyself to forget everything when those dost seat thyself at this instrument.....Forget thyself and the music will live; remember thyself and the music will die in the soil of thy weakness and immaturity....."

Long after does Shivanditti keep these words of her old musician in her heart, and, forgetting herself and her troubles, draws immense comfort from her music.

When the lesson is over she speaks to him and says:

"I am going away."

"Yes, I know."

She is not surprised. He always knows before-hand of anything which deeply concerns her,

"I am going to be married, Mir Allum!"

"Ah! .....Will it be to someone in this city?"

"Yes."

"And he... ..is it.....?"

"Yes, Mir Allum, it is. Thou must either forgive thine enemy or never see Ranee again."

"He is the enemy of my blood."

"Yes, but am I not the friend of thy soul? Has blood the greater claim, Mir Allum?"

"Nay, Saheba, it has not, but there is another stronger reason why I cannot see thee more....."

She looks up questioningly for one moment. But even with his sightless eyes his face is as a book. No need



is there for him to tell her, that although he himself might never wed with her, it would be an insupportable pain to see her—wed—perhaps unhappily—with another. The sweetness of intimate intercourse must cease for ever. He can bear to be parted from her bodily: it would be impossible to meet her daily and strive to break the bonds that unite their souls! Her eyes fill with tears.

Modernism has helped her cast aside many insignificant laws of caste and creed but this unwritten law of deepest importance remains unchanged. She may take her learning from the brains of Islam, but woe betide her if she seeks to win the affections of its hearts.

Learning must be prized and paid for—affections cast aside as worthless.

He puts out both his hands and passes them lightly, lovingly over her face and head. Then he takes her hands and they stand together in the silent, undemonstrative farewell of the East.

Is even hope in their hearts of re-union in a world to come? Who knows? The heaven of a Hindu and a Mohamadan may not even touch, they think.

They part—and neither perhaps dreams but it will be for ever.

\* \* \* \* \*

The street shimmers in a glory of lights and fantastic colours. The air tosses heavily with the conflicting scents of flowers and sweetmeats. The walls of the two or three-storied buildings shut in the various sounds of singing and shouting, the beating of drums and cymbals, together with the lower yet most unmistakable wagging of tongues in gossip.

It is a great day within the city. Shrivanditti, the beautiful young Hindu woman, has at last been married.

Here rides the bridegroom on a white horse, accompanied by his nearest relations, and family friends.

Here comes the bride, hidden within the curtains of a gorgeous palanquin, surrounded by her few living relations. Behind drive many rich and noble guests. Last struggle the great throngs of the uninvited, while from many an old carved wood balcony stares a host of curious on-looking eyes.....

Within her palanquin the bride looks pale seeing none of these things, paying no heed to the ear-piercing waves of sound.

She sees always a strong, dark face lighting up with indescribable radiance at the touch of her hand or the tones of her voice ; sees the sightless eyes turn always towards her with instinctive direction ; hears only a kind yet masterly voice chiding, advising or encouraging her—so different from these voices raised only in flattery, ready any time behind her back to tear her to pieces !.....

Ah ! Bleed if thou will, O, noble heart of a Hindu woman, but make no moan. Keep thy sorrow for thyself. Thy gods have long since decreed thy destiny ! This time thy bridegroom rides in front and thou behind. But times must change and the time will come when he shall ride, with one he knows and loves beside—no slave but one whom the enlightenment and wisdom of both East and West, combined with all a woman's inherent charm and sympathy of understanding will render truly worthy to be his wife, his comrade, and his guide.

## THE BRIDE.

A PLAY IN ONE Act.

*Translated by Mrs. P. E. Richards from the Punjabee with the help of  
the author.*

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*Persons of the play.*

Lajo	...	...	...	A little girl aged six.
Melo	...	...	...	Her sister, aged seventeen.
Hushiarchand	...	...	...	Her father.
Kauran	...	...	...	Her mother.
Basant	...	...	...	Melo's friend.
An old woman				
A barberess				
A little boy.				
A Pandha	...	...	...	(Marriage priest)

PLACE.—A village in the Punjab.

TIME.—The present.

SCENE.—A large room adjoining to which is a smaller one. Kauran, a woman of about thirty five years, is seated on a *Pihri*\* spinning; by her side an old woman is sitting idly. Melo is also seated on a *Pihri*, embroidering a *Phulkári*†. Lajo is squatting on a *Charpai* playing with her dolls.

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\* *Pihri*—A Punjabi short legged stool.

† *Phulkári*—An embroidered head drapery.

KAURAN.—True, *Bebe*\*, the bad custom is becoming prevalent among us. People now marry their girls when they are grown quite old. Look now, Karmon did not marry her girl until she was eighteen years old. It is only now that Bhagan has betrothed her daughter, and she as tall as a roof.

OLD W.—It's no fault of the women, the men are to blame.

KAU.—In old days girls had hardly reached four or five years when they were married. Just see, I do not even remember my own marriage.

OLD W.—*Bhainen*,† the times are changed. This is the iron age and no one will listen to women, and men do as they please. My whole life is spent in racking my brains. Two months hence my granddaughter Durgo will be just five years, and for my part I have already found a boy‡ for her, but her father will not agree.

KAU.—What of that? Our own Melo, bless her, is already seventeen, but her father is indifferent.

OLD W.—The truth is that you yourself are indifferent. If you pressed him every moment would he not take the matter in hand?

KAU.—I am weary of pressing him. He only replies "to-morrow, to-morrow." This putting off has been going on for so long.

OLD W.—The times are wicked. When Melo's father comes home, press him again and again. Who would keep grown up girls at home? Wise men have rightly said that a girl should live in her father-in-law's house.

KAU.—*Bebe*, my life is withered with this anxiety. Night and day this same care haunts me.

OLD W.—But for the present you can do nothing, unfortunately, for tomorrow *Singat*§ begins—so *Partani*|| tells me.

\* *Bebe*—An appellation or form of address for an elderly female.

† *Bhainen*—Sister.

‡ *Boy*—Husband.

§ *Singat*—See note 1 at the end.

|| *Partani*—The wife of a priest.

KAU.—I am at a loss to know what to do. I have asked him many times but he just replies, "yes, yes." He talks much, but he does nothing.

OLD W.—Very well, when I see him I will open his ears (*footsteps are heard*).

KAU.—Perhaps it is he who is coming. Do you talk to him on this very matter, and I will join in.

OLD W.—No, no, sister, this is not the proper time. No, no, some other day, some other day. Now I must go, my son will be waiting for me.

(*Enter Hushiarchand.*)

OLD W.—(*rises, drawing her head draper, further over her face*)  
Brother, take this *Pihri*.

HUSH.—Seat yourself Bebe, seat yourself. Why are you in a hurry  
(*Enter a small boy.*)

BOY—*Dádi, Dádi?*! My father calls you. Come soon, he is going away on some business.

OLD W.—Go on, my child, I'm coming. I had already said my son would be wanting me.

(*Exit old woman and boy.*)

KAU.—Father of Melo, I am not pleased with you. I have talked to you a thousand times about our girl, and all that I say slips past your ears. Melo, bless her, is now seventeen or eighteen but you are quite unconcerned about her marriage.

HUSH.—(*drawing the stool towards him with his foot and sitting fanning himself with the end of his shirt*) You talk unreasonably. Is our girl more yours than mine? Am not I also aware that she has grown old? You little know how long I have been searching. How could I do anything until I found a good family?

KAU.—The thing that troubles me is what the world will say of us. Just now Bebe was talking with me and she particularly urged me.

HUSH.—Bebe knows only how to talk, she cannot do anything for you. That is the way with women, when they meet they talk of this or that, they've nothing else to do.

KAU.—You always blame us, but after all talk we must. If men meet do they not talk? But tell me about.....*Khasmí khání dá\**, I have forgotten. The word is on my tongue—yes, yes, Jandepura! You sent the *Rajah†* there, what have you heard?

HUSH.—I was about to tell you when I came in, but you were so full of what Bebe had been saying and other useless things.

KAU.—All right, tell me then.

HUSH.—I have just seen *Rajah*, he met me on the way.

KAU.—Why didn't you bring him with you? I might then have heard every thing from his own mouth.

HUSH.—He was coming here when I met him, and as I was on business I took him with me. As for hearing it from his own mouth, I will tell you just what he said. "It is by good fortune" he said that you have found such a good family. They are very rich. God has well provided for them. They have a large family. They are of good birth. They command respect in their own village and in surrounding.....

KAU.—Thank God, I am relieved of the anxiety that has troubled me by night and day.

HUSH.—How well has God helped us in this matter. That which proceeds slowly ends well. You were very impatient, but impatience accomplishes nothing. Melo is favoured and all will be well now because of her good fortune.

KAU.—Bless him, how old is he? Is he a bachelor or a widower?

HUSH.—(*raises his hand to silence her.* To Melo) *Kákí‡*, go, we have some business.

MELO.—I am embroidering my *phulkári*. Wait awhile.

KAU.—Can you not embroider afterwards? Go my good girl.

MELO.—What is the business?

HUSH.—Go and see Partani. Ask her to send her husband as soon as he comes home.

\* *Khasmí khání dá*—See note 2.

*Rajah*—See note 3.

‡ *Kákí*—See note 4.

MELO.—Which Partani?

KAU.—Are there twenty Partanis? The wife of Budha Pandha that same Partani.

MELO.—I don't know exactly where her house is.

KAU.—Go at once. Take Basanto with you, she knows it.

(Exit Melo.)

HUSH.—I was going to say—

LAJO—(*slides off the charpai, picks up the phulkári and crosses with it to Kauran*). Mother, may I not embroider this *phulkári*? I like to do that.

KAU.—No, no, you will spoil it. You must first learn from your sister and then do it.

LAJO—I will learn it afterwards. Let me do it now. I want to do it.

HUSH.—Sarmunni\* Keep silence. Let us speak.

LAJO—(*whimpering*) Then why don't you let me do the *phulkári*.

KAU.—Don't be angry with her, she's but a child (to Lajo) *Khasmará Khini*†, do it then, but take care not to spoil it.

LAJO—(*skips with pleasure, puts on the phulkári and walks away admiring herself*) It looks very pretty.

KAU.—Hain! What are you doing? Don't spoil it.

LAJO.—I must have it. I like it very much (*sits down on pihri and embroiders a corner of it*).

HUSH.—I sent Melo away that we might talk a little, and now this troublesome child interrupts us.

KAU.—Never mind; then tell me—is he a widower or a bachelor?

HUSH.—You know very well that bachelors in good families do not remain unmarried long. You are now talking quite childishly.

KAU.—Then you mean he is a widower? Has he any children?

HUSH.—Only two sons and a daughter.

KAU.—That's not good. What will the people say? That we could not find a bachelor! Why did we marry our daughter to a widower?

\* Sarmunni—See note 5.

† Khasmará Khání—See note 6.

HUSH.—Let the people say what they will; that's their way. No one can please every body.

KAU.—I fear our relatives will put us to shame. We cannot stop people's tongues; they will talk about this in every home.

HUSH.—If you indulge in these scruples, the opportunity will be lost. We are just getting into touch with a high family, and you should be thankful for it. At this time he commands more than twenty offers and if—

KAU.—What about his income?

HUSH.—I have already told you they are very rich. He was a reader in the District Court. He owns lands, gardens and wealth and large estates. At least our girl will not be in want of food and clothing. A cow should be tethered where there is plenty of grass (*rises*).

KAU.—Yes—it seems all right. What do you say? But it is always difficult not to give people cause for gossip. However we are helpless. This is in the hands of destiny.

HUSH.—Surely our girl is very fortunate, and since she is fortunate she will be happy.

KAU.—But you have not told me about his caste.

HUSH.—Our castes are quite suitable. Every thing is all right, don't be anxious. I will tell you more of this matter another time I must go now and see the *Bawa*\*.

(*Exit Hushiarchand.*)

KAU.—Thank God! I am relieved of my anxiety. The girl will now go to her husband's house. It is as people say; God comes to one's help *from a pillar*†. When one is prosperous even a roasted corn will sprout. My days and nights have been filled with anxiety; so long have we been searching. But now that God favours us, all will be well. (*Stops her spinning and winds the thread, singing happily... she rises and*

\* *Bawa*—A village Sadhu.

† Reference to the famous legend of Parlá and his tyrannical father (means—unexpectedly).



wheels her spinning wheel to the back of the room and stands it against the wall).

LAJO.—(*Crosses to her mother trailing the phulkári, showing her work*). Look here, I have done it much better than Melo (*Pointing with her finger*) Isn't it very beautiful?

KAU.—What have you done? *Sir Khasam dá\**! Did I not tell you not to do it? You have spoilt it altogether.

LAJO.—No, mother, you don't know how to see. To me it looks very beautiful. I will embroider *phulkáris* for my dolls, to give them in dowry when they are married.

KAU.—Simple-minded child! Get your doll's head shaved! (*sits, drawing Lajo on to her knee*).

LAJO.—Do not abuse my dolls (*a knocking at the door is heard*).

VOICE (off).—*Bebeji! Bháji†!*

KAU.—Lajo, just see who is there. She seems to be the wife of the barber.

LAJO.—(*Goes to the door and comes back with a barberess, holding her by the skirt*) Mother, she is the same who came here some days ago.

KAU.—Come *Rani‡*, you have not seen us for a long time; how is it?

BARB.—Why *Bebe*, do you think we purposely avoid seeing those who feed us? It was because I was sent to Bhagtan's father-in-law's house (*sits on the floor, and gives a portion of the sweetmeat she had brought in to Lajo, who is sitting on Kauran's knee*).

KAU.—Hain, why do you sit on the ground? The head of the *pihri's* not aching, so sit on it. (*Indicating the sweetmeats*) From whom?

BARB.—It is because a son is born to Bhagtan. As you remember not long since *Ritan§* was performed. Her mother is very

\* *Sir Khasam dá*—See note 7.

† *Bháji*—See note 8.

‡ *Ráni*—See note 9.

§ *Ritán*—See note 10.

glad of it. She has distributed sweetmeats, and made arrangements for the singing. You also are invited. Yesterday the band was playing.

KAU.—Why not? It is the birth of a first grandson. She is very fortunate. So now Bhagtan too has become a mother, and she is the same age as our Melo (*shrugging her shoulders and throwing her hands out, thinking wistfully of Melo*). Think of it!

BARB.—Then why do you not get her married? Bless her, she too might have had a child.

KAU.—We have been searching for a long time, for we couldn't find a suitable match with a good family. But now, Melo's father after careful selection has succeeded in finding a boy—at—at—Jandepura, yes Jandepura.

BARB.—O—is it the same Jandepura that is close to my parent's village—I wonder.

KAU.—That I do not know, but I have heard it is in this direction some nineteen or twenty miles.

BARB.—Yes, yes, it is quite right, I remember it. Yes, there is one good family there.

KAU.—(*eagerly*) Can you tell me anything—

BARB.—I don't know anything for certain, as it is a long time since I was at that place; but I have heard many things. It is said they are very rich. He himself draws a pension.

KAU.—Draws a pension! But how old is the boy?

BARB.—I do not know definitely, but they say he has children.

KAU.—Melo's father told me the same thing, and I fear what the people will say. But can't you even guess at his age?

BARB.—Bless him, he must be pretty old. Two of his sons are already employed. One of them is reading in the ansunt (entrance examination) and last year he celebrated the marriage of his daughter.

KAU.—Hain? Hain? Thank God we have not sent in the *shagan*\*. Melo's father told me nothing of this.

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\*Shagan—See note II.

BARB.—But he owns a very large estate.

KAU.—Burn such an estate!—But I do not understand why he should marry at his age. He has already so many children.

BARB.—Bebe, there is a secret; why should I conceal it from you? When I was at my parents' house I heard it from my father. He often goes to that village because it is so close. It is said, that during a quarrel between the father and his sons, the eldest son taunted his father with the fact that at least there could be no rival to their inheritance. This angered the old man very much, and he therefore resolved to marry. The whole affair is merely the result of his obstinacy.

KAU.—(*Biting her finger and shaking her head*) Hain! Horrible. His wits are crazed in his old age. The doddering old fool. But—but Rani—do you believe that all this is true?

BARB.—O Bebe, what can I say? So I have heard.

KAU.—It—may—be—so. There must be some truth in it, since people talk about it.

BARB.—Well, well, Bebe, it all depends on the *Sanjog*\* (marriage-destiny) and we can do nothing. I must be going now. I have to go to many houses yet. To the houses of *Sarads*†, *Chowdri*, *Nauls*,———

KAU.—Hail! My life has come to much grief.

BARB.—Hain Bebe, why do you trouble yourself? We can find others. Has it ever happened that a girl remained unmarried? (*Rises*).

KAU.—(*rises*) Rani, listen to me. The affairs between you and us are secret as you know. Do not mention this matter to anyone, otherwise many will come to know of it, and honour once lost cannot be regained by thousands and *lakhs*.

BARB.—Be at ease. We are not people of that sort. We know the secrets of the whole world, and should we convey them to others what would happen?

\**Sanjog*—See note 12.

†*Sarads*, etc.—Different castes—here families only.

KAU.—All right, look to it, don't forget.

BARB.—Don't be anxious at all.

(Exit Barberess.)

KAU.—Oh! It must be the fruit of our past deeds. Whatever plan we think out, there is always some defect in it. Something was arranged after much searching and trouble, but it has proved quite unsuitable. And here is another anxiety, for if the barberess talks of this matter to any one, it will quickly spread. I ought not to have let her go without giving her something. I will go after her. (*Looks round and opens a box from which she takes a chunni\* and makes a bundle of rice*). Lajo, remain here. When your father comes tell him that I will soon be back.

LAJO.—No, no, I will go with you. I cannot sit here a'one.

KAU.—I shall soon be back; remain here. Here, take ~~me~~ sweets meats, and keep playing with your dolls.

LAJO.—(*Pleased with the sweetmeats*) All right, come soon (*skip-across to her dolls*).

(Exit Kauran.)

LAJO.—I will dress my dolls in new clothes (*takes them from her basket*). First this one (*she takes out a doll and places it on the ground*). Sit down (*the doll falls*). Are you displeased with me? (*Again tries to make it sit up*). See, I will give you sweetmeats. Sit down. (*The doll fall.*) Why—still displeased? Or just say straight out that you are sleepy. All right (*laying the doll flat on the ground and patting it with both hands*). All right, sleep, sleep (*takes out another and places it on the ground, it also falls*). What, are you also displeased? All rights I will marry you just now (*takes out two others; one is small and the other bigger. She looks at them critically*). With this or with that? With the small one (*placing them*

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\*Chunni—See note 13.

together to see if they suit). No, no, this won't do; the bigger one (*she changes them*).

(*Enter Hushiarchand.*)

HUSH.—Munni,\* where is your mother?

Lajo.—(*Startled, looking up in her father's face*) She said she would be soon back.

HUSH.—(*Smiling*) I ask where she is.

Lajo.—She told me she would be soon back, and that if your father comes tell him that she will be soon back.

HUSH.—What a simple-minded child. Go, call her. Bring her home.

Lajo.—Wait a while. I will go when I have put my dolls in their basket.

HUSH.—Go now. Go quickly.

Lajo.—(*Running off*) Bebe! Bebe!

HUSH.—She is always out. I do not understand why women cannot stay at home (*Re enter Lajo with Kauran*).

Lajo.—(*Pulling her mother in by the skirt*) Here, father; I have brought her. She was already coming slowly (*crosses to her dolls*).

HUSH.—Where have you been so long?

Kau.—Your behaviour to me is like poison. You have not spoken to me of things as they are. All that you tell me is false, and I am put to much grief by you.

HUSH.—What has become of you? Have you taken *bhang*†? Or has some evil spirit entered you? Why do make so much noise for nothing?

Kau.—What fearful thing would have happened, had she not told me the truth? You have seared my heart.

HUSH.—But tell me what you mean?

Kau.—Listen! One word. The sun may rise in the west and set in the east, but you shall not cut the throat of my Melo, my lovely peacock. We will not marry our girl at Jandepura

\*Munni—See note 14.

†Bhang—See note 15.

I have heard the truth.

HUSH.—Which *khasma khâni* has been filling you ear? Tell me, that I may catch her by the hair.

KAU.—*Bas*\*. I have spoken my mind. I will not marry my daughter to a withered old fool. I would not be able to face the scandal of our neighbours.

HUSH.—Hain! Look now! A goat killed itself to please a man and the man only said "*kuchh nahin* †!" I have taken so much trouble; you pressed me every day, and now that I have done what you wanted, you turn angrily upon me.

KAU.—I cannot bear this shame. How will we show our faces? Why did you not tell me plainly? Who knows what your double dealing would have resulted in? I will never agree to it.

HUSH.—All right. It matters little; it does not depend upon you. Should I try to please you or to look to my own benefit? I know you would make this fuss. I have already provided against this. You may agree or you may not; I have already sent in the *shagan*. The preparations for the marriage are complete. If men followed the advice of their wives they would do nothing.

KAU.—You shall not marry my daughter. You may marry anyone else you please, your own mother if you like! I will go to my parents' home and will take my Melo with me. I shall never see you again.

HUSH.—Very well, go. I'd like to see you go. The marriage procession is on its way. The marriage will be celebrated to-night. Go! A hundred times, go! Go now, if it pleases you. Do not wait until to-morrow.

KAU.—Hai! I am dead while I am living! I would I had never been married to you. I will hang myself! I will kill myself! Through you! (*Melo appears at the doorway, she listens unseen*) Do your worst. Haie! It is cruel! It is unjust! Haie! Haie!

HUSH.—Look now, she is making a noise about nothing. Why am I flung with cattle? Why have I——

\**Bas*—See note 16.

† *Kuchh nahin*—Nothing.

KAU.—*Bas.* You think you are the only wise man. Where would your wisdom have led us? Lost to all sense of shame, you do not care even for the opinion of your relatives and of other people.

HUSH.—Listen to me. Do not chatter. Listen attentively. All that I have done is in our best interest.

KAU.—Dust and ashes!

HUSH.—Are you mad? Have you lost your wits? Listen. You have two girls to marry, God bless them.

KAU.—Then?

HUSH.—And you have to live a whole life yet.

KAU.—Then?

HUSH.—And the creditors are pressing me—

KAU.—Then?

HUSH.—They will distrain on our goods.

KAU.—Then?

HUSH.—And you have not provision even for this evening's meal!

KAU.—Then?

HUSH.—Then? What then? I had thought out a plan by which to kill the serpent and yet not break the stick.

KAU.—I do not understand you.

HUSH.—This is why I say you are a fool, though fools have no horns to distinguish them.

KAU.—Why do you go round about? Why do you not tell me straight?

HUSH.—I say wherefrom and where will you get so much money to meet these expenses?

KAU.—What should I know of that?

HUSH.—You know nothing, and this is why you make so much noise. Stay (*goes into the small room adjoining. He returns with a bag of rupees and throws it at Kauran's feet*) There! Take this. Do not hang yourself!

KAU.—(*With her eyes fixed on the bag*) Rupees?

HUSH.—Rupees.

KAU.—Wherefrom?

HUSH.—Jandepura.

KAU.—(*Shrinking*) Jandepura !

HUSH.—(*Lifting the bag*) Take it. Hold it. Feel it.

KAU.—(*Slowly puts out her hands and Hushiarchand places the bag on them*) Oho ! So much ! (*sinks to the ground and opens the bag, bringing out two handfuls*) Aha ! But—but—what will the people say ? What will our relatives think of us ? (*Melo again appears at the door listening*).

HUSH.—Shoot the people ! Do they provide for you ? (*again pointing to the money*) is this so extraordinary ? Labhushah married a girl and he paid her weight in rupees.

KAU.—(*Nodding her head*) So—so. And people will talk about anything. But you told me the marriage would be celebrated to-night, and we have made no preparations.

HUSH.—Rest satisfied. Everything is ready, through *Rajah*. The only thing that remains is *phere*\*. The *pandha*† tells me that to-night is the only auspicious time. Tomorrow *Singat* begins (*pointing to the money*). Keep it safe. I must go to receive the marriage procession. Do not leave the house.

(*Exit Hushiarchand.*)

KAU.—(*With her hands in the money bag*) It is well. Thank God. The girl will now leave our house and relieve us of anxiety. May daughters not be born ! They are the property of others. One is involved in great trouble on their account, if they but enter their husband's house with honour, one should be thankful. Now I must see *Rani*, for in a short time I will have a hundred things to do. (*To Lajo*) Will you go with me, or remain here ?

LAJO.—I must go with you.

(*Exeunt Kauran and Lajo.*)

(*Enter Melo, from small room.*)

MELO.—I do not understand. The marriage to be celebrated to-night ? Whose marriage ? The marriage procession on its

\*Phere—See note 17.

† Pandha—See note 18.



way! About whom were they talking? Was it about their own affairs? No, no, Rupees! Money! Why was my father angry? Ah well, let my *bebe* come back and I will soon know everything. It is very strange. Well, I shall soon know.

VOICE. (*off*) —Ni Melo! Ni Melo!

MELO.—(*Recognising the voice*) Bisanto. Shouting outside!  
Why do you not come in?

(*Enter Busanto.*)

BAS.—Ni Melo, congratulations!

MELO.—Why? Why? Do not tease me every time.

BAS.—I see; you think I am teasing you? You are not to be married I suppose? I fear when you go to your father-in-law's house, you will forget me altogether.

MELO.—One may be going to be married or one may not, you must find an opportunity to tease.

BAS.—These matters cannot be concealed, however much you may try. You cannot deceive me for I already know.

Melo.—Hain? What are you talking about?

BAS.—You do not know I suppose? Bhuli, the barberess has just come from your house. I met her and heard everything from her own mouth. I pressed her to tell me. She says your father-in-law's house is quite close to her parents' village.

Melo.—You are inventing all this that you may tease me.

BAS.—No, no, Melo; it is quite true. You are married in a very rich family, she tells me they are very wealthy, and you are fortunate because you will have no mother-in-law to quarrel with you.

Melo.—This is how you always talk. Always teasing. Yes, why not? Because you yourself are married you think you can say what you like.

BAS.—Don't be envious, you too will soon be married. Your husband, bless him, is as old as your grandfather! It is said he is twenty years older than your father!

MELO.—Away, you chatterbox! May you have such a son-in-law!

BAS.—But I am telling the truth. It is said he has two sons and grandsons and the barberess tells me that last year he married a daughter as old as you!

MELO.—Stop. Do not jest.

BAS.—No, no, I am not jesting. It is true.

MELO.—I do not believe you.

BAS.—I swear by the goddess. What interest have I to tell lies?

I was in fact very sorry to hear this.

MELO.—Oho! (*Sinks to the ground in distress. She draws a sobbing breath, and lifts the corner of her chunni and covers her face*) Oh I understand, (*crouching, she rocks herself to and fro*) My fates are amiss! My fates are amiss! What shall I do? (*silently sobbing*).

BAS.—Why are you troubled?

MELO.—Go, leave me—leave me (*weeping*). I wish I had never been born! What can I do? My parents have become my enemies. I shall kill myself, of what use am I living?

BAS.—Why so troubled? Why not.

MELO.—I will take opium. I will hang myself. I will drown myself. An hour's pain is better than a life time of misery. Go, go—leave me.

BAS.—Be calm. Melo, listen to me

MELO.—Sister, what can you say? That which is destined must be. In an hour or so I shall be ruined for life.

BAS.—Rise, leave this place. Go to your aunt's house. Draw your veil close, no one will know you. Run away. One should no more see such parents. Quickly!

MELO.—No, no, that cannot be. I must die! I must die!

BAS.—(*Grasping her arm*) O Melo! Melo! Get up! (*drags her up by force*).

MELO.—Leave me, leave me! I will die!

VOICE (off).—Mother of Melo! Mother of Melo!

BAS.—O Melo, come! Come! (*dragging her off*).

MELO.—(*sobbing*) I will leap into the well! I will leap into the well. (*Exeunt through the adjoining room*).

MELO (*Off*).—I will kill myself!—I will kill myself!

VOICE *off*.—Mother of Melo! Mother of Melo!

(*Enter Hushiarchand.*)

HUSH.—Mother of Melo! (*looks into the adjoining room*) Mother of Melo! She must have gone out. Wise men have truly said that women's sense is in their heels. There are a hundred things to do. She should not have left the house. Women are always gadding, they are not satisfied until they have gone to at least *seven houses—like the cat*

(*Enter Kauran and Lajo.*)

Lajo.—(*Skips across to her dolls.*)

HUSH.—Why did you go out? Will you never obey me?

KAU.—I had gone to see the barberess. On the way I met Karmon and as we talked the time slipped by.

HUSH.—Women will never leave talking, and talking will never leave women. To live with a fool is to incur 95 per cent loss.

KAU.—*Bas*. You always talk like that. Tell me now, how have you arranged to accommodate the marriage procession?

HUSH.—The marriage procession has arrived. Every thing is well arranged and they are now proceeding to the place where the ceremony is to be performed. (*The sound of the procession approaches. Drums are heard pounding, wind instruments are blaring, and cymbals are tinkling.*) It has come. They will be calling us.

KAU.—Then I must get the red *sálu* (*goes to box and gets out, a red drapery*).

VOICE of the pandha (*off*)—*Maharaj, maharaj! Make haste, maharaj! Why this delay?*

HUSH.—No delay, *pandha ji!* Go, we follow you! No delay at all! (*to Kauran*) Call the girl. Put on her new clothes. Make haste.

\* See note 19.

† *Sálu*—See note 20.

KAU.—She is not here ; she must be inside (*crosses to room*).

Ni Melo, Ni Melo, look sharp. Why are you hiding? This is no time to be shy. Come, my good girl. Melo! Ni Melo!

HUSH.—Girl, girl, where are you? Why do you not come out?

PANDHA(off) —*Maharaj*, the time is passing ! You are wanted Come !

HUSH.—Go, *Pandha ji* ! We are just coming ! We are dressing the girl ! (*To Kauran*) She does not answer. Go, seek her out and bring her here. This is no time for shyness.

KAU.—(*Goes again into the inner room*). O Melo! Come, come my good girl. Do not be frightened. Come ! Melo ! Ni Melo (*returns rubbing her hands*). Haie! Haie! The girl is not here! What shall we do? O what shall we do?

HUSH.—No, no, she must be here. Call her ! Call her !

KAURAN.—Melo ! Melo ! Ni Melo ! Where are you now at the required time ? (*Hushiarchand is looking every where and is calling at the same time*). Haie, we are undone ! The girl is not here ! What shall we do ? Has she run away ? O, we are disgraced ! We are dishonoured !

HUSH.—Did I not forbid you to leave the house ? -You may well weep. You disobeyed me, and now you are suffering for it.

KAU.—O girl, girl ! Haie ! We shall be disgraced in people's eyes. Whom shall we seat at the *lāwān*\*? It is death ! What can we do ?

PANDHA (off).—*Maharaj ! Maharaj !* Thrice have I called you ! Why do you not come ? The auspicious hours are passing ! The priest of the other party is angry !

HUSH.—(*In a broken voice*). Go, go, *Pandha Ji* ! We are coming. Just coming ! (*To Kauran*) Now tell me what to do, how to meet the occasion. Quick, there is no time to lose.

KAU.—Haie ! Would this girl had never been born ! What can I say ?

HUSH.—Look sharp, take the marriage *sālu* and put it on Lajo or we are undone.

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\* *Lāwān*—See note 21.

KAU.—(*Recoils and clasps the sálu to her, darting away from Hushiar-chand*). Haie! Cruel! Cruel!

HOSH.—(*Snatches the sálu and puts it round Lajo who is playing with her dolls, picks her up and carries her off*).

KAU.—(*Following Hushiar-chand, weeping aloud and striking her head and her breasts*). Haie! Haie! Cruel! Cruel!

LAJO —(*Struggling to free herself*) My dolls! O my dolls! Let me play with my dolls!

(*Exeunt*)

CURTAIN.

ISHWAR CHANDER NANDA.

### NOTES.

1. *Singhat*.—According to Hindu astrology, a period of the year during which there is a conjunct ion of stars that has an evil influence on the earth and consequently on human affairs. During this time marriages are prohibited.

2. *Khasm Khānt dā*.—Literally translated, it means a boy or man whose mother is a husband eater. A "husband eater" is understood to be a woman so accursed and ill-starred that she is destined soon to become a widow. It is an expression used frequently in feminine phraseology. When it is used contemptuously it is highly provocative.

3. *Rājāh*.—A nickname given to a barber. The origin of this curious appellation has different explanations. Some say that he is so called because he alone enjoys the privilege of sitting on a level with the Rajah while shaving him. Others hold that he is called Rajah or Mighty One, because all men including even kings, must according to native fashion bow their heads before the barber as he cuts their back hair. Others say that he being the wielder of the razor holds every one's life in his hands.

It may be mentioned here that a barber's services are always requisitioned in the arrangement of marriages.

4. *Kāktī*.—An appellation for young unmarried girls.

5. *Sarmunnī*.—Literally means "shaven headed one". It may be used as a term of endearment or contemptuously. It is a

epithet used exclusively for females, and conveys a grotesque idea since it is not the custom for women and girls to have their heads shaved as is quite common with men and boys.

6. *Khasmará Khānī*.—"Little eater of husband".

7. *Sir Khasam dā*.—Literally "the head of a husband". This phrase standing alone is mere nonsense, but by popular usage it has come to acquire a sense of disapproval when used in a particular way, disapproval more especially of something that has been badly accomplished. A husband may use it for his wife at his discretion.

8. *Bhājī*.—Sweetmeats that are sent round on auspicious occasions to friends, as a token of invitation to a betrothal, wedding or birth of a son as the case may be.

9. *Rānī*.—The feminine of *raja*, meaning a queen. It is a nickname given to the barber's wife. See note 3.

10. *Rāttī*.—A ceremony which takes place once or twice during a first pregnancy. It is a recognition of the legitimacy of the first-born.

11. *Shagan*.—A sacred gift presented to the intended bridegroom at the time of his betrothal. It confirms and ratifies the arranged marriage.

12. *San jog*.—The marriage destiny. Literally it means "union". It is believed that men and women are predestined to be united in certain pairs. The fate in whose dispensation rests the union is known as *Sangog* or *Bidhata*.

13. *Chunnī*.—The head drapery of a girl.

14. *Munnī*.—A pet name for a little girl.

15. *Bhang*.—A herb, containing an intoxicating juice. It is cut and dried and sold by Government license. From it a strongly intoxicating drink is made, which is very commonly partaken of by the people. Some sadhus are much given to it, since it induces a state of semi-consciousness.

16. *Bas*.—A word used for "enough", "stop", "that is all", "let that suffice", "I will hold no more conversation on the subject" etc., etc. The most expressive word in the Indian vocabulary!

17. *Phere*—Literally “going round”. The concluding and most important part of the marriage ceremony. It takes place in the last portion of the night, usually at 4 a.m. After the preliminaries are over, a fire is kindled in a central position.

The bride and bridegroom, their guardians and their relatives are then seated in a circle round the fire. At this point the priest chants the mantras in Sanskrit, which contain the duties and obligations of the married pair to one another. Finally the marriage robes of the two are knotted together, and thus joined they circumscribe the sacred fire seven times. According to the Vedas the seven “goings round” are called “Sapt Pati”, or seven steps. Each step is full of import and signifies the performance of certain religious or social duties embodied in the text of the mantras. *Phere* completes the nuptial union, which is thereafter indissoluble except by the death of husband or wife.

18. *Pandha*.—The Brahmin who performs the priestly duties in the marriage ceremony.

19. “*The seven houses like the cat*”.—It is a peculiar notion that the cat goes round nightly to seven houses. A woman who is in the habit of frequently leaving her home is ironically compared to a cat in this respect.

20. *Silu*.—A red head drapery worn by the bride at the marriage ceremony.

21. *Lāwān*.—The “goings round” the sacred fire (see note 18.)

'TIS SWEET TO WAKE FROM DREAMS  
OF THEE.

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When dewy morning breaks o'er land and lea  
Through fretted clouds of colours bright to see,  
Then I awake from sweetest dreams of thee!

And when the kokil's earliest song of glee  
Doth greet mine ear in painful ecstasy,  
How sadly sweet to wake from dreams of thee!

When jasmine flowers that bloomed so silently  
Have filled the air with a fragrant memory,  
O, then I wake from sweetest dreams of thee!

When on thy downy bed so carelessly  
Thou sleep'st, without a wish or thought of me,  
O sad and true, I wake from dreams of thee!

Beginning thus, so pass the days with me  
And I to my lot resign contentedly,  
For O, 'tis sweet to wake from dreams of thee!

But yet, O far, far sweeter would it be  
If I could see thee standing close by me,  
On waking sadly from my dreams of thee!

A. B. NAMBIAR.



## LETTERS FROM AN ENGLISH WOMAN.

*Our unknown Sister.*  

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DEAR SISTER,

In starting to write on 'our unknown sister' I must explain at the beginning that I do not mean 'unknown'—in the usual sense that we have not met or been personally introduced. No, the unknown one I mean to speak of is one perhaps living in your own house, in intimate relation with you, and whom you might say you had known for years. Friend, mother, daughter, wife or sister whom we think we know well. Do we know them? Or do we only know what they appear to be to us?

There is an inner self—a living soul within each one of us that is often very shy of being known. It is sometimes enshrined in a Holy of Holies on which the key is turned, and rarely, or never is an outsider admitted.

Even those who understand little of the 'holy' place, are still often an unknown quantity to their nearest and dearest, may be more so to these than to some one else who is less well acquainted with their outward personality.

Why is it that those we live with, mostly fail to really know us? Is it that familiarity breeds indifference and inobservance? Or that we ourselves are like the hedgehog and curl in when our innermost feelings are approached too nearly? Even the least reserved have secret chambers

of the soul to which very few, perhaps one, often none are admitted. Their talk may seem free and confidential but it concerns only the material and superficial side of life, opinions, criticisms, arguments, relation of events, etc., and few stop to think of the real soul lying perdu, but very much alive beneath the apparent open flow of words which does not reveal, but conceal.

Is this because usually there is so little that is spiritual in our conversations and that the innermost is a spiritual sphere and that only spirit can unlock the door to spirit? Hereby lies the mystery of real friendship. After all it is only love—love that is deep and spiritual which understands and has insight, and true sympathetic interest with the soul-life of another. This sort of love is rare and is a spiritual kinship that has the open sesame to rich chambers of the soul. Words cannot describe the joy of that rare delight, true communion of spirit.

It is painfully true that in many cases, the daily outward intercourse of human beings often extinguishes the finer perceptions and intuitions of the soul, and that careless words draw a curtain over the inner sanctuary of loving hearts.

When two natures are fundamentally different they are quite unable to know the depths of each other. It is no unusual thing for people to live together for years quite superficially happy and yet never get at the depth of each other's thoughts and feelings. This sometimes leads to a grievous sacrifice on the part of one or the other—the sacrifice of the endeavour to enlighten and develop the soul. I know of one awakening soul crushing down the rising wisdom and tearing away the tendrils

of the spirit stretching out towards the 'light and truth, lest the new illumination should carry them in thought on to a different plane to their companion.

So the familiar companion may see less of his fellow's real self and inmost being than an unfamiliar acquaintance or friend. Perhaps the very unfamiliarity with outward personality helps to clear sightedness on the plane of spirit. The eyes of the understanding are not so blinded by the little tiresome tricks of the outer man, or the wear and tear of daily life.

Those understand each other best who are on or near the same plane of thought, whose vibrations are in harmony. They may strike different notes and yet not be discordant.

It is possible, even though we believe we dearly love, that we have not had the art, or the tact, to reach the soul of the loved one. Much love is of the selfish kind and asks to be satisfied, rather than to satisfy, to receive rather than to give.

Sometimes it may be the individual does not even know or understand his own inner being, he has not cared to delve into those deeper regions.

If we study the soul life of our friend or sister or home companions, we shall notice less their imperfections. It is possible that in some we shall discover ugly things that had previously escaped our perception, but even so, it is well. For if we understand the cause we can deal more satisfactorily with the effect.

And plumbing deeper still we shall find the divine seed or essence and learn how to draw it out through the confining net of earth's senses, judgments and prejudices.

There is no doubt that the person who takes a deep, loving and unselfish interest in human beings and studies their characters—the inner as well as the outer life, without any idea of personally profiting thereby, but only with the idea of helping living souls along the difficult path of life towards a greater one beyond, aiding them to unfold and expand and evolve their divinity, is doing a service to humanity. Such an one, whatever his or her avocation in this world, is a minister of the celestial hierarchy and soon grows to understand the hidden workings of the spirit. He searches for the good he is confident, dwells in the divine depths of the inner man and by his thoughts, word and actions appeals to that hidden good, and by his faith in it he brings it to birth, good that perhaps that human soul emeshed in its sense garments never dreamt it possessed.

Most of us are so full of subtle antagonisms or so engrossed with our own affairs and our personal interests that we never measure the effect of our thoughts and words on others, nor realise that such carelessness and selfishness chills like the east wind and withers the fine and tender shoots of love. Like a frost which covers the face of the earth with an icy carpet and drives the warmth inward, so it freezes the exquisite flowers of the heart and drives them into undiscoverable remoteness and impenetrable silence, not that blessed silence of infinite understanding. And as we are prone to judge from the exterior, we see only the frozen ground and know nothing of what lies beneath it.

How tender and sure and true must be the hand that ventures to lift the veil of the soul's sanctuary! How selfless and trustworthy the hearts! How understanding and tactful the mind! that would discover the wonderful

God-man deep buried under material *débris*. What treasures such a hand and heart and mind may bring to light!

Who can gauge the melting power of that divinely human understanding which is true sympathy—or that intuitional sympathy which is real understanding?

These form the golden key to the jewels of the soul and enrich no less the finder than the found.

It is those who have unfolded the flower of the divine within themselves, who feel the call to appeal to the divine in others.

The soul of things appeals only to the soul.

Self-love and self-interest choke the intuitions of the spirit, and all the divine qualities of mankind. They cause distress and suffering for all and are the root of the sorrow, pain and grief in this world.

The selfish deem that they are taking care of self, pleasing themselves, making self comfortable and happy, but all the while their soul is protesting and causing an uneasiness they are not wise enough to interpret.

These are satisfied with the outward mask, they do not trouble to reach below the surface of the lives about them. They walk about and pass their days among the 'unknown' and never sense the veiled spirit in others or touch the essence of life and its divine joys.

It is by the cult of kindness and selflessness that we acquire the secret of spiritual perception and also become known to fellow spirits and for this we do not need physical touch.

"The outward doth from the inward roll  
And the inward dwells in the inmost soul."

HEATHER.

## CINEMA.

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During the past few years the Cinema or Bioscope has found a place among the amusements of India. In the larger cities and in the hill stations it is a recognised institution. It is finding its way into some of the villages in the Mofussil at the time of the annual fairs. Miles from the railroad I have seen the tent of a travelling show, crowded for hours by villagers who gazed more or less intelligently at cheap films of cheaper Western love stories, explained as best he could by the "lecturer," and pinned together every few minutes by the operator. The cinema has within it, however, possibilities of great usefulness in the educational and economic development of India.

It has already proven to be of use in this way in the West. In some cities in America a moving picture projector now forms part of the school equipment. Students become able to visualize, sea and mountains and prairies. Geography, history, natural science become real, and not as too often they are—meaningless collections of words memorized with only the external eye on the text book, but the internal eye on a football or hockey match. In one of the important medical colleges in the Eastern United States, moving pictures were introduced some years ago to assist in instructing students in the technique of surgical operations. It was contended that, in the operating theatre, only

those students seated near the surgeon could see accurately. Moreover, a surgeon could not repeat a critical step in the operation if students failed to observe it. With the cinema, however, the operation may be repeated as often *and as slowly* as necessary. The students are thus prepared for a more intelligent and accurate observation of the actual operation at the hospital.

The American Museum of Natural History recently sent lecturers and moving pictures outfits into the training camp of the American Army in order to acquaint the soldiers joining over seas with profitable—and by no means unnecessary—facts in natural history,

Large commercial and industrial firms demonstrating their products of machinery at exhibitions by means of moving pictures,—illustrating their special constructional advantages, methods of operation, tests, etc. This method has proven particularly successful with machines of which samples cannot be shown, and which are inadequately demonstrated by catalogues and photographs. Films illustrating a company's welfare work amongst its employees have proven invaluable in gaining the good will of the public.

Government departments have learned from the manufacturers. In the campaign conducted shortly before the war to secure immigrants from the United States, the Canadian Government sent special cars into the American West equipped with films and lecturers to demonstrate the advantages of ranch and farm life in Western Canada.

The idea that the cinema may be used here in the East for more than amusement purposes has already been developed to some extent by the Young Men Christian Association in China. For some years a professor of the

science department of Chicago University has spent half of each year in North China, visiting towns and villages, lecturing on scientific subjects. This equipment consists of small working models of such things as the gyroscope, and films illustrating the manifold uses to which such instruments may be put. When I had the pleasure of travelling with him last October, he told me of audiences consisting of head men of entire district, or of thousands of the working and uneducated classes. Sometimes the lecture, and the pictures would be repeated four times in a night,—once, indeed, at two o'clock in the morning to a gathering of 2,000 coolies. In a similar manner other lecturers under the same organization are lecturing upon public health and sanitation, more particularly upon tuberculosis, the great enemy of the Chinese.

These facts are surely suggestive for us in India. If the cinema has proven of educational and economic value in the West, it should be of much greater value here. There the printing press can reach almost every member of a community with papers, magazines, books, and the arts of the advertiser and of the librarian are at their highest. Here a whole province will not have as large a reading public as a single Western metropolitan journal. It will yet be many years before the illiterate masses can read with intelligence of safety devices for mills, or of improved methods of cultivation, or of commercial organization. However, must the development of economic and industrial knowledge in the illiterate classes depend upon the education of the three Rs. ? Cannot the lecturer with the cinema bring to this generation what the educationalist with the book must reserve for the second or third ?



Let us take a few examples. First in the factories. May not the efficiency of the workers and of most Indian industries be increased—an admittedly desirable result—by films illustrating to both owners and workers the principle of "Safety First", the utility of safety appliances and of watchfulness, in order to guard against accidents? Might not films illustrating the organization and working of large-scale Western factories suggest to Eastern owners improved methods of working, and a more economical and efficient planning and utilization of factories and grounds? Might not the necessity of a properly kept eating room for employees in cotton factories be graphically enforced by films illustrating the spread of plague, first through the factory chawls and thence through the city by the rats which swarm around cotton factories, because of the food dropped promiscuously by the workers, who eat in any place, often, indeed, beside their machines? Better housing, better sanitation, lend themselves to this visual demonstration. I do not mention the more purely educational work which may be carried on in this manner amongst the workers, occupying their spare time to better advantage than drinking at the toddy shops.

Again in agriculture: The problem which the Agricultural Experimental Farms have not solved satisfactorily as yet, is the best method of bringing their results home to the mass of the cultivators, of persuading them to adopt the improved methods which have been proven to be suitable to their district. Demonstration fields in villages—excursions to the central farm, will ultimately prove effective because through seeing comes connection. In the meantime may not the cinema help to create in the minds of the cultivators an attitude favourable to the reception of

new ideas of the agricultural experts? May it not, by demonstrating agricultural methods in other countries and their results, shake the complacency of the cultivator in towards his customary methods? May not the cultivator in Malwa, for instance, be made to question why from his splended wheat land he should be content with six maunds to the acre while the American is reaping over 13, and the European over 26? The lecturer with the cinema may do more. Aided by small models, and by samples of the product of the Experimental Farm, he may visualize the farm itself, the approved methods of cultivation, the approved machinery. The cultivator, who could not visit the farm at the different stages of cultivation, and who could not read farm bulletins if they were issued, may be taught scientific farming by picture and lecture. The village carpenter may learn the construction of new implements.

Finally, in matters of health and sanitation: Probably every village suffers from malaria, but every village cannot afford a malaria expert, even if there were sufficient experts for the work. Nevertheless there is no reason why villagers should not see by means of the cinema the work done in Bengal. The life history of the Malaria mosquito, and the steps which may be taken to rid the villages of these most dangerous pests, lend themselves with peculiar readiness to moving picture photography. Similarly, a campaign might be fought against the house-fly, against tuberculosis, against cholera. Might not pictorial lessons of cleanliness and of the history of the plague flea materially help the doctor's inoculating needle in the struggle against plague? Why should Prof. Geddes' great Dewali procession last year, representing the destruction of the rat, and of plague, by cleanliness, resulting

as it did in a general clean up of the city,—why should this procession have been confined to Indore City, and not have been carried by the cinema into every part of India?

These examples are not intended to be exhaustive but merely suggestive of possibilities. Granting its popularity and its utility, the further question remains: is the use of the cinema for these purposes practicable in India? Small, portable machines suitable for itinerating work are now being manufactured at reasonable prices. Owing to the war, new machines are not available at present in India, but it is probable that good used machines might be secured. The economic students of the Colleges should be able to supply intelligent lecturers. Indeed such work opens a field for practical training in social economics which colleges, which wish to develop in their students a practical love for their motherland, might very well enter. Many of the films necessary might be secured from the West; but many others would have to be manufactured. However, photographing machines may be secured at comparatively small cost, and the films developed by the cinema houses. There is already a producing company in India, and a demand for films of this nature will surely be met here as in America and Europe. In a comparatively short time a library of films may be secured which may be made invaluable in the economic and industrial department of India.

H. M. LYONS.

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## TRAGEDY OF LIFE.

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**I**T was a very late hour of night. The clock in the cathedral close by had just struck the hour of twelve, when I left my room—to lounge in the verandah. The rain that had been drizzling with loathsome weariness had just stopped. Overcome with fatigue, after a strenuous study of "Hegel's Philosophy of History", I was tempted to go for a walk dreaming of the civilisation of China and India that the great German Philosopher had so ably treated. I just halted near my friend's room, to see if the candle-light yet flickered in his room, but he had already gone to sleep. So I strolled to the seashore alone and wandered down the beach. It was a beautiful night—overhead the stars peeped faintly through the clouds, a delicious moon, under the cloud-girt skies, shed a flickering light over the sea. A little while, and in the darkness of night came distinctly on my ears the sound of incessant heart-rending sobs. It came from a little distance before me.

As I approached close, the wailings became more clear and distinct. A few paces before me sat a girl weeping; a sudden flash of lightening revealed her to me. Never such a vision of loveliness met my eye. Poverty seemed imprinted on every article of her raiment. Grief openly declared itself in the trickling tear. Yet Nature had moulded her

form and features in such exquisite lines that she seemed the image of beauty itself. Coil on coil the hair lay a sweet profusion of rich raven, each delicious curl like the magic mesh for human heart. I called her from a little distance. Once, twice I called—no reply. Nearer still again my voice rang out—no response—one step more, and I was bending over the beautiful bird crushed under withering tyranny. She had evidently fallen into a swoon. I carried her in my arms to a little shelter and laid her on a bench. To feel her hand and to find that she was quite insensible, I was resolve to assist her. After a little while she moved gently opened her eyes which sent from their transparent orbs the light of innocence and womanly virtues. After a few minute convulsive movements, she rose to a reclining posture, and fixed on me her simple glance. She looked so helpless and forlorn. I could not restrain myself from asking "Pardon me; I found you unconscious far away on the crags. Permit me to take you to the physician. I hope—"

"No", she interrupted "for mercy's sake do not talk of medicine. I want none. You have saved my life and that is sufficient. You think you have done well. Oh Bhai, why did you bring me here?"

"Surely you never meant suicide?"

"No, I did not; though I wish I were dead."

"Allow me to help you and conduct you home."

"Home! Home!" she interposed bitterly, "where is my home?" and she burst into a paroxysm of tears.

"Do not weep; please do not," I tried to coax her but to no purpose. "Take me as your brother and tell me all your troubles" I asked. "God is all merciful"—

"No no, there is no God; If there were a God, why should I be here?"—

“Please do not blaspheme Providence: who knows even this may be best? Answer my question : if you cannot trust me, I shall fetch an officer to take charge of you. Surely you do not wish to remain here ?” “Why not leave me alone?” Once again, she melted into tears and sobs, and then 'midst sobs and sighs, she told me her tale.— shall I tell it? Yes: for the sake of my sisters in India, for the daughters of my motherland I must.

“Ill-omened was the hour when I was born, ill-starred the hour when my mother presented me to the world. My parents were rich. Of my early childhood I remember little except that I was a fat little girl, and some of my mischievous cousins often used to pinch my stomach after I had taken my meals. At about six years of age I was playing in the streets when I heard a sudden hubbub in the house. I heard my mother calling out to me. At the top of the staircase she took me by the finger and led me into the corner sitting room, which served also as a common bed-room for the children at night. A very portly lady with an awful ugly face sat on the cushion near the window, and chewing *pan* talking in a hoarse crackling voice. I felt much dread of her, and did not want to go, but my mother dragged me to the seat near her, with me on her laps. I could not understand what was going on and yet something important was being discussed. It was quite clear from the preparations. An old Bhatji (priest) sat in the opposite corner and turned over pages of some Sanskrit Shastras. He was lean and tall and thin-boned, while the strange lady was thick and short and covered with jewellery. They presented a curious contrast.

My aunt (she was a widow) and my other aunt (from the maternal side) both tittered like sparrows, and

paid compliments to the great lady. There was a tray in front of me with some red and crimson powder (puja and prayer). "Just see, Naval Ba! (one of them was saying) now this is our Keser (which is my name and means saffron). She is so sweet and so timid and so quiet—won't make any mischief: 'would you dear?' she asked tapping my chin. I looked up and then looked down and then blushed all over. Then my aunt (widow) broke the chill by cutting a joke "Behen Keser! now you will be a great lady and you will have fine ornaments to put on.

The old lady was looking at me steadily, and I actually shuddered to see her keen eye fastened on me. Then my aunt said "Keser! now go with your mother-in-law and come tomorrow loaded with jewels and ornaments and bangles and all."

I could dimly understand the meaning. My betrothal had taken place, and the ugly dame was my mother-in-law. I wondered what a piece of ugliness could be the child of this woman! After a few comforting words we got up, and then my mother-in-law took me by the arm and hurried me down the stairs and out on the road, where a big carriage was standing with a one-eyed coachman. In we went and on went the rumbling wheels. My mother-in-law tried to entice me into conversation, but how could I talk? I was weeping. After half an hour's drive the carriage stopped at the portals of a very old building, which were guarded by two ruffianly looking men with swords and lances, carved out of stone. We entered the house, and on seeing me it was all in an uproar. Everybody came to see me, as if I were a specimen of horticultural novelty. And I began to cry. Then some one cut a joke "Oh! send Champaklal; he

will soothe his wife'', and a boy was pushed in front of me Champaklal seemed a decent chap. I managed to have a look at him but I could not laugh and talk. My mother and aunts had all instructed me to be wise and womanly, and not childish and girlish. When night came, I was put to bed with an elder sister-in-law. Next day I was sent home. When I returned everybody was anxious to know what had happened. I put my face in my mother's lap and wept. I was sometimes sent against my will to my father-in-law's house when I would have preferred playing hide and seek with my brothers and sisters and cousins at home. At my father-in-law's house I was fondled and made much of. I was to learn the bitter truth that marriage was to change things. I could not help being shy whenever my husband used to be by me. The naughty boy did more than once intentionally cross me sometimes on the staircase, when I would draw in all the folds of my little sari and look down and hurry away. Sometimes he would sneak near me when I would be preparing the water-can for the kitchen, and under the pretence of talking he would pinch me. At first I could not understand these things. This kind of courtship continued for a long time. I used to tell my elder sister, who was sixteen and was married, every thing and though she said many naughty things, she advised me not to allow my fiance to take any liberties. To cut a long tale short, we were after all married, with great ceremonial, singing and music and religious solemnities. The Brahmins took the oaths of fidelity on our behalf. We never know any thing of the so-called promises made on our behalf. In any case we were married. The first few days were full of joy. But then the clouds came. My husband who was



very attentive to me, began to be indifferent and absented himself. He came early for meals and returned late at night. I used to wait for him till midnight, sleep on the floor near the door of my room, so that I may be awakend when he came. I dared not ask him any questions. He always used to look so pale and worn out. It was impossible for me to bear these things any longer. I thought some great anxiety was on his mind, and I wanted to share his sorrows. Once I ventured a query, but he snubbed me. Gradually he began to remain out almost the whole night. His mother often took him to task and gave warnings. But neither warnings nor reproaches had any effect. Then one day he came into my room very red and angry, and stared at me, and threw off his clothes and refused to take his meal. Naturally I also could not eat. My mother and father-in-law said that I should not be given in that as it would spoil him. I continued however to serve him, but he spurned the food I brought. He began to abuse me. He said that it was owing to my complaints about his absence at night that his father had scolded him, and threatened to cut off his allowance. I tried in vain to convince him, I had never uttered a word and that they had come to know of it through the porter at the door, whom his mother had compelled to speak with a threat of dismissal. But on the other hand he lost his temper and beat me. The whole household was aroused. Every one came rushing in to see what had happened. For a time I had sympathy of everybody and then he suddenly turned the tables saying that I was disobedient and stealing his sweets. His story was believed and I was branded as a disobedient wife. I spent the whole night in tears. The next day, in the afternoon, a maid-servant came

from my mother, to call me home. This led to another misunderstanding. Some one suggested that I had sent a message of the previous night's troubles, and hence my mother's call; I began protesting but nobody heard me except my mother-in-law, who, to make sure, made inquiries. I was allowed to go home and unburdened my trouble to my mother. Experienced woman that she was, she understood things and promised to get things straight. For the present she advised me to behave as usual and to be indifferent to my husband. But how could that be? How could I be indifferent? My husband stopped for a few days his wanderings at night, but he would not say anything to me. One night I found out that he had silently left the room. I was surprised and afraid of him and of the family. I waited till he returned after a long absence. He found me awake, and took me in his arms and shook me severely and said that he would kill me if I disclosed his absence. I promised not to say a word. The next day I went to see my mother and she told me all that she had learnt. My husband had kept a mistress. Since boyhood he had secured bad friends and had fallen a victim to the usual curse of Indian life. Oh! that our parents were more careful of the instruction and bringing up of our children! For several days I continued my usual life but I could not endure it. At last I wrote to him a letter and placed it in his coat's pocket. Next day I found that it was not there. Lovingly I had expected a repentant reply. Fool that I was, there was nothing. I waited for a few days, and then penned another and put it in his pocket. It received the same treatment. Then I once lovingly asked him whether he had found and read my poor piteous letters. "Yes" he replied wrathfully, "you will

see that I tear them to pieces in your presence", and he was going to do it, when I wept and asked him to give them back to me, saying that I would keep them as mementoes. After some hesitation he returned both contemptuously. One day I was cleaning his bed when some papers dropped out. I picked them up. I found an open envelope with a letter in it written in a clumsy handwriting. Imagine my agony when I found that it was from his mistress! I hid away the letter to show it to my mother. It was fortunate, because he returned soon, and searched the room, turning all the things topsy turvy but could not find it. On his return I had gone down, and he called me up, and asked me whether I had found anything. I said "no". And he went away but he returned early that night, and closing the doors carefully he threw me on the ground and said that he would murder me, unless I gave up the letter. I was determined not to give myself away, and he was soon tired of torturing me, and left me as suddenly as he had come. In the morning he kept an eye on me. When he saw me going my usual round of duties, and satisfied that I was all right, and he was safe, he sneaked away. I wept. What else could I do? What else could an Indian girl do? At meal-time I broke down and could not eat. My mother-in-law and myself were alone in the kitchen. She entreated me to eat but I could not. Suddenly I broke into sobs, and leaving the meal I ran away straight to my room. My mother-in-law followed me. I thought she would be angry and scold me, but no! She came and closed the door and sought to soothe me, saying such sweet things. She was so loving and kind, that I could not keep my secret from her. I got up and took out the letters which I had hidden—

the one which I had written, and the other to my husband from his mistress, and gave them to her. She opened and read them and then she drew me on her lap and the more she read the letter of mine the more she wept and embraced me. At last she came to the fatal letter of his mistress. She read it and then burst out weeping loudly saying that she were dead ! Would that such a son was turned into a stone ! etc., and then she asked me since how long all this had happened, and as I was narrating it she embraced me, and accidentally a part of my sari near my neck was displaced, and she saw red marks and inflammation on my neck where my husband had hurt my skin. Anxiously she asked what it was, and with much hesitation, I told her of last night's torture. Then, as if galvanised by a sudden determination she rose, and opened the door and called out a little girl to call "her father," who came and heard all. Poor old soul ! How genuine was his grief, and how truly they both felt my condition ! It was settled that my mother-in-law was to take a separate room and that I was to sleep with her and that I was not to go to my husband at all, nor to speak with him. After this I did not meet my husband. I lived with my mother-in-law. He moved about as usual and whenever he saw me he used to look daggers at me as if I was the cause of all his misfortunes. I prayed fervently every morning and night that Providence might pardon him, and restore him to me, but he has not changed and I can not endure my life.

In a moment of despair I stole out tonight to end my life but I had not the courage, and then you found me." "You must now return home," I said, "there is no other alternative." After some persuasion, she consented

to return to her mother. I conducted her to a carriage-stand, hailed a solitary cab, and handing her in, gave instructions to the driver, noted the number, and bade her good-bye. "Wait" she said, laying her hand on my shoulders, "give me your address." I gave her my card, our fingers touched with a thrill. I inquired hers, and she mentioned it with such a sweet smile! Then the driver cracked his whip, the cab moved away, and that vision of loveliness vanished from my sight.

This is the story which she told me and I tell it to you, dear readers! Will you not think over it? Will you not ponder how many a girl wife leads a life of misery, merely because we never think of such things.

*Primus Villa,*

RAM RAI MOHAN RAI.

*Dumas.*

# *EAST & WEST.*

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## FROM CLOUDLAND.

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Whitherward is the world drifting? We have the strikes in England, Bolshevism in Russia, and a feeling of general unrest over all the countries of the world. Men, in the mass it seems, are dissatisfied with the conditions of life which they have inherited and are anxious to realise the promise of equality and freedom which the poets and publicists have proclaimed for the last two hundred years. People have drifted away from the old ideals of life, and labour which ruled the world of yesterday, and the world of to-morrow is still waiting for the realisation of the new ideals. Faith in established authority, whether religious, social, or political is gone or going; and every individual wishes to be a law unto himself—the sole judge of right and wrong, admitting or rejecting moral and material obligation at will. This is the beginning of Bolshevism, which, after all, means a deep dissatisfaction with the existing social conditions, and a blind search for a more harmonious organisation of life and labour, in which the higher classes share more equitably with the working classes, the fruits of the earth. Before the coming of the steam engine and the electric plant, the inter-dependence between the various classes was

**Quo Vadis.**

complete and unquestioned. Society was broad based on harmoniously helpful relations between Capital and labour. The gulf between the rich and the poor was bridged by the mutual understanding that each was needful to the other. The coming of power mills disturbed these relations and created a chasm which is still widening. Machine owners came to use men as no better than machines, accumulating riches when thousands of men sweated and laboured in deep coal-mines or in dark relentless factories which made little of human life. This disturbed balance of society has not yet found a fresh adjustment. The world is still in the transitional stage, vaguely conscious that something is wrong and yet unable to right it. It is hoped that a new way of life will soon be discovered in which all classes will be guaranteed an equitable share of all that is distributed in the name of God on earth. The moral and spiritual values must come to the fore again to save the world. It is impossible to foresee or forecast the future without faith in a beneficent God, whose laws work in solemn silence, and through pain and suffering mould the minds and hearts of men to the fulfilment of Divine purpose.

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The victorious nations fought the great war, in the name of a larger humanity, and world peace. It was a pregnant idea out of which the League of Nations was born. What will the nations of the world make of it?

**The League of Nations.**  
The idea of having a super-state consisting of strong nations with the avowed object of protecting weak nations is receding already. The inter-state jealousies

are coming to the fore and turning it into a faked fruit. "Power begets pride and pride is war's ground." Pride blinds the mind and marches its victims to destruction. The eternal justice which rules the universe and acts through the heart of man thus fulfils itself. There is no better guiding principle than to "do unto others as you would they should do unto you".

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The discussions in the Imperial Legislative Council and in the Press over the Punjab  
**Who is Right ?** reveal a strange divergence of opinion as to the rightness and wrongness of the measures taken by the late Lieutenant-Governor, The officials hold that but for the prompt action the whole of the Punjab would have been ablaze, and the non-officials seem no less sure that the demonstrations against the Rowlatt Act would have died a natural death. The non-officials claim that they have won a moral victory in proving that the limits of good Government were exceeded, while the officials hold that they have proved their case to the hilt, justifying the measures, which, by the people, are regarded not only as un-British but unjust. The exponents of the Punjab Government policy have taken full advantage of the incomplete information, inaccuracies of detail, or exaggeration of their critics, but the people are not satisfied with clever debating points. They want to know the whole truth, they want to see the entire evidence on which action was taken against crowds and well known citizens. The issue therefore is clear, far beyond the scope of elusive arguments, some of the complaints of the people are admitted by the officials who plead in extenuation, circumstances which should have



been foreseen and met with wisdom. People are asking,—has the British sense of justice deteriorated in an eastern atmosphere, or has the Indian become super-sensitive and eager to assert his rights? Who is the judge? People or the officials? Is the man who suffers, or the man who is an interested spectator of the suffering, the best judge of the right and wrong of it? The official vindication has left the people unconvinced; vaguely dissatisfied with the explanations. If this is the best that can be said on the Government side, the whole thing ought not to have happened. The Government made no statement in the first instance, and even now the evidence on which it acted has been withheld. The Government would have done well, if, while passing the Indemnity Bill, it had also released all those who did not actually share in any crime. It would have struck the imagination of the people. In the case of rulers, loyalty to justice and truth must override all smaller loyalties; for the surest foundation of an Empire is the faith of the people in its rulers.

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How can we restore the *status quo* and restore mutual confidence is the question which the  
**The Status Quo.** officials and non-officials must answer, if the future is to be robbed of its perils, and well ordered progress of the province is to be secured. The people are deserting the official temple; and not many earnest men are seeking it, for consolation and comfort. What are the priests doing? Do they think they have only to assert themselves and declare their past greatness to bring the votaries back to paths of obedience and devotion? Never has worship been given for the asking. The whole-hearted spirit of sacrifice and service

can alone win the worshippers back and restore the greatness and the glory of the temple. Sir Edward Maclagan is a good man and a God-fearing man. He has proved himself a strong man by allowing the Congress to be held in the Punjab, and by withdrawing the bar of exclusion which closed the gates of the Province against outside public men and papers. Particularly the permission to hold the Congress at Amritsar is a bold experiment freighted with unknown possibilities. If the people use this opportunity with wisdom, they will help materially the cause they wish to serve; if they are unwise, they will do a great disservice to the country and the Government. Here again there is call for the Government to give the lead. Sir Edward Maclagan so far has given no clear expression as to his future policy. Is he going to follow the inherited policy of his predecessor which has failed?—its failure is writ large in the hearts of men. What would you think of the head of a great Province who at the end of his administration is compelled to maintain order only by the suspensions of laws? The Punjab came through the war proud of the part it had played, riding on the crest of a tide of loyalty and devotion. Who missed this rare opportunity to bind the rulers and the ruled together in the strongest bond of brotherhood? The heart of the Punjab is sound, its fountains of loyalty and devotion are in full flow. All would go well if Sir Edward Maclagan would place himself at the head of popular opinion and lead it; controlling subtle forces which are in operation from within, instead of opposing them from without; selecting his officers who sympathise with this idea. What would have happened if Mr. Lloyd George had opposed the

tide of popular opinion when the labour troubles arose ? He invited the labour leaders to a lunch and talked things over with them. It is only round-table discussions, bold initiative, broad policies, and expressed sympathy with popular aspirations, which can bring about conciliation and co-operation between the ruler and the ruled. May God help Sir Edward Maclagan to free himself from the shackles of established traditions and work towards the realisation of a new policy for the Punjab, in which the Government again leads, full of faith, that only in serving the people it can gain strength. If there is anyone who deserves success it is Sir Edward Maclagan. It is the duty of all of us, officials and non-officials, to help him in his onerous task by free and frank discussion and friendly co-operation in solving the problems of the day.

\* \* \*

**Education  
and Progress.** The foundation of all social, political, and economic progress is education. Are we not too busy in grasping at the fruit without bending our shoulder to the preliminary spade work without which no plant can flourish ? What have even the higher classes done to secure for their children the right kind of education ; combining western ideals with eastern culture which brought the people contentment and peace. Have we ever tried to acquaint ourselves with the educational effort which was started in England during the war ? Have we got a single school or college which is capable of equipping our sons with the same equipment as the youths of the same age receive in England. The future is with those who know. No amount of political camouflage can alter the distinction between educated and ignorant nations.

Politics have certainly a place in helping the progress of the Country, but it is education which makes the individual, who, multiplied in his millions goes to make a nation. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full grain in the ear.

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**Handloom versus Power**      The peasant produces the raw material; the artisan turns it into a finished article; and finance and commerce reap the fruit of these labours. India in its isolation was a self-contained unit; almost every village was independent and supplied its own needs. Cottage industries prospered in a community that remained in parochial contentment. Then came the British people linking India with the world. Its isolation is a thing of the past. Its industries are dead and dying. Its arts and crafts in a state of decay. Mr. Gandhi deservedly commands respect for his selfless devotion to the cause of the millions, but his endeavours to revive handloom industries is as likely to succeed as a bullock cart is likely to overtake an aeroplane. India must make use of the powers of nature which science has made subservient to man. The coming of electricity now permits the distribution of power at fair distances and does away with the need of concentrating large factories under a single roof. We must learn from the west and avoid the creation of capital and labour troubles by forming large national trusts and national organisations for promoting and organising large industries. India, at this moment, has a rare opportunity to make a move forward if only her sons would study industries and commerce, and bear in mind that we must move with the times.

Mr. Lloyd George, through the medium of *The Future*—a publication described as a **The Prime Minister Message**—“Government statement of national needs and national policy”, which is to be distributed free throughout the country—has addressed the following message to the British people :—

“ Millions of gallant young men have fought for the new world. Hundreds of thousands died to establish it. If we fail to honour the promise given to them we dishonour ourselves.”

What does a new world mean? What was the old world like? It was a world where toil for myriads of honest workers, men and women, purchased nothing better than squalor, penury, anxiety, and wretchedness—a world scarred by slums and disgraced by sweating, where unemployment through the vicissitudes of industry brought despair to multitudes of humble homes; a world where side by side with want there was waste of the inexhaustible riches of the earth, partly through ignorance and want of forethought, partly through entrenched selfishness.

If we renew the lease of that world, we shall betray the heroic dead. We shall be guilty of the basest perfidy that ever blackened a people's fame. Nay, we shall store up retribution for ourselves and for our children. The old world must and will come to an end. No effort can shore it up much longer. If there be any who feel inclined to maintain it, let them beware lest it fall upon them and overwhelm them and their households in ruin.

It should be the sublime duty of all, without thought of partizanship, to help in building up the new world, where labour shall have its just reward and indolence alone shall suffer want.

The message is headed, "The old world must end." *The Future* is an eight-page production with a portrait of Mr. Lloyd George, "The Pilot of Peace," on the cover, and contains supplementary messages from Lord Milner, Mr. Churchill, Sir Auckland Geddes, Sir Eric Geddes, Dr. Addison, Lord Lee of Fareham, Mr. G. H. Roberts, Sir L. Worthington-Evans, and Mr. G. N. Barnes. The Government's autumn programme is announced as follows:—  
**LABOUR:—**

A national maximum 48-hour week.

A living wage for all workers.

Workers to have:—

(a) A voice in working conditions.

(b) A financial interest in their work.

(c) Provision for unemployment.

Whiteley Councils to be developed.

Healthy houses and expeditious transport.

**COALMINES:—**

State purchase of mineral rights.

A levy on purchase price for 'social amelioration or mining areas.

Miners to help shape conditions of industry.

Reorganisation and economical management of mines.

Labour representation on controlling board of mining areas.

A free career to talent throughout the industry.

A committee on output to be set up immediately.

**TRADE POLICY:—**

Free imports (with certain exceptions) from September 1, 1919.

No Government support of foreign exchanges except to prevent complete collapse.

No dumping of foreign goods for sale at sweated prices.

Powers to prevent any floods of imports competing unfairly with British goods through a collapse of exchange in the country of origin.

Protection for Unstable "Key" Industries, *i.e.*,

(a) Products essential for war.

(b) Industries so neglected before the war that theirs was an adequate supply of their products.

(c) Industries which it was found necessary to foster and promote during the war.

(d) Industries that cannot maintain the level of production essential to the nation without Government support.

No undue profits at the expense of the community be made by reason of protection of unstable "Key" industries.

Development of Technical Instruction and Research for all classes.

Inquiry and Propaganda to Promote increased Output.

STANDARDIZATION to be promoted and co-ordinated by the State.

Development and control of Electric and Water Power Supply

IMPERIAL TRADE to be fostered and an Imperial Investigation Board to improve communication and transport within the Empire.

EXPORT CREDITS to facilitate resumption of trade with disorganized European countries.

Stimulation of Export Trade.

AGRICULTURE to be further developed, and fixed prices for crops to continue for another year at least.

PROTECTION AGAINST TRUSTS, Combines, and Harmful Trade Combinations, Government to collect fuller statistics of national trade, prices, costs, profits, &c.

## THE CALCUTTA UNIVERSITY COMMISSION.

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It is unfortunate in many respects that the Report of the Calcutta University Commission should have made its appearance at a moment when public opinion in India is mainly concentrated upon other issues. The approaching reforms, the troubles in the Punjab, the universal rise in prices—all these have served to divert notice from a document which in ordinary times would have filled the public eye almost to the exclusion of every thing else. Small as has been the space devoted in the press to the Report of the Calcutta University Commission, that document none-the-less merits the closest attention. It is no rash prophecy to state that its appearance will in times to come be accepted as a landmark not merely in the educational history of India but in the development of the country towards a fuller realisation of its inherent capacities.

We may remind ourselves that the Commission was appointed in the year 1917, with wide terms of reference. Its appointment was in no way connected with the examination paper scandals of the Calcutta University in that year, but represented the expression of an intention which the Government of India had long maintained. The Commission presided over by Dr. Sadler consisted of seven



members of whom four came out from England: two members were Indians. It met in October 1917 and after receiving written replies to its questionnaire from more than 400 witnesses in Bengal and elsewhere; and after taking evidence from hundreds of persons, completed its labours in March 1919. It was authorised to investigate the relations between University and secondary education, together with the bearing of University sides upon professional and technological training.

The report is at first sight very alarming, for it consists of thirteen bulky volumes. Of these no fewer than six are devoted to evidence. The only portions with which we will concern ourselves at present are the first five volumes. These five volumes may be divided into two parts. The first three consist of an analysis of the present conditions of education in Bengal. The remaining two deal with the recommendations of the Commission.

It is impossible in the space of a single article to summarise adequately the recommendations of a document at once so important and so comprehensive. All that can here be attempted is a general indication of the lines along which the ideas of the Commission run. We have already noticed that the first five volumes of the Report fall into two portions, the first being critical and the second constructive. So far as the critical portions are concerned there can be no two opinions as to their weight and their adequacy. We have here a comprehensive survey of the present position of education in Bengal. Its defects are clearly analysed, while such merits as it possesses are given their due weight. Never before in the history of Indian education has there been anything like this survey of existing conditions. So far as the constructive portion is

concerned, there is room for differences of judgment. While no one seriously disputes the authority of the Commissioners and their competence to express an opinion, there are some who believe that the remedies suggested for the evils so startlingly disclosed do not perhaps represent either the ideal or even the most practicable solution of the problem.

The Commissioners have at once located the fundamental weakness of Indian education. They say that no satisfactory re-organisation of the University system of Bengal will be possible until the system of secondary education is radically overhauled. The defects of the existing arrangements they assign to four principal causes. In the first place, most of the high schools are under-equipped and under-staffed. In the second place, they are unduly dominated by an ill-designed matriculation examination which gives no encouragement to many lines of study essential to the prosperity of the country. In the third place, there exists no proper machinery for supervising the work of the schools and co-ordinating their activities into a coherent system. In the fourth place, a vitally important part of secondary education is conducted not in the schools at all but in the intermediate classes of the University colleges. Because it is so conducted, it largely fails of its purpose owing to the employment of methods unsuitable for work at this stage.

This analysis of the defects of secondary education in India generally, and particularly in Bengal, deserves to be read with the greatest attention. It is hardly necessary to repeat that we have here only summarised the baldest and most obvious facts.

Coming now to the remedies which the Commission propose, we find that the nucleus of their recommendation lies in the erection of an entirely new organism which they call the intermediate college. They propose that the duty of providing training at the intermediate stage should be taken away from the Universities altogether and should be given to these new intermediate colleges, some to be attached to selected high schools, others to be organised as distinct institutions. Eventually, one intermediate college should exist in each district of the Presidency of Bengal. The courses of the intermediate colleges are to be so framed as to provide a natural continuation of the school courses. They are to prepare not only for the ordinary degree courses of the University in arts and science, but also for the medical, engineering, and teaching professions, as well as for careers in agriculture, commerce and industry. It follows from this recommendation that the stage of admission to the University should be approximately that of the present intermediate instead of that of the present matriculation.

What does this recommendation really mean? Something like this. The Commissioners realise that at the present moment, the Universities of India are attempting to do work which is not really University work at all. Instead of an Indian boy being able to get a thoroughly advanced education from his pre-University course, he now finds himself compelled to go to the University if he desires to attain a stage which is anything higher than that of a high school education. Now this present system is not only at variance with all the experience of Europe and America, but it is also economically wasteful. The number of citizens of any country who can

profitably receive a University education in the advanced sense of the word is comparatively limited. Any attempt to increase unduly this number is certain to be disastrous. But in India at present we are confronted by the curious anomaly that owing to the peculiarities of our educational system, every boy who desires an education worthy of the name is compelled to go to the University, whether the subsequent career for which he is marked out, or whether his natural intellectual abilities fit him for a University course or not. It is to remove this obvious defect and to bring Indian education into line with the best educational experience in the United States and the continent of Europe, that the Calcutta University Commissioners have recommended the institution of the intermediate college, which will enable the embryo citizen to receive in a pre-University institution training of a character which will completely fit him to play his part in the world and in the future development of his country.

The Calcutta University Commissioners realise fully the radical nature of the change which they propose should be introduced. They accordingly recommend that an entirely new machinery of control should be devised to cope with it. They suggest that a Board of Secondary Education, to consist of from 15 to 18 members, should be set up to supervise this new system. The majority of the Board should consist of non-official members, including representatives of Hindu and Muslim interests. It should be presided over by a salaried president appointed by Government, and the Director of Public Instruction should be an ex-officio member. The University of Calcutta and the future University of Dacca should also be represented on it, as well as the non-

official members of the Bengal Legislative Council. Representatives of the needs of industry, commerce, agriculture, public health, should also find a place thereon. This Board would define the various curricula to be followed in high schools and intermediate colleges ; it would conduct two secondary school examinations, the first to be taken at the normal age of 16, to be known as the high school examination, the second, approximately corresponding to the present intermediate but more varied in its range, to be taken at the end of the intermediate college course at the normal age of 18. The Board should also grant, after inspection, formal recognition to high schools and colleges; it should advise Governments as to the needs of these grades of education and so to the best methods of expending funds available for the purpose.

This Board of the Secondary and Intermediate education is very ingenious; but it may be doubted whether in practice it will prove workable. So heavy will be its labours that it may be questioned whether a conscientious member will find himself with time to do any other kind of work. If this be the case, in practice the Board will probably resolve itself into the salaried President and the Director of Public Instruction, while the representatives of the various interests, whose presence the Commissioners rightly regard as essential, will be conspicuous by their absence. Perhaps a practical solution would be to split the Board into two parts: a small executive committee composed of perhaps not more than four members, and a larger advisory committee, to whom the executive committee would report at stated intervals. Some such solution will probably be arrived at in practice,

and it would save time and trouble if it were to be regularised from the start.

The Board with its president would not be wholly separated from the Department of Public Instruction but would be regarded as a branch of the general educational organisation, closely linked with other branches through the Director of Public Instruction. That Officer would be relieved of much detailed work and he would probably in future become an expert adviser to the Member or Minister in charge of education. He would himself be in touch with all the aspects of educational work instead of being, as he is in too many cases at present, a very much over-worked head clerk. To express this change in the functions of the Director, the Calcutta University Commissioners recommend that he should be given the position of a Secretary to Government.

As an important consequence of the change which the Commissioners desire to see introduced into the system of secondary education, we may notice the alterations which they envisage in the educational service. They recommend that to give unity to the educational system, the main body of the teaching staff of Government schools and intermediate colleges should be re-organised upon a professional rather than on service basis, the fullest safeguards being taken to protect the actual or prospective rights of members of the existing services. This change would have the effect not merely of reducing the existing cleavage between Government schools and colleges and privately managed schools, but also would facilitate an interchange of teachers among these institutions.

Coming now to the recommendations of the Commissioners in regard to University education, properly so-called,

the sum total of these recommendations may be conveyed in the statement that the only kind of University suitable for India of to-day, is in the opinion of the Commissioners, the Centralised Unitary Teaching University. Into their searching analysis of the defects of the existing University system, we cannot follow them here. But we strongly recommend those of our readers who are interested in this subject to read the admirable XIII. Chapter of the second volume of the Report. The defects may be summarised as arising from the under-staffing, and under equipment of self-contained isolated colleges, from the predominantly literary character of the courses of instruction; from the mechanical methods of teaching; from the cumbrous system of University Government and administration; and from the unsatisfactory conditions under which the students live.

Last but not least may be reckoned the fact that, since the practice of treating University qualifications as the sole formal credentials for public employment has been so widely extended, many of the students think of their University course not as a thing worth pursuing for itself, but simply as a means of obtaining admission to careers for which in many cases no University training ought to be required.

The ideas of the Commissioners, in their most absolute form, can be gathered from their recommendations relating to the new University of Dacca. Here the Commissioners have had a clean slate upon which to write. They recommend that the University should be established as a Unitary Teaching University wherein all formal instruction should be given in the name of the

University by officers of the University under the control of the University authorities. No collegiate organisation is to be interposed between these authorities and the students. The University should be a residential University in the sense that the majority of the students will have residences provided for them, the provision and conduct of which will be systematically organised under the control of the University. These residential units will be utilised for the development of social life. The residences will be arranged in large units to be known as halls, sub-divided into houses, in charge of University officers. Smaller residential units may be provided with the approval of the University by private agency. The teaching work of the University will be organised in departments under the responsible charge of a principal teacher. The head of the department will be responsible for the general organisation of the work in his subjects, including tutorial guidance. In arranging for the details of University machinery, the Commissioners have naturally taken advantage of recent experience in America and in Europe to divide between two distinct bodies the medley of functions which is at present so inadequately performed by the existing University Senates. They have recognised clearly that there should be a radical distinction between general University policy and the details of academic work. Accordingly, they recommend that there should be a large University Court, in whom the ultimate control should rest, which would be so large and so representative that its meetings would be comparatively infrequent. This Court would have the power of making statutes, of approving the financial policy of the University, and of generally reviewing its work. It would elect a permanent committee



of reference to represent it in dealing with the executive council. The executive council is to be a small body with substantial powers of control over finance and the general policy of the University. It will, however, have little or no say in purely academic questions, except in so far as they may affect the general University policy. Academic questions will be dealt with by the academic council including the principal teachers of the University. It need hardly be said that there will be the usual equipment of the faculty of board of studies and other statutory boards. There will also be a full time salaried vice-chancellor, as well as a chancellor (The Governor of the Province) and visitor, the (Governor-General of India.)

In the formulation of a scheme for the Dacca University, we get some idea of the kind of institution the Calcutta University Commissioners would like to see established in place of the existing Indian universities. But when they come to Calcutta, they find themselves confronted by practical difficulties too grave to enable them to carry out their ideas with the same clarity. In the first place, the number of students to be dealt with is so large that some intermediary organisation between the individual student and the University authorities is, in the judgment of the Commissioners, essential. In the second place, the colleges, many of which have done valuable work during a long period, cannot be disregarded. The vested interests are too powerful. Accordingly, the Commissioners, with some kind of compromise with their conscience, have bowed to what they consider the practical requirements of the case. They have cast to the winds their canons of University perfection and have allowed

themselves to be, in some measure, seduced from their idea of the unitary teaching organisation. They have suggested a synthesis between the University and the collegiate organisation, which may best be indicated by the statement that the colleges will have to abandon the idea of being self-contained and self-sufficient, and must be prepared to co-operate with one another, and with the University. Moreover, new and more effectual means must be devised for enabling the University to exercise a due control over the quality and character of teaching given in its name. They recommend accordingly that the University should consist of incorporated and constituent colleges. The incorporated colleges will be institutions, like the Presidency College, owned and managed by the University itself. The constituent colleges will be distinct corporations enjoying full membership of the University, fulfilling defined conditions, performing defined functions, and enjoying defined privileges. The affiliating functions of the University are to be regarded as more or less temporary. The general principal running through the synthesis is that the colleges which are capable of taking part either now or in the immediate future, in the work of the reconstructed University, will be placed in a position of considerable power. They will have greater freedom than they now enjoy in arranging and directing the work of their students, partly by having a larger voice in the definition of curricula and in determining within defined limits what instruction their students should receive. The best teachers in the colleges will be made available so far as practicable for students or all the other colleges. Colleges admitted to constituent ranks will enjoy defined privileges. They will be

represented on the academic council. Their students will be entitled to attend University and collegiate lectures without payment of special fees. Such of their teachers as are recognised by the Universities should be eligible for appointment as University professors, readers, and so forth without leaving their colleges. They will have full control over the discipline of their students and over the type of instruction received by them. To these privileges the Commissioners recommend that the conditions of admission should be laid down by statute. This statute would define the number of students a college might admit and the proportion of students to teachers. It would also prescribe the minimum rates of pay and conditions of service to be provided by the college for its teachers, as well as the conditions to be observed regarding the residences of students. Another proviso would be the minimum accommodation and equipment to be provided in the various subjects. The colleges admitted to constituent ranks should, the Commissioners recommend, be named in the statute, any alteration of which would require the assent of the Government of Bengal.

So much for the colleges. The functions of the University would be to define the curricula of studies; to provide libraries, laboratories and other equipment necessary to supplement those of the colleges; to appoint college teachers to give, in addition to their ordinary college work, courses of instruction open to the whole University; to recognise college teachers whose work is confined to the colleges. In addition, the University should provide teachers in subjects not taught by the colleges. As in the case of Dacca, so in the case of Calcutta, the Commissioners recommend that appointments to professorships, readerships, and lectureships in the University should be made

by the University itself, through a specially appointed selection committee. The teachers of the University should not be organised upon a service basis.

Colleges unable to fulfil the conditions laid down for admission to constituent rank, but whose maintenance is necessary for accommodation of students, should be granted the privileges of temporary affiliation in order to give them an opportunity of satisfying the conditions stipulated for constituent rank. These colleges will not enjoy the privileges of the constituent colleges.

The problem of the moffussil colleges is one which has been dealt with by the Commissioners in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. The present conditions of these colleges is the reverse of good. They suffer from lack of contact with the work of the University, and they have no share in the responsibility for framing the courses of study which they pursue. The Commissioners recommend that the moffussil colleges should, for the present, remain in association with the University of Calcutta, and that the direction of their affairs should be entrusted to a special board of moffussil colleges. The general line of policy which the Commissioners foreshadow is the growth of the stronger moffussil colleges into potential universities, and by contrast of the absorption into the ranks of the new intermediate colleges of such moffussil colleges as fail ultimately to justify the position which they hold at present.

The general lines of the new University machinery of Calcutta follow as closely as possible those which have been previously indicated in the case of the University of Dacca, with the deviations rendered necessary by the increased complexity of the problem which the University of Calcutta has to face. Into the details of this machinery

we do not now propose to go, but would refer our readers to Chapter XXXVII of the Report.

Such very briefly are some of the more important of the recommendations of the Calcutta University Commission. We have not been able to notice their recommendations regarding the education of women; their detailed recommendations on the educational service; their recommendations regarding the training of teachers; and their recommendations regarding Muhammeden professional and vocational education. All these represent problems of the highest complexity and importance which have been investigated by the Commission in the most illuminating manner.

In the publication of the Calcutta University Commission the Government of India have been provided with a unique opportunity. It is generally admitted that the educational policy hitherto pursued in India stands in need of a radical revision. The grounds for revision, and the direction which this revision should take, are clearly to be gathered from the report of the Calcutta University Commission. We hope that the Government of India will find it possible to announce, it may be with some small flourish of trumpets, the novelty and the importance of the departure from the existing practice which is represented by the newly introduced Dacca University Bill. Something to strike the imagination of the country is needed; something to indicate to the public at large that the Government of India recognise at once the importance of the educational problem of to-day, and the adequacy of the solution by which they propose that this problem should be met.

L. F. RUSHBROOK WILLIAM.

## A COMPARATIVE STUDY IN LITERATURE WESTERN AND INDIAN.

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The literature of Europe comprehends within its scope a vast field, and if I were to traverse the whole field of European literature, it would require at least some volumes to be written on the subject of my essay. I must, therefore, begin with a fair warning about the method I shall pursue in my essay. I shall seek to draw conclusions regarding the different ideals of the West and the East, not by a general comprehensive survey of the whole field of literature but rather by a brief, comparative study of the best and greatest literary products of Europe and India, respectively. For instance, in European literature, I shall glance briefly at Homer, then make a long sweep and pass on to Shakespeare, then make another long sweep and pass on to Hugo and Tolstoy. In Indian literature, my field of operation, if you will permit me to use that expression, will be narrower still; and I shall confine myself only to the *Mahabharata*.

I know strong objections will be raised to this method of study. It may be said—"Generalizations based on such insufficient data—can they be trustworthy?" In answer, I shall invoke first of all the authority of Matthew Arnold,

Matthew Arnold dwells largely upon the importance of selecting *points de repere* in a proper scheme of study ; and by *points de repere* he means standard and classical works of durable value, which stand out as land marks in the field of literature, and form beacon-posts, as it were, whereby we may shape and direct our course in the study of national life and art. Now, where in the whole vast region of European letters, will you find more significant *points de repere* than in Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Hugo and Tolstoy ? And similarly, where in the whole field of Indian literature, will you find more significant *points de repere* than in Valmiki, Vyasa and Kalidasa ? But I do not choose to rest my case on the mere citation of authorities and precedents. I ask you, where will the ideals of literature—say of a particular country and people—find their fullest, completest, most adequate expression, but in the best, greatest and noblest exponents of that literature ? To get an adequate idea of the nature of light, is it necessary to light farthing candles where the great luminary is flaming under the canopy of heavens ? To get an adequate idea of the strength and compass of English literature is it necessary to read Pope alongside with Shakespeare ? After all, literature is the reflection and articulate expression of life ; and as that life finds its fullest and amplest manifestation not in humanity at large, but in rarely-gifted souls, at long intervals of time, so the ideals of literature find their sweetest and most adequate expression, not in the songstress and poetlings who must be chirping in the grove all the day long, but rather in those full throated

masters of melody, whose lips, like those of Memnon, utter strange and deep-toned bursts of harmony when touched by the earliest rays of the dawning day. To quote the words of the greatest living poet of Bengal—one whom I venture to call the greatest living poet of the civilized world—"When the lamp burns, it is not as if the lamp, lampstand and all were on fire; rather it is only the point of the wick which burns and casts its tiny spark of radiance far into the darkness and tumult of the night." And so in the world of letters, it is not as if the fire of divine inspiration is evenly distributed over the whole rank and file of minor workers, rather does it shine with the clearest and purest effulgence in those gifted few whose lips, like those of Isaiah, have been touched with a live coal from off the altar of God. And it is in the works of these that we must study the ideals of literature which they represent.

This then is my justification for restricting my range and confining my attention to a select and rigidly defined group of writers. Instead, however, of presenting you with any cut-and-dried theories on the subject, I would invite you first to glance, in my company, at some of the works of the ancient and modern world.

Take the case of Homer, of the Iliad. The ten year war with Troy is drawing to an end. The dread sacrifice at Aulis and all the labours and pains of the heroes are bearing on to their inevitable issue. But Achilles sulks in his tent. The king of men has taken the lovely Briseis from his arms and Thetis' God-like son is angry and will not be consoled. It is on the anger of Achille



"to Greece the spring of unnumbered woes," that the great poet fixes his searching glance. The events and incidents, not simply of the Trojan war, but of the world in general, he views in relation to the wrath of his hero. The anger of Achilles broods like a dark and ominous storm-cloud over the whole scene of the Iliad. And it all ends so wretchedly, so pitifully, even for the hero himself! The beloved Patroclus more generous by far than his friend, is slain—slain untimely and in the bloom of beauty because he cannot bear the woes and agonies of the suffering Achaeans. And then, the bitterness and poignancy of personal sorrow stirs the hero from the dull apathy of the past, and the revenge he takes is as swift and sudden as it is bloody and ferocious. But alas! it is now all too late! Hector's noble and beautiful head is dragged in the dust at the chariot-tails of the Victor. All Troy, all Lycia, looks on from the walls which two gods had built in wrath and humiliation of heart. They look on in the wretched impotence of helpless despair, and the piercing wail of their grief smites the face of the Heavens.

And then, as if for the Trojans this were not shame enough, as if for Achilles this were not glory enough, in the dark and lonely hours of mid-night, the aged Priam steals into the camp of the Greeks and grovels at the feet of the Victor, begging the pitiful boon of the shattered corpse of his son! And then the truth seems slowly to break on the dark heart of Achilles; and with a sort of pitying wonder, he cries out:—"And thou too old man hast known what it is to be happy"! Mark the subtle irony—all the more deep and subtle because it is so unconscious—in the answer of Achilles Overflowing with youth, energy and health, it seems wonderful to

Achilles that the feeble old man crouching before him should have known days of happiness in the past. Thus does the insolence of youth triumph over the withered grandeur of age! thus do we mock in anticipation the doom that awaits us all! Achilles grant Priam the boon that he asks; and then on the sandy-beach, between the ships and the camp, he pays his last homage of sorrow to the manes of Patroclus and institutes royal games in honour of his departed friend.

It is all very noble and beautiful, no doubt. But mark how the dominance of one passion overshadows the great epic of Homer. The largeness and amplitude of Homer's method of treatment, the swing and roll of his metre, the joy of battle which courses in his veins blind us to the fact that his rhapsodies, though so life-like, do not foresee the breadth of life itself. The great poet carves out a little world for himself and turns the lime light of his intense imaginative power upon that. It is the wrath of Achilles and the dire consequences thereof with which we are confronted at every step. We are almost apt to forget that Achilles and his wrath cannot be the centre of the world, the pivot upon which turns the panorama of the universe.

No doubt this special manner of treatment has its even peculiar advantages. It gains in intensity and force what it loses in catholicity and breadth. It serves to make exceptionally, almost fiercely prominent the passions and situations which it seeks to study. But, as the poet multiplies stroke upon stroke and goes on adding touch upon touch, as the tragedy deepens and thickens around us, an uneasy suspicion creeps into our mind:

We seem to remember that though tragedy has its place in the world, life is not all tragedy, nor is its inner significance mainly tragic. We are struck, moreover, with a sense of the utter disproportion between the cause and its effects. Achilles and his wrath seem to be a small matter beside the misery and sorrow which they provoke. To Homer, this disproportion is as nothings. The great mundane movement goes on with its joys and sorrows, its tears and laughter, its sunshine and shadow; Homer shuts them deliberately out and gaze fixedly and intently on Achilles seated in gloomy wrath within his tent. Perhaps, for the special purpose of his art, he is justified; he has deliberately restricted his outlook to give freer play to the native powers of his own genius. And what we charge against him is not deficiency within the sphere that he had selected but rather the narrowness of the sphere itself. He does not look upon the world as a whole, does not even pretend to do so; he deliberately and of set purpose looks upon a part, the part which moves round Achilles for centre—the part that is mainly occupied with the wrath and sorrow of Achilles. Homer's art is true, viewed by itself; false, when viewed in relation to the world at large. It is true in so far as it deals with the inter-action of a specified group of passions and emotions,—false in so far as it detaches and magnifies them for special treatment and does not give them their due subordination in the complicated mass of thoughts, passions and actions which make up the web of life. To put the matter within a brief compass—Homer's art is realistic but not real.

<sup>1</sup> What Homer was to ancient times, that was Dante to the mediaeval ages. But Dante's manner of treatment is too confessedly artificial to admit of convenient treatment by me in this essay. I should only like to point that what I have said about the limitations of Homer applies with far greater force and truth to Dante. In Homer, if the subject is narrow and limited, the same can hardly be said of his manner of treatment. He moves with easy joyousness of stride among the men and women of his time and scatters riches on all sides with a profuse and liberal hand. There is a swing and lissomeness in his movement, which almost overcomes the narrowness of his subject. With Dante, however, it is different. It has been said that the special merit of Dante is the narrowness, intensity and concentration, of his gaze; his vividness dazzles, overwhelms and appals. This great, fair, and peaceful world of ours—for Dante, it has shrunk down within the dimensions of a petty Italian province, nay within the walls of Florence itself. And within that limited and circumscribed area, there rolls for him a sea of seething and tumultuous passions. How frightful is the world through which we follow the great Florentine with fearsome steps! Let us enter *Inferno*. How startling and horrid are the shapes amidst which you move! "The parching air burns freze"; the hot blasts of hell seem to burn, corrode and devastate your limbs; the tomb of living fire in which *Farinata* is immured to the neck seems to burn bodily before one's eyes, and you almost hear the deep accents of the great *Ghibelline* as with "disdainful gesture" he bids Dante stop and answer his questions. You pass on; you climb

with labour and pain down, down the steep and ferruginous sides of Malebolge; you behold Ugolion at his horrible feast; and then you hear those words of terrible anguish, "I wept not: so of stone I grew within? they wept". Giddy, sick, dazed, appalled; you escape from this fearful region; but even the holy dew of Purgatory will scarce wash away the stains from our face, nor heal the wounds that hell has left. But you almost drew a sigh of relief as you recognize that the world of Dante, with its mad whirl of sin, misery, terror and pain, is not the peaceful, restful, reposeful world that you know. You hope perhaps that the accents of Hell will be made up in Heaven. But also, in Paradise, the theologian has prevailed over the poet; and the barren scholastic discourses of saints and angels fail to give you the peace which you so eagerly seek. And so you come out of Dante, our heart corroded with pain, your forehead drawn and bruised with suffering, the weight of a world's woes pressing down upon your bent back and tired shoulders. You feel that Dante is great, but you know that his poem is not true. There is no doubt a great deal of pain, misery and suffering in the world; but how thankfully we feel that as against sin there is mercy, as against suffering there is the healing benediction of blessed consolation. Dante gives us every detail of the former—gives it with all the vehemence and impetuosity of his ardent genius. But of the latter, we seem to find little except for a dream-while or so, as a casual breath of gentle perfume. And so, here also we must say that Dante's art was realistic, but not real. It seems to give you a true picture of life; but the picture it gives bears the same relation to reality

that the magnified image of a tiny drop of blood seen through a microscope bears to the thing itself.

From Dante I pass on to Spakespeare. What Homer was to ancient times, what Dante was to the middle ages that was Shakespeare to the transition-period between mediaeval or modern times. Yet, it is hardly proper to speak of great poets as ancient, mediaeval or modern; they all have a wonderful note of modernity about them. They overstep the limit of all ages and climes, and become, as it were, a universal possession of humanity. They are the mighty seers of the world at large speaking in thunderous tones the mighty truths of all ages. We must judge Shakespeare as he appears at his best—say in *Othello* and *Lear*.

Take *Lear* first. An air of ominous tragedy seems to brood upon the play from the very beginning. The air is tense with electricity and every moment we expect the storm to burst overhead. We see the feeble old King, tottering in mind though hale and vigorous in body—rendered capricious, wilful, violent, from long years of despotic exercise of power—hungry for the large affection, which Cordelia alone can give, and which, alas! the old man so blindly and madly rejects. Nothing can be more wretched and pitiful than this opening scene of the great drama. With his unflinching regard for truth, Shakespeare will not give *Lear* the least vestige of an excuse or the least loophole whereby to escape. It cannot be said that *Lear* had no warning. Kent gives him repeated and emphatic warning; and yet, with a sort of fatal blindness, the King goes forth to meet his doom. The climax approaches with almost precipitate suddenness. In a few short weeks, the King discovers the utter hollowness

of all those professions of love with which his "pelican" daughters had beguiled him. With despair at heart, he goes from Goneril to Regan only to be banished back from Regan to Goneril again. And then the wretched man feels the bitter pang of that filial ingratitude which is sharper than the serpent's tooth. In the agony of his heart, he betakes himself to a wild and desolate heath; and there, the naked face of the heavens, with the rain drenching his body, and the storm raging overhead, his doom finds him at last. His reason, which had been reeling beneath the rude shocks it had received, gives utterly way; —and instead of the proud and stately King—stately even in destitution—we have the picture of a poor frail old man, hurling vain imprecations against fate. I shall not pursue the pitiful story any farther. I shall only ask you to mark how Shakespeare concentrates the fierce lime-light of his genius upon a black sin of the human heart. The dark shadow of filial ingratitude seems to brood like a storm-cloud upon the whole drama of King Lear. You see it in Goneril and Regan, you see it in Edmund. In one case it results in the madness and despairing agony of the great King; in the other case, you have the pitiful blindness of Gloucester. The great dramatist has so selected and arranged his incidents, that each stroke, each minutest detail, seems to bring into bold relief the one horrible fact of filial ingratitude. It may be said—"But have we not Cordelia to set off against Goneril and Regan? Have we not Edgar to set off against Edmund?" Ah! yes, so we have. And what is the result of it all? Can the large love and charity of Edgar restore vision to the faded eyes of Gloucester? Does all the sweetness and tenderness of Cordelia save

Lear from the rocking anguish of despair, or solve the raging fever of his brain? Nay, does it not recoil upon herself and blast the poor frail blossom of her hope even in the bud? And, is not this the very essence of the tragedy of sin?—namely that sin not only ruins itself, but is a source and centre of ruin to all that may be moving about it? I shall not say that there is nothing fair, pure, and virtuous amidst all the sin, misery and sordidness of Lear. But this I shall say that whatever of pureness, fairness or gentleness there may be in the drama—it all alike comes utterly to grief in the end. Wreck, failure, disappointment, utter disenchantment—that is the final verdict of Shakespeare upon all the majesty of Lear, upon all the gentle and pitying tenderness of Cordelia. Our hearts are wrung with anguish as we close the epic drama of the one epic dramatist of Europe. Lear dying over the corpse of Cordelia, stately grandeur perishing in the same pyre with loving grace—that is the last picture with which Shakespeare leaves us—his summation, we may say, of one entire chapter of human life.

Permit me, in this connection, to dwell a little on the character of tragedy in general. The essence of tragedy consists in the element of failure, of battlement, of frustration. Thus in Lear, what is the sin for which the king pays so dire a penalty? Lear no doubt is irritable, wilful, capricious, obstinate. But was that sufficient to bring upon his head the terrible penalty of madness? No, it was not and there in, we shall say, lay the tragedy of his life. His fault was so slight, and yet his punishment was so great!

Let us pass on from Lear to Othello; and there we shall find another notable illustration of the point that I



have been aiming at. The Moor is so great, so noble, so heroic, so large of heart ! What is the fault that can be laid at his door ? No doubt, he is too credulous, too easily taken in by Iago's gross deception, too easily suspicious of Desdemona's great love;—but that is all. Again, Desdemona herself ? She is so sweet, so gentle, so trustful, so entirely absorbed in her love ! What is it that can be charged against her ? No doubt she presses the Moor too much about Cassio ; but that is all. And yet mark the awful catastrophe of their lives. The great heart of the Moor is wrung by the maddening pang of jealousy ! Desdemona pining away under the black frown of an angry and suspicious husband ! And then, that awful midnight scene, when Othello, his heart throbbing with the large pulsation of love, yet asks that terrible question—"Have you prayed, Desdemona ?" Tragedy seems to have reached its climax in that fatal scene when the truth burst with a lightning flash on the dark understanding of the Moor and he falls upon that wife, whom he had so dearly loved and whom yet he so blindly and so cruelly put to death !

But leaving the story aside, let us turn to the point I have been seeking to emphasise throughout. Lear is great; and so no doubt is Othello. And yet I should venture to say that they are both one-sided. Shakespeare does not view the world at large—perhaps even does not care to do so—most certainly he does not attempt to do so. He does not grasp the universe in its totality, in all its bearings and aspects, with all their intricate relations and inter-actions among themselves. He carves out a section of the world for himself and focusses his fierce analytic genius upon that. It is somewhat like seeing

things under a microscope or to see them projected in the intense glare of lime-light. There is something exaggerated and unusually emphatic about them. And thus it is that these dramas of Shakespeare—world dramas as they have been justly called—are deficient in that serenity, that restful peace, that calm tranquility, which bears upon it the broad and true impress of life. They are full of that unhealthy glitter, that passionate tumult that agitating disquiet, which men falsely suppose to be the true characteristic of life and which is the result of a narrow, partial, limited outlook upon the world! In other words, Shakespeare's art, like all European art, is realistic, not real.

From Shakespeare we shall take another long sweep and pass on to the nineteenth century. And here we are beset with an initial difficulty in the matter of selection. So far as the ancients are concerned, Homer is the only possible choice—there is none to dispute the honours with him. The same is equally true of Dante and Shakespeare. But very different is the case with the century of Scott. Wordsworth, Keats and Browning, of Heine, Schiller and Goethe, of Chateaubriand, La Martine, Balzac and Victor Hugo, of Turgenieff and Tolstoy. I enumerate these names just to indicate the difficulty in the matter of selection with which we are beset. And it is with a certain amount of diffidence that I venture to select two as about the most typical and representative men of their age—Victor Hugo and Tolstoy—Victor Hugo standing for the older, Latin civilization of the West, and Tolstoy for the newer, fresher Slavonic culture of the East. Perhaps a word of apology is needed for not mentioning Goethe in

this connection. But, in the first place, I have not yet taken my bearings of German literature; and, in the second place, Goethe can hardly be taken as in a special manner the product of his age. There is beside a detachment and serenity in his work which is almost Oriental and which is far removed from that turbid impetuosity, which is such a dominant characteristic of Western literature. Again we know that Balzac is greater than Hugo, that Turgeneff is a more finished and accomplished artist than Tolstoy. Yet, in passion, intensity and grandeur, Hugo surpasses Balzac and the united suffrage of Europe has placed Tolstoy above Turgeneff.

Leaving aside the question of the comparative merits of these different writers, I shall now ask—what is the distinctive feature of the works of Hugo and Tolstoy? Like other great European artists, they also deal with the tragedy of human life. Only this tragedy—and the fact is characteristic of the literature of modern times—is brought about, not by the inscrutable decree of fate as in the case of the great Greek dramatists, nor by something catachysmal, unexpected and sudden as in Shakespeare—but rather by the conflict and collision between society and the individual. The whole history of modern civilization may be summed up in one sentence—it is a constant and continual process of adjustment between the respective claims of the individual and the community. This continuous and ceaseless struggle is necessarily reflected in the literature of the age; and both Hugo and Tolstoy present us with different phases of the conflict.

Take Hugo's *Les Misérables*. Leave aside the aberrations of Hugo's stupendous genius—the affectation,

the theatricality, the forced antithesis, the meritricious pomp. Go to the pith and core of the matter; and what is it that you behold? Jean Val Jean a poor hard working peasant of France, is striving for bread in spite of all his toil. He steals a piece of bread to give food to his children—surely the most venial of faults; and the inexorable law of the land sends him to the galleys for this offence. After nineteen years of hard labour Jean Val Jean returns—a crushed and hopeless creature, a brute in human shape. He would live honestly even now if only he could. But he can't; the law of the land will not let him do it. The law has set its mark upon him; and wherever he goes, this mark makes him an object to be shunned and avoided. At last the life of a saintly Bishop reclaims him. He settles down to a life of honest labour and rises by dint of merit and good luck to the position of Mayor of his adopted town. But the ghost of a former sin—if so it can be called—pursues him even here and will not let him rest in peace. The emissaries of law pounce upon him in the midst of his peaceful and restful labour; and once more he has to betake himself to flight to escape from their clutches. And so the whole miserable story drags on. Civilization, like the car of Juggernaut, moves on; and Jean Val Jean is left a maimed and crushed and shapeless mass beneath. The defect which we have noticed elsewhere in European art, we may also notice here. There is nothing to relieve the sombre gloom of the story; and except, for the brief period of Cosette's idyllic happiness with Marius, the world seems to be deprived of sunshine and light. And even of

that happiness, the end is most pitiful; for does it not cost the noble Jean Val Jean his life?

If we pass from *Les Miserables* to the *Resurrection* of Tolstoy, the change is perhaps for the worse. Take the central story first. Katusha's fair and innocent life is blasted in the bud; and why? because of the iniquitous laws of society. The whole book of Tolstoy is one fierce indictment of modern society and modern civilization. If you accept society and its laws, you cannot but be a hypocrite, a timeserver, a pharasee and a debauchee. Is there no escape from this frightful dilemma? Yes, there is. But the remedy is the most drastic that you can conceive. It involves the destruction of the whole social structure of the present day, and leaves us aghast at the prospect of a revolution, the end of which no man can foresee.

I wish, I could have taken my readers more fully through Hugo and Tolstoy; but I have already exceeded my limits, and must of necessity, close this portion of my survey.

Let me recapitulate the main points of the portion that I have already finished. I have taken you from point to point over the whole surface of European literature—from Homer to Dante, from Dante to Shakespeare, and from Shakespeare to Hugo and Tolstoy. One thing let me say at once to clear any possible misconception. I have never denied the greatness of this literature. I have never denied its force, virility, strength, intensity and wonderful vividness. My point, what I have been driving at, is that European literature never takes a

serene, comprehensive, bird's-eye view of human life. Perhaps it does not care to do so; perhaps it does not even attempt to do so. We are not concerned with the decision of that question. For us it is sufficient to know that European literature carves out a section of life for itself and takes that for its special study. Of all the inter-related groups of human thoughts, passions and emotions, which make up the complex web of life, it detaches some from their natural place and subjects them to a keen, microscopic process of analysis and dissection. This method has its own special advantages. It gives swiftness, glitter, force, gives an air of verisimilitude—of verisimilitude, understand, but not truth. And this brings me to the second point of my remarks. For if this limited, intensified, concentrated manner of treatment has its advantages, it has its attendant disadvantages as well. In giving the special and particular, it misses the universal and general. Its truth to the part is untruth to the whole. The very emphasis and exaggeration it lays up on particular phases of human life distorts and perverts its outlook on that life at large. The pictures of life presented in European literature bear as much likeness to life, as images of things seen through a microscope bear to the things themselves. To put it in other words, what European literature gains in analysis, that it loses in synthesis: what it gains in intensity, vividness, and picturesqueness that it loses in breadth, serenity and truth.

Some explanation is needed for the two cryptic phrases which I have occasionally used in the course of this essay. I have said that European literature is *realistic* not *real*. What I mean is this. It affects

give that truth about life, and fails to do so,— because its gaze is so confined to actual life with its hurry, tumult and agitating disquiet. To have a true idea of the world, you must rise about the world and watch it from a purer and serener atmosphere beyond. European artists do not care to do this. They wish to study life, but are immersed in the very vortex of life itself. Hence the aberration of their gaze and the distorted half-view which they get of the world. If you wish to measure the strength and force of a stream, you must stand on the bank and not plunge into the stream. European artists, on the other hand, are in the very centre of the toiling eddy and whirlpool of life, and hence their inability to measure the strength and force of the current of life. Detachment is a condition precedent to the truth of all great literature; and this detachment is conspicuously lacking in the great masters of European literature. On the other hand, the greatness of Indian Art springs from the lofty detachment and aloofness of the great masters of Indian literature.

Let us take the *Mahabharata*. We are almost appalled at the magnitude of the work. It is as vast as life or the universe itself. It is planned and carried out on a stupendous scale. It moves slowly and leisurely along, rich in its own magnificence, bearing quietly the weight of its own majesty and grandeur. Notice first the absolute want of doctrinaire bias in our author. If it is no sacrilege to apply the commonplace epithet to the great sage of the *Mahabharata*. He has no theory of his own to impose upon his reader, no doctrine to preach, no moral to uphold, no sin to rebuke, no righteousness to vindicate. His sole concern

is to unfold before our vision the rich, panoramic procession in which the world moves on in its accustomed course. And what a world it is ! How spacious, how varied,—now rippling with mirth, now rich with joy, and again charged with the keen intensity of wailing grief. Shadow and sunshine is there and rain as well—now bright, beneficent, life-giving, and again, lurid, fierce, tempestuous. You turn over page after page and read through canto after canto ; and at every turn, you stand confronted with the rich spaciousness of the work,—there seems to be no other word for it. It is like some vast landscape, 'with wide-skirted meads and shadowy champagnes graced.' Hill and valley are there ; moorland and meadow ; as also the gentle brook which gurgles through the homestead and bring gold to your granaries. And the total effect of it all is perfect peace, perfect tranquility, utter acquiescence in the immutable laws of the universe.

In the second place, notice the magnificent impassiveness of the great sage. He projects his picture upon the illumined pages of his book, and lets it float before our vision for a due length of time. It passes, and the next succeeds and that again is succeeded by another. But the poet never obtrudes himself upon our gaze, never intervenes between his reader and the creations of his brain. Again, European artists identify themselves with their heroes and heroines. They share in their joy, weep over their misfortunes, storm in their indignation, are melted to pity over their pathos. But the Indian master is serene and impassive in the midst of the changing fortunes of his heroes. They do their work and get their deserts ; what more has to be said about it ?



The five sons of Pandu, born in the loneliness of the forest, brought up with hardship and sorrow, attain at length to years of manhood and become great and strong. They clear territories for themselves, and make themselves masters of such territories, and their rule is wise, just, and beneficent. We rejoice in their happiness, when lo! the scene changes and, in the midst of their prosperity, they are hurled to the dust. The great poet smiles behind the veil and shifts the scene. Then follow the twelve years of wandering from forest to forest and the one year of concealment; and then the terrible war of *Kurukshetra*. We are all accustomed to hear and say the five *Pandavas* were victorious in that war. But what a ghastly mockery that victory must have been! Sons, relatives, and friends—all were dead, their army had perished; and were heaped together with the enemy on that catacomb of the slain, which had been piled upon the wide, wild plains of *Kurukshetra*. All relish is taken from their triumph, the sweetness of victory turns bitter in their mouth as amidst tears and lamentations they seat themselves on the throne of a desolate empire. We lament over this miserable catastrophe, but the great fact smiles behind the veil and passes by. Then there is another change over the spirit of the dream. Once more the *Pandavas* rise to the height of earthly power; they conquer the nations of the world and make themselves masters of the universe. But this again is followed by another miserable fall. Krishna, the beloved friend and ally, their never-failing source of comfort and support, departs from this world; the sea encroaches upon the fair realm of Dwarka; barbarians pour in through the mountain-fastnesses of the west; the *Gandiva* falls from the hand of Arjuna; and then at last the

*Pandavas* resolve upon *Mahaprasthan*. Casting aside the robe and pomp of sovereignty, dressed in the mean garb of poverty, the five royal brothers, with Draupadi, the devoted companion of all their joys and sorrows, take the mountain-path towards heaven. I know not where else in the whole literature of the world we are to find another scene to equal the tragic grandeur of that last terrible and most forlorn journey. The five brothers, who had stood so close together during the long pilgrimage of life, are compelled to part company at length. One by one, they drop by the road side, worn by the toil and fatigue of the march. They drop off and their brothers pass on, sad unable to linger. The attitude of Judhisthir throughout this journey has always seemed to me most significant. He knows all; he understands all; his heart is wrung with anguish; and yet he has no pity to spare for the fallen wife, the falling brothers. Fate must work its will, the inexorable laws of the world must be obeyed, sin must have its suffering. What can he do? or how arrest the march of destiny? At length, even the last drops off from his side; and still he marches on, staff in hand, the dog by his side;—on his face shines the far-off glow from the radiant towers of heaven !

As I follow Judhisthir in this last toilsome journey of his, it seems to me that he stands for the great epic poet, for *Vyasadeva* himself. Like Judhisthir, Vyasadeva, knows all, sees all, understands all. He mourns over our sorrow and rejoices in our joy; but with his pitiless regard for truth, he can soften nothing, he can hold back nothing. The grandeur of the earth passes away as it has always passed away, as it must always pass away. Empires rise and grow and flourish and crumble into

dust and decay, as they must always perish by turns. Men are born, bear their little loads of joy or sorrow, act their petty parts of bliss, and turn on the sounding stage board of life; and they are swept away into the whirling eddy of death and their place knows them no more. So the pageantry of the earth moves on, so turns the cycle of fate. Why murmur at it, my brothers, why revolt against the eternal decrees of heaven? Let us only watch and study and observe and act our allotted part, whatever it may be. Peace, contentment, resignation, acquiescence—no unmanly whine, no futile rebellion, no vain gnashing of the teeth—such seems to be the final message of India, as interpreted by the wisest and the most ancient of her poets and sages.

We thus see that Indian poets prefer to look on life as a whole, not on portions or fragments of it. And in this treatment of life as a whole, they gain a great advantage from the lofty impassiveness, the magnificent detachment of their temper. They are never immersed neck-deep in the affairs of the world; they are never blinded by the turbid flow of its cross-currents. They gaze upon it from a clearer and serener atmosphere; and hence the truth, sureness and just proportion of their vision. All great art, I may say in conclusion, is objective; and Indian art is so supremely great because it is so massively objective.

*Howrah.*

R. PALIT.

## PATRIOTIC POETRY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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The forty years which succeeded the downfall of Napoleon were marked by very striking changes in the history of England. By the time that period had come to a close the nation's outlook had taken upon itself a new orientation, and the Imperial ideal had been born and was being firmly established in the minds of responsible men. Although the Industrial Revolution had made very considerable progress during the twenty years of the struggle with France ; although, indeed, it had been a highly important factor in Britain's success in that conflict ; yet the main interest in the country had been the agricultural, and not the manufacturing, interest. Now with peace, came the triumph of industrialism, and the great changes in mode of life and outlook which were associated with it.

The first years of peace were years of distress and want, due partly to the changes that were taking place in industry as it passed from the domestic to the factory system of manufacture, partly to the lack of means which followed the arduous struggle with Napoleon and the heavy debt which a comparatively small nation of some

nineteen millions of people was called upon to shoulder. During these years the condition of life of the poorer classes in the industrial areas was probably as bad as any thing that England has ever known, and great credit is due to the Oastlers, Sadlers, and Ashleys of that time, who strove to effect an improvement in the conditions of life and work of these neglected citizens.

But these bad years were followed (in the wonderful Victorian era) by rapid trading and industrial developments and these led in turn to the growth of a plutocracy of manufacturing and commercial magnates who struggled to wrench the control of the nation's affairs from the landed interest and country aristocracy, in whose hands it had so long been. The success of these new men, of whom Cobden and Bright are best known from the part they played in the Repeal of the Corn Laws, testifies to their power and ability. But the change in outlook which accompanied this transformation of Britain from an agricultural to an industrial community, and moved the mass of the English people from the open country side to the narrow streets of the unattractive Victorian towns, brought also with it new factors destined to play an all-important part as moulding influences on the lives of the British people. The era became an era of smug self-complacency, and robust materialism, the predominant gospel was that of the success of the strong; there was consequently a weakening of the spiritual aspects of the national character.

In such an era poetry was, as might well be expected, much at a discount. The poet was forced to be content with fit audience, though few. The Gradgrinds and the

Swellfoots of the age found little in poetry or indeed in art of any kind, that was helpful in the main object of their lives, the acquisition of riches. Yet during the whole of this era, forces were at work which kept alive that spiritual side of the national character which was in danger of atrophy and, in the end, these forces emerged triumphant over the materialistic conception of things which had disfigured much that was otherwise good in the life of the period.

During this period the spirit of English patriotism ran high and strong, though at times it showed itself too much as a swaggering jingoism, resolutely fanned into flame by Lord Palmerston, the idol of the populace, whose efforts in this direction left his country open at times to serious rebuff and loss of prestige, when it proved impossible to translate words into deeds. At the same time, however, among other forces which were silently at work leavening the nation, was a new conception of the Imperial destiny of the British race. The importance of the colonies and dependencies, and the magnitude of the task which Britain had undertaken as the guardian and developer of many of the backward races of the globe, stirred the mind of thinking people, and gave them a new conception of the duties associated with the splendid vision of the Empire which was now opening out before them.

It was many years, however, before this new Imperialism was to find very definite expression in national poetry. Wordsworth lived on until 1850 as one of the greatest of English poets-laureate, but with much of his best work already accomplished; his successors—Byron, Shelley, and Keats—were in the main frankly cosmopolitan and even revolutionary in tone; it was probably a reaction from

the period of strain and strife with which their younger days had been associated. Both Byron and Shelley were practically outlawed from their native land, and wrote much in chastisement of certain aspects of the British character which they whole-heartedly detested. Both, too, with their contemporary, Keats, died young, and before the coming of the years which are supposed "to bring the philosophic mind." But one of them, Byron, was caught up in the ardent patriotism which was stirring the Hellenes to drive out the Turkish tyrant from their native land, and he gave up his life as a sacrifice to the cause of Greece.

The next great company of poets, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Swinburne, and the rest, who give glory and dignity to the materialistic Victorian era, and raise it to a high place among the periods of British literary enterprise, all added, though in various measure, to the glory of British patriotic poetry. Of all of them it is impossible here to write, but from the work of some of them we may gather insight into the spirit which animated the whole; though in doing so we must leave untouched the work of such important patriotic writers, as Watson, Kipling, Doyle, Kingsley, Mackay, Hardy, Dobson, Bridges, Newbolt, Henley, and, indeed, a host of others. many, of whom are happily living and singing still. Each of these in his own particular way has been a singer of the greatness that is Britain, each has had a rich inheritance of glorious deeds and noble thoughts from which to choose; and if the song has not been so exuberant in poetic fancy as it was that of the more youthful Elizabethan age, it has had a richer and deeper meaning, due to the fuller content which four

centuries of varied national life have added to the story of the nation and its work.

Of all these exponents of British patriotism Tennyson stands easily first. Essentially a courtly poet, he was well fitted to raise the office of poet-laureate (an office he had received untarnished from the hands of his predecessor Wordsworth), to greater heights than it had ever known before. Indeed with Wordsworth and Tennyson, the Office passed out of the region of party strife and ignoble motive to the higher realms of national interest and lofty patriotism.

Some of Tennyson's efforts as laureate are amongst his highest strains. The *Ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington* is a perfect example of its kind, with its sketch of the Duke's career, its association of the burial with the nation and with London, in whose streaming central roar the dead hero was to lie, and with the Nelson who will ever be our greatest hero:

Mighty Seaman, this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea,  
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,  
The greatest sailor since the world began.  
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,  
To thee the greatest soldier comes;  
For this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea;  
His foes were thine; he kept us free.

Many times during his laureateship was Tennyson called upon to commemorate important events and never did he fail, as witness his *Charge of the Light Brigade*, and the *Heavy Brigade*, his welcomes to Alexandra and Marie Alexandrovna, the *Ode at the Opening of the International*



*Exhibition*, and others. Closely allied, too, are his dedication to the *Idylls of the King*, with the well-known sketch of Prince Albert ;

Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,  
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,  
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,  
and the epilogue addressed to the Queen with its vision of  
'Orr slowly grown and crowned Republic" with its  
crowning common sense,  
That saved her many times,

Nor is it only contemporary history that appeals to him. He can sing the deeds of Britain's heroes of all time : Grenville dying on the deck of his good ship *The Revenge*, or *Harold* or *Becket*, or wide-famed *Robin Hood*.

Like all British poets too, he is a lover of liberty and a firm opponent of autocracy, and his sonnet on Poland might with some necessary alterations, be read again to-day.

How long, O God, shall men be ridden down,  
And trampled under by the last and least  
Of men?

And like Wordsworth, he finds this freedom and liberty most of all in his native land, which no British poet has praised more nobly or sincerely.

It is a land that freemen till,  
That sober-suited Freedom chose.  
The land, where girt with friends or foes,  
A man may speak the thing he will;  
A land of settled government,  
A land of just and old renown,  
Where freedom slowly broadens down,  
From precedent to precedent,

Where faction seldom gathers head,  
But by degrees to fullness wrought,  
The strength of some diffusive thought,  
Hath time and space to work and spread.

He loves intensely this native land of his, and he has painted it for us in some of the most vivid poetical word pictures. For he would have us love it too :

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought  
From out the storied Past, and used  
Within the Present, but transfused  
Thro' future time by power of thought.

As becomes a true patriot, he is not insensible to the defects of British character in the materialistic age in which he lives, and in *Maud*, and *In Memoriam*, and in *Locksley Hall* he points out these defects, and suggests the means of avoidance or improvement. But in spite of all he believes that the British heart is still true as of old, and will prove it when occasion demands. He rises to prophetic heights in his visions of future wars, when he

Heard the heaven fill with shouting, and there rain'd a  
ghastly dew  
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.  
He believes that his race will prove worthy of its past:  
Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down like a wind,  
We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still  
And myself have awaked, as it seems, to a better minde,  
It is better to fight for the good than to rail at ill;  
I have felt with my native land. I am one with my kind,  
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assign'd.

And he looks forward to the final triumph of good and right in the time when

The war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furl'd

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

Browning was well fitted by his love of the effective deed and by his cheery optimism to sing of his native land. But his forced exile in Italy for the health of the wife to whom he was so fondly attached, prevented that close association with England which was necessary for such a purpose. Yet on several occasions he shows the ardent patriotism which burns within him. His play of *Strafford* is instinct with noble patriotism ; his *Home Thoughts from abroad*, and *Home Thoughts from the sea* show us how tenderly he thought of his native land.

Nobly, nobly Cape St. Vincent to the North-West died away;  
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;  
Bluish mid, the burning water, full in face 'Trafalgar lay;  
In the dimmest North-East distance dawned Gibraltar grand,  
and grey.

"Here and here did England help me ; how can I help England"  
—say,

Whoso turns as I this evening, turns to God to praise and pray,  
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

Matthew Arnold, as becomes a critic, is perhaps more keenly sensitive to British shortcomings, especially in the sphere of education and culture, where so many English people seemed to him either "Barbarians" or "Philistines." But like his master, Wordsworth, he is filled with a love of the natural scenery of his native land with its visions of quiet peace and fulfilment, as opposed to the stress

and strain of man's short and insecure existence. No one, surely, could give better pictures of this homely peace of British life than those which come to us in the pages of *Thyrsis* and the *Scholar Gipsy*; the

Fields where soft sheep from cages pull the hay,  
Woods with anemonies in flower till May.

or

Many a dingle on the loved hill-side,  
With thorns once studded, old, white-blossomed trees,  
Where thick the cowslips grew, and far descried  
High tower'd the spikes of purple orchises.

Or Oxford, the sweet city with her dreaming Spires, or  
Godstow Bridge when haytime's here, or Bagley Wood in  
autumn, or the days of early June or midsummer.

Soon will the high Midsummer poms come on,  
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,  
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,  
Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell,  
And stocks in fragrant blow,  
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,  
And open jasmine-muffled lattices,  
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,  
And the full moon, and the white evening star.

How deeply must such visions appeal to those of  
Britain's sons who carry on her work and fulfil her destiny  
in far off lands and on the waters of the pathless seas.

The remaining poet of our set is of a different type.  
Born of Northumbrian-Danish stock, and the descendant  
of heroes of the sea, no fitter singer of the greatness of  
the Navy could have been found than the poet Swinburne.  
To him the Navy and sea-power are especially the typical  
actors of Britain's greatness and the undying glory of her

sons, and he hymns them again and again in the wonderful, soul-haunting melodies of his magic verse. Unfortunately but little room is left for quotation, yet one there must be and none, perhaps, could prove a more fitting conclusion to this study of the patriotic spirit enshrined in the national literature :

England, queen of the waves, whose green inviolate girdle  
enrings thee round,

Mother fair as the morning, where is now the place of thy  
foemen found?

Still the sea that salutes us free proclaims them stricken,  
acclaims thee crowned.

Mother, mother beloved, none other could claim in place of thee,  
England's place;

Earth bears none that beholds the son so pure of record, so  
clothed with grace;

Dear our mother, nor son nor brother is thine, as strong or as  
fair of face.

England, none that is born thy son, and lives, by grace of thy  
glory, free,

Lives and yearns not at heart and burns with hope to serve as  
he worships thee ;

None may sing thee; the sea wind's wing beats down our song  
as it hails the sea.

*Golders Green,  
London.*

F. W. TICKNER.

## SUFISM IN AFGHANISTAN.

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"Mun. Safaho La. Hubay. Fahoa. Saff.

Wa. Mun Safaho. La Habeebay, Fahoa. Suffee."

'He that is purified by love is pure; and he that is absorbed in the beloved and hath abandoned all else is a Sufi.' The Sufi, like all mystics, Eastern and Western, claims to receive a direct vision of God. The immediacy of the access to the divine places the devotee beyond doubt, superstition and the possibility of error. But the faith and practice of Sufism entail a certain discipline, and the devotee is invited to make his pilgrimage under the guidance of a Spiritual director, whose lightest word he must regard with the highest reverence. So will he make his voyage over the waves of doubt and error, led by a skilful pilot into the haven of Truth. Having embarked on the mystic way the initiate regards himself as a vowed pilgrim of eternity and constantly occupies himself in the contemplation of the Deity. God, according to the Sufi, is imminent in all created things and the soul of man like all other existences, not only proceeds from God, but is a spark, as it were, of the divine Light Himself. The soul of man is regarded as living in exile from its creator who is not only the author of its being but also its Spiritual home. The body is the cage or prison house of

the soul and life on this earth is regarded as banishment from God. Before falling into this captivity every Soul had seen the face of Truth and what seems to us here as truth is but a transient gleam amid our earthly shadows, a momentary reminiscence of the glories of a past existence. Sufism by a long system of mental and moral training restores the soul from its exile, leads it onward from stage to stage until at length it reaches the goal of perfect Knowledge, Truth, and Peace.

As an example of the Sufi doctrine of the imminence of God in creation an old M. S. tells us how the creation proceeds at once from God:—

“The Creation owes its existence from the splendour of God, and as at dawn the sun illuminates the earth, and the absence of its light is darkness; in the like manner all will be non-existent if there were no Celestial Radiance of the Creator diffused in the Universe. As the light of the Sun bears a relation to the temporal or the perceptible side of life; so does the Splendour of God to the Celestial or Occult phase of existence.”

And as illustrating the idea that the present life is the banishment of the soul from God, we may cite the lives of a great Afghan Sufi, Mullah Meran, who, on his deathbed, wrote the following lines on a piece of paper:—

“Tell my friends when bewailing that they disbelieve and discredit the Truth.

You will find my mould lying, but know it is not I,  
I roam far far away in the Sphere of Immortality.

This was once my house, my covering, but not my home.

It was the Cage the bird has flown.  
 It was the Shell the pearl is gone.  
 I leave you toiling, and strangled, as I see  
 You struggling as I journey on.  
 Grieve not, if one is missing from amongst you.  
 Friends ! let the house perish, let the Shell decay !  
 Break the Cage, destroy the Garment, I am far away.  
 Call this not my death. It is the life of life, for which  
 I wearied and longed."

There are four stages through which the initiate must pass on his way to perfection and the enjoyment of a Beatific Vision of the Divine Glory, where "His Corporeal veil, which previously obscured the vision, will be lifted and the soul, emancipated from all material things will re-unite with the divine and transcendent essence, from which it had been sundered for a time but not separated for ever."

The first stage is termed Nasat or humanity, in which the disciple is merely required to be a faithful follower of Islam with due obedience to its laws and ceremonies. This preliminary course is regarded as a necessary discipline for regulating the lives of the vulgar and weak-minded and as a wholesome restraint upon those who may be constitutionally unfitted to attain the heights of divine contemplation. If the later liberty were at first conceded harm would be done, for many would be led astray by that very latitude in matters of doctrine which sets free the more powerful intellects and devouter hearts on their upward course of unfettered aspiration.

The second stage is termed "Tarequt" or the Way, in which the disciple attains what is called "Jubroot" or



*Potentiality and Capacity.* Here the novice is freed from the state of pupillage, which consisted merely in carrying out the rules and directions of a guide and becomes a real Sufi. Some have maintained that in this second stage the pilgrim is privileged to lay aside all the external forms of religion and to have soared beyond the need of corporeal worship and to have reached the heights of Spiritual Contemplation. This view, however, is contested. Many eminent Sufi authorities insist that a careful observance of all religious forms and devotions is obligatory, no matter what the degree of piety he may have attained. Others, however, make a contrary assertion maintaining that as purity can only be acquired through the constant practice of orthodox devotions, so it cannot permanently be retained unless these things be transcended and outgrown.

The third stage "Araff" signifies Knowledge or Inspiration and the adept now is said to have possession of supernatural knowledge; he is inspired and has become the equal of the angels.

The fourth and final stage is that of "Hagequt" or the Truth itself, for the Union of the Soul with Divinity is now complete. This perfection which qualifies the Sufi to be a Spiritual guide can only be attained by means of long continued prayer and by complete abstraction and severance from all mundane desires and affections, for "the man must be annihilated before the Saint can exist. Such a professor has now climbed the five Lateefa or steps. These are Heart (Dill), Breath (Nafus), The Root of Soul (Sar), Head (Ikhfa) and Crown of the head (Khafi). Before attempting this last and final ascent the novice must have proved himself a devout and godly learner, and have

shown himself in the eyes of his teacher to have the power of devout abstraction from all worldly cares. In the pursuit of this object many retire into the absolute solitude of the jungle or dwell in caves located among barren mountains.

In Afghanistan, as in other Eastern countries, the most eminent Sufis have been as distinguished by their learning as by their devotion. The ranks of Sufism are open to all those sages whose words or writings reveal a philosophic temper and the power of penetrating into the mysteries of the Divine Nature; for this alone lifts a man above the level of the vulgar. Poets, especially, are held in high estimation, for poetry is of the essence of Sufism. The genius of the poet is akin to religious inspiration. His power of soaring into the infinite and appropriating the inexhaustible treasures of the unseen world is itself religious. The rapture of the poet transports him into heavenly regions where he can disport himself in freedom, and at last fly upon the wings of devotion into that rare atmosphere where his soul can be re-united with its Creator, who is the source and end of his existence. There have been Sufi poets in every Eastern country. It is through the symbols and metaphors of poetry that the mystic can describe the higher experiences of the soul, for which direct human language is too weak and imperfect. Hence in Afghanistan, as elsewhere, Sufi devotion is expressed through poetry. Here the ardent love of the creature towards the Creator finds its best medium of expression. This poetry is so full of religious allegory and so saturated with mystical allusion that what to the initiated reveals deep

spiritual truth may appear to the profane but a Bacchanalian riot of luxury and eroticism.

Indeed so liable has some poetry been to this misinterpretation that we can hardly wonder at the action of the Great Mogul Aurungzeb. This man was not only a great Sufi but also a great administrator and moralist. And when he observed that in India the poems of Hafiz and Jami were being misunderstood by the vulgar and even regarded as provocative of immorality, he ordered that no one should be allowed to possess these works until he was in possession of that spiritual affinity which the writings of Hafiz and Jami pre-suppose, and such action was not unjustifiable for even Eastern mystics themselves are capable of thus misinterpreting the poets.

But, in truth, it is the dark riddle and pathos of human life which the Sufi poet veils under the metaphor of physical love and the woe of parted lovers. All this signifies the banishment of the humansoul from its eternal Lover; the pain of earthly parting adumbrates the anguish of the soul when estranged from God. Love and the wine cup signify the rapture of the Soul.

To sum up the whole matter, let us understand how completely Sufism is interpenetrated with the belief that the souls of men are one in essence with the divine. However much men may differ in degree from the divinity they are, after all particles of the Divine Being and will ultimately be re-absorbed in him. He is universal Substance; in Him alone is perfect Goodness, perfect Truth and perfect Beauty; the love of Him alone is real love that love which is wasted on inferior object is but an illusion and a snare; nature itself is a mirror wherein

the divine Beauty is reflected; from all eternity the Supreme Goodness has been occupied in diffusing happiness among those capable of receiving it. There was once a covenant between God and man and it is only when man recovers his relationship with God that he attains real happiness, nothing really exists but mind or Spirit; material things have no real substance as the ignorant believe; they are but beautiful pictures continually suggested to our minds by the divine Artist; we must beware of attaching ourselves to what is but a phantom, and cleave only unto God who is the supreme and only real Existence for he exists in us and we in Him. Here we may use these phantom pictures as a means of approach to the eternal Beauty, between God and man. Sweet music, fragrant flowers and calm zephyrs perpetually renew in use a remembrance of the heavenly archetype; these good gifts we may indeed cherish with affection, but we must look from them to their divine Source. We must turn our souls from vanity, from all that is not God, for thereby we approximate to His perfection, find our kinship with Him until at last, one in Him in essence we reach the transports of union with the divine. Note how it is assumed throughout the Sufi doctrine that in a prior state of existence man was in union with God. At the moment of his creation every being met his creator face to face, and to each separately was put this solemn question by a celestial voice. Art thou not with God? or Art thou not bound by solemn covenant with thy creator? And each created spirit made reply "Yea." Hence it is that the words *Alasto* (are thou not?) and *Bala* (Yea) occur so often in mystic Sufi poetry. For instance, Rumi began his celebrated

Musnawi, which I have ventured to render into English verse as follows:—

### THE FLUTE.

Oh ! hear the flute's sad tale again—  
 O Separation I complain;  
 E'er since it was my fate to be  
 Thus cut from off my parent tree ?  
 Sweet moan I've made with pensive sigh,  
 While men and women join my cry.  
 Man's life is like this hollow rod—  
 One end is in the lips of God,  
 And from the other sweet notes fall  
 That to the mind and spirit call  
 And join us with the All in All.

The Sufis have even formed a vocabulary of the secret meanings of the terms employed in their poetry. Wine signifies devotion, sleep as meditation on the divine perfections; perfume is the hope of the divine afflatus; zephyrs are the outpourings of divine grace; kisses and embraces typify the transports of devotion and piety. Idolaters, free-thinkers and revellers are held, by a strange perversion, to be representatives of those whose faith is of the purest kind; their Idol is the creator, the tavern is a secluded oratory, where they become inebriated with the wine of love; the tavern keeper is the Meropphant or Spiritual leader; beauty denotes the perfection of the Deity; curling locks and tresses are the infinitude of His glory; lips are dumb with his inscrutability; down on the cheeks is the world of His encompassing spirits; even the black mole on the breast of the beloved is the centre of indivisible unity; inebriation and dalliance typify that abstraction of the soul which shows contempt of mundane affairs.

‘Yesterday, half inebriated, I passed by the quarter where the  
wine-sellers dwell,  
To seek out the daughter of an Infidel, who is a vendor of  
wine.  
At the end of the street, a damsel, with a fairy’s cheek,  
advanced before me,  
Who, pagan-like, wore her tresses dishevelled over her shoul-  
ders like the sacerdotal thread.

Abandoning my heart altogether, and in ecstacy wrapt, I  
followed her,  
Till I came to a place, where alike, reason and religion for-  
sook me.  
At a distance, I beheld a Company, all inebriated and  
besides themselves,  
Who came all frenzied, and boiling with ardour from wine of  
love;  
Without lutes, cymbals, or viols; yet all full of mirth and  
melody—  
Without wine, or goblet, or flask; yet all drinking unceasingly.

When the thread of restraint slipped away from my hand,  
I desired to ask her one question, but she said unto me  
"Silence."

This is no square temple whose gate thou canst precipitately  
attain

This is no mosque which thou canst reach with tumult, but  
without knowledge.

"This is the banquet-house of infidels, and all within are  
intoxicated

All, from eternity's dawn to the day of doom in astonishment  
lost !

Depart, then, from the Cloister, and towards the tavern bend  
thy steps;

Cast away the Cloak of the Darwaish, and don thou the  
libertines robe !

I obeyed : and if thou desire, with me, the same hue and  
colour to acquire,

Imitate me, and both this and the next world sell for a  
drop of pure wine."

Jami, the author of the celebrated *Lala* and *Majnoo* is a pre-eminent exponent of Sufi doctrine and is venerated throughout Central Asia. He holds that when the Supreme Being sheds the effulgence of His Holy Spirit upon the creature, such an one becomes himself divine. The essence, attributes and actions of the creature, become so completely absorbed in the essence, attributes and action of the Creator, that he finds himself endowed with the privilege of sharing the regulation and direction of other created beings. He becomes so identified with other creatures, that they become as it were his fellow members and limbs of the same body to which he belongs. Whatever happens to any one of these members that experience he shares by sympathy.

Now, in the opinion of many, such a doctrine would imply that Saintship is almost equivalent to deification. But we must bear in mind that this mysticism always presupposes the fundamental axiom that no mortal can become God. However intimate the union of the creature with the Creator, there is no apotheosis of man. The Sufi doctrine merely asserts, in an exaggerated form, the truth that the final union means the return of the exiled soul to its native country. The result of union with the divine is the annihilation of the self and when self is annihilated, a man realises that his own real essence is one with the essence of the one and only God. The influence of the eternal Spirit is so great that the light of man's understanding—that by which he makes distinctions between things—is lost and extinguished; “even as error passeth away on the appearance of truth,” so is the power of discriminating between the perishable removed. It was this dying away of the self which prompted Mansur to utter in a fit of ecstasy the words “I am Truth” meaning thereby “I am God.” In the light of orthodox religion such a statement is blasphemy and consequently Mansur lost his head.

There has been much debate among the Sufis as to the origin of evil and many declare categorically that evil does not exist because God is good and all things are from him. One poet says:—

“The writer of our destiny is a fair and truthful  
writer ;

And never did He write that which is evil.”

Evil, accordingly, is attributed to the frailty of man and to the perversion of the human will rather than to an arbitrary decree of fate.



Let us note, in conclusion, that beneath all the gorgeous imagery and mysticism of Sufi poetry, whether of Persia or of the Middle East, there is an underlying teaching of deep significance. And we have here a message that we seek in vain upon the pages of Greek and Latin literature. The old Greeks and Romans have taught us much, but we miss in their writings an expression of those deeper and more ardent feelings which are evoked by the soul's colloquy with its Creator. There is little in Classical literature which tells of the yearning of the finite for the Infinite. The Sufis deal with a deeper theme. It is the drama of the inner life. Beneath the erotic imagery and the glorification of the juice of the grape, Sufi poetry speaks of a love which is not carnal and of an inebriation produced from no material wine. There are, it is true, wine cups in profusion, and many ardent pictures of human love, but the spiritual love of the soul for its creator and the transports of divine affection are the realities which underlie these metaphors. It is the old mystery of life and death, mystery within mystery:—

All, all on earth shadow, and all beyond  
Is substance. The reverse is folly's creed,

*Edinburgh.*

IKBAL ALI SHAH.

## THE DIVINE LOVER.

Lover celestial, all the earth is pleading,—  
 Lay hands of benison upon us then ;  
 Great Galilean, Thou alone art leading  
 Sons to a heritage—undreamed of men.  
 Earth, you are sorrowful, your breast is ocean,  
 Heaving to sobs and sinking into sighs ;  
 Soon may you sing, your waves kneel in devotion,  
 While in your heart the Day-star doth arise,  
 Long hath this Lover wooed this bride terrestrial,  
 Low hath He leaned upon this love intent ;  
 Eager to consummate a vow celestial ;  
 Oh, kneel and take love's blessed sacrament.  
 See us assemble, simple folk and sages,  
 Landsmen and sea-folk and the sons of space;  
 Earth, have you wakened from the dreams of ages ?  
 Smile as you look into your Lover's face.  
 Cometh the South with all her sons and daughters,  
 Warm is her heart, full sweetly doth she sing,  
 Like Aphrodite, out of ocean waters ;  
 Nobly the North doth greet her God and king.  
 Hear now the West salute his Orient brother,  
 Bear the good news, Beersheba unto Dann ;  
 Never in time need mortals know another  
 Sway save the sceptre of the SON of MAN,  
 Hark, how the galaxy, its God adoring,  
 Carols His glory to celestial tiers,

Fragrant and many-coloured orbs are pouring  
Multiple music in enraptured ears.  
Ye nations in your noble orbits speeding,  
Say not your sovereignty is sacrificed;  
Sons greater than Copernicus are ceding,  
Empire to love and Christendom to Christ.

K. F. S.

## A SWORD AND A FLAG.

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Above my table in my quiet study, hangs a British Cavalry sword, a sword of the period when steel was tempered to its finest, of the period when blades were forged to suit such fastidious swordsmen as Hodson of Hodson's Horse and General John Nicholson. Exactly three-and-a-half feet long, lithe, thin and straight to where it curves slightly to its point, it serves equally for thrust or cut, and it fairly sings in the air when whirled by a strong and dexterous wrist. Among the regimental trophies stored by a famous Lancer Regiment when it went out to the Mesopotamian Front is a furled Royal Afghan standard, and between the sword the standard is a link which should place them side by side, as this story shews.

By way of prefacc, I should explain that British Military prestige in the earlier days of our occupation of India, rested largely upon our superior horsemanship and swordsmanship, and upon individual feats of courage and skill with arms. This was the accepted principle in the day when the drunken English cook of Sir Thomas Roe, the Elizabethan Ambassador to the Great Mogul, faced and put to flight an Indian mob in the streets of Surat, armed only with his hanger; and this principle persisted till long after Sergeant Henry Hartigan's sword engaged and killed five mutineers together on the glacis of Agra Fort

in 1857. Accordingly much was left to personal initiative wherever opportunity afforded an impressive feat at arms : but for its justification it had to be a successful feat : failure might result in a Court Martial for engaging the enemy without orders and in the ruin of a soldier's career. And thus in the instance which I am about to narrate, it was emphatically not merely a soldier's life that was staked upon this trenchant blade : it was a soldier's honour.

This sword was worn by a lieutenant in that gallant Lancer Regiment when it formed part of General Sale's avenging Army ; and there was no harder rider nor stronger swordsman in the regiment than the lieutenant, unless it was the Troop Sergeant Major, whom, I will call Tim O'Flaherty, of that same crack corps. Well, a day came when the Lancers found themselves face to face with a strong force of Afghan horsemen, the Ameer's own cavalry, and separated from it by only a narrow strip of good charging ground, such as a horse might cover at full speed without distress. But why the Lancers were held in check and were not allowed to engage the foe was known only to the heads that directed the campaign. Chafing under the restraint their irritation rose to boiling point when the standard bearer of the enemy rode out into the open, defiantly waving the Royal standard of the Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan, and with much caracoling and plunging of his fat white horse, proceeded to revile the Lancers with every abusive epithet known to Pushto, Persian, and Hindustani and challenged them one and all to mortal combat.

The Lieutenant rode on the flank of his troop with the Sergeant Major behind him. Measuring his distance from the white horse with a watchful eye, he whispered to the Sergeant

Major just exactly what was in the Irishman's minds—that that Barakzai standard might be theirs for the asking. But the dash must be made when the fat white horse should be far enough from its own ranks to render a rescue impossible. Twice did the impetuous Irishman raise his bridle hand and close in on his charger with knees, but the cooler judgment of his superior prevailed. "Not yet Tim," said he, "let him come on a bit nearer." At last their quarry came within range, screaming, gesticulating, flapping his flag. There was no waiting for Colonel's orders. "Now for it, Tim," cried the Lieutenant and two horses shot out of the British ranks towards the Afghan, their riders tense and steady as their sword points.

In the rapture of their charge they heard nothing of the shouts behind them—saw nothing but the plunging white horse, now turning back to regain its ranks in a heavy gallop. The Lieutenant slightly ahead, was first upon the flying Afghan. His arm darted out and his sword slid into the Afghan's back and heart with all the force of his furious rush. Almost as soon as the luckless boaster threw up his arms and reeled in his saddle, the Irishman galloping in on the other side, tore the standard from his dying grasp. The Afghan Cavalry had halted, petrified at this scene forming and dissolving in a flash before their eyes, but ere they had recovered their wits sufficiently to dash to the rescue, the two British horsemen had wheeled round without checking speed for an instant and were fleeting fast back to their comrades with the fat white horse between them, while the Barakzai banner waived triumphantly in a hairy Irish fist. The Standard bearer lay prone upon the plain and his banner passed to the trophies of the Regiment. The sword hangs in my

study as I, Edwin Sombreterre Lunne, happen to be the Lieutenant's grandson, but its proper place should be beside the ravished standard which it won so boldly and so well.

It is perhaps impossible accurately to gauge the moral effect of this bold and soldierly capture of their Royal banner upon a military Asiatic race. Against the humiliation of their loss incurred as it was under their very eyes, must be weighed their ready appreciation of the martial qualities involved in the operation. It could not but have tended to our immeasurable gain in morale and to their corresponding loss. But so highly was regimental promotion valued in those days that his Captaincy was all that my Grandfather got for reward.

K. M. M. L.

## INTERPRETATION.

Hail ! Dawn smiles through the curtain of the Night,  
 Though Day's dark sister sleeps on silken clouds,  
 That bear her swiftly from pursuing light,—  
 To solitary paths of space—now hung,  
 With faint blue stars and signs the Angels' read ;  
 Where Silence, quenching spirit, stills the tongue,  
 For orators and statesmen—there are dumb.

The stifling City lies shut in the gloom,  
 Exhausted, patient, nerveless under Fate,  
 Till a loud voice—as one proclaiming doom  
 Floats through the lattice,—calls the half awake,  
 Back into life with this—that “ God is great, ”  
 Fresh winds assert it, as they stoop to shake  
 The dusty palms and crimson pomegranate.

Yea, “ God is great, ” and there is none save He,  
 Quoth old Mohammed,—yet the rains come late ;  
 Then making genuflections I could see,—  
 Repeated ‘ Fatihah ’ the morning prayer :  
 God, Merciful, Compassionate — ” yet late :  
 The burnt earth cracks, but I can hardly dare  
 Tell *Him*, how many seeds I planted there.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.



## THE TEACHINGS OF HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

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Henry David Thoreau, for that was his full name was born in 1817 in the town of Concord, Massachussets. He was the son of John Thoreau and his mother Lady Burns belonged to a Scottish family. As a boy Henry Thoreau drove his mother's cows to the pleasant pastures of Concord ; and thus he early came in contact with, and became enamoured of, certain aspects of nature and the sweet delights of solitude. He took to no sports or amusements, and was rather self assertive and shy. A friendly school master of Thoreau's described him as cold and reserved. His grey blue eyes seemed to rove down the path in advance of his feet. He did not care for people, his classmates seemed very remote, he was always in a reverie, he looked serene though dull and plodding. His face though large featured looked brooding, immobile, and fixed in a mystic egoism, his nose was prominent without indication of any firmness, his eyes were searching as if he expected to find something. All this he attributed not to conceit, as Lowell would have it, but to a sort of homely complacency in his own life. At school, at the Harvard University, he did not profit much. He was called a Yankee stoic and he picked up only that much knowledge of Greek and Latin as would befit him for a master's place. He was a lover of classical literature.

He became a teacher for sometime, took to artisanship, pencil making and surveying for a while travelled with friends and finally became a lecturer and author. He lived with Emerson for a time and was very much influenced by the latter's transcendentalism. On a beautiful spring morning he died—16th May 1862—and his last audible words were 'moose and Indian' for whom he strived, and felt so much sympathy.

"I think I cannot preserve my health and spirits unless I spend four hours a day at least, and it is commonly more than that, sauntering through the woods, fields and hills, absolutely free from all worldly engagements. If Wordsworth in his schooldays was rambling through hills and dales and fishing and birdnesting, Thoreau was collecting herbs, plants and shells, and wandering in the wood, playing with birds and animals, and musing on the changing moods of nature.

Thoreau was a child of nature. He revelled in the beauties of nature. He scanned and studied the life of every plant and animal in its wild natural existence, drew inspiration from nature. His faith in nature was more than poetic, there was something mysterious in it to him. He says, 'There is an inherent force, an inherent spirit in it that provided you properly attune yourself to its effect will certainly draw you in. There is a subtle magnetism in nature, which if you unconsciously yield to it will direct us aright. It is not indifferent to us which way we walk. There is a right way. But we are very liable from heedlessness and stupidity to take the wrong one.' "His admiration for nature was such that he courted and lived the life of a recluse in Concord. His sympathies for the woods and waters was so intense that he lived in harmony with

even the wild animal creation. And it is even said that birds came at his call and forgot their hereditary fear of man. Beasts lipped and caressed him, the very fish in lake and stream would glide unfearful between his hands. It is also said of Sir Rabindranath Tagore that the squirrels climb on to his knees and the birds alight upon his hands. Thoreau like Coleridge felt entranced by nature's beauties and in the words of Coleridge

I gazed upon thee  
Till thou still present to the bodily sense  
Didst vanish from my thought's entrance in prayer  
I worship the invisible alone.

He led an ascetic life in Concord, he abandoned the world and sought no honours, no fame that mortals can bestow. Thoreau exclaims pathetically "I wish to forget a considerable part of every day life, all mean narrow trivial men, and therefore I come out to these solitudes where the problem of life is simplified and talk to the clouds". And in another place he says "It is always as if I met in these places some grand serene immortal infinitely encouraging though invisible companion and walked with him. In the midst of our country's wild forests and rivers everybody is sure to feel such sensation if he is only reflective. Such sensations may be temporary and pass like the wind, but to realise their effect in full, that they may completely subdue us and make us ignore the world and its activities and efface all desire for worldly ambitions, as in Thoreau, is the most uncommon feature. It was his faith that "In their relation to nature men appear to me for the most part notwithstanding their arts, lower than the animals." Thoreau quotes Vishnupurana with approval and says,

"That is active duty which is not for our bondage that is knowledge which is for our liberation, all other duty is good unto weariness, all other knowledge is only the cleverness of an artist."

Thoreau's place among the romantic poets is peculiar for while Keats and Shelley felt passion, ecstasy, and melancholy with the life of nature, Thoreau perceived health, inspiration and joy in the study of nature. He was not only a child of nature he was one with it. According to Thoreau, "Nature is an instructive and impartial teacher spreading no crude opinions and flattering none. She will be neither radical nor conservative. To the mountains he addresses,

I fancy even

Through your defiles windeth the way to Heaven.

And yonder still in spite of history's page

Linger the golden and the silver age.

Upon the labouring gale

The news of future centuries is brought

And of new dynasties of thought

From your remotest vale.

Or when he says in his letter

"You think more of human nature than of this nature I praise. Why do not you believe that mine is more human than any single man or woman can be—that in it—in a sunset there are all the qualities that can adorn a household—and that sometimes in a fluttering leaf one may hear all your Christianity preached."

"Not only the rainbow and the sunset are beautiful, but to be fed and clothed, sheltered and warmed aright are equally beautiful and inspiring. And so according to Thoreau the moon exercises her influence upon our thoughts and ideas, and the poet writes in ecstasy about the beauties and charms of a moonlight night. And in the end he makes

no secret of the fact that the "days would be insupportable if the night with its dews and darkness did not come to restore the drooping world."

To him the moon is a fertilising spiritual goddess.

His thought that we were going away from the dictates of nature, that we forsook her ways for the artificialities of civilized existence, that man worries himself by striving to earn more than what is necessary to maintain body and soul together ; that man has no need to depend upon other's labours for his existence, and all that is necessary to make it pleasurable must be acquired by himself only. That is why he left the town and constructed a house on a fine slope over the shore of Walden pond, which house he constructed, finished and kept in order entirely by the labours of his hands, where he was always glad to receive friends and neighbours who visited him.

Thoreau held that to desire more than was necessary was only purchasing pain, and that brain and the body should work together and rest together, otherwise you could not relish the food you eat. As a final word of caution Thoreau tells us "It is true materially as it is true spiritually that they who seek honestly and sincerely with all their hearts and lives and strength to earn their bread, earn it and it is sure to be sweet to them."

In the words of his biographer, Sale, "The simplicity which Thoreau inculcates does not like asceticism renounce the luxuries of life, by way of religious penance, but because he is convinced that life on the whole is happier and healthier without them". What he urges is not that men should deny themselves certain comforts while they still believe them to be comforts, but that in each case they should test the truth by practical experience

and not continue to regard as necessities many things which a day's trial would prove to be superfluous and perhaps actually harmful. In a word the simplicity which he preaches is based not on the repression but rather on the gratification of the true pleasures of existence. Let each man make his choice but let him at least be sure that he is really following his own tastes and not merely conforming to dictates of custom and tradition."

Thoreau fought against the Slave trade, detested wars, refused to pay poll tax when America made war against Mexico and praised as real humanities, not the possession of university degrees, but the doing of acts of nobility. In fact Thoreau was one with nature, he was in sympathy not only with his own kind but the animals also who, he thought, were on their upward way. "This sense of brotherhood was universal irrespective of race or kind. He was a vegetarian during the greater part of his life, he studied nature so that he might with the greater advantage study the history of his own thought. He was a transcendentalist unmoved by the limitations of space and time. He would idealise those he liked most. To him a moment was the breath of eternity, his venerable Waldenpond as immense as the Atlantic Ocean.

Thoreau saw God in every thing, reduced his theories to actual religion and practised them in all their entirety. They were not pet sauces to be displayed on occasion with pretensions, but they were sincerely believed and they became Thoreau's nature itself. He would say to us "Warm your spirits by performing independantly noble deeds not by ignobly seeking the sympathy of your fellows. A man's social and spiritual discipline must answer to his corporeal. He must lean on a friend

who has a hard breast as he would lie on a hard bed. He must drink cold water for his homely beverage, so he must not hear sweetened and coloured words but pure and refreshing truths. He must daily bathe in truth, cold as spring water, not warmed by the sympathy of friends. *Philosophia practica est eruditionis meta*—"philosophy practised is the goal of learning". He hated the so-called conventional lies of civilization. False sympathies he would not express, for pain and pleasure are only riches of experience. Once a friend wrote to him that he was sorrow-stricken to which Thoreau replied "To hear that you had sad hours is not sad to me. I rather rejoice in the richness of your experience." This was just like him. "Thoreau was never tired of saying 'Don't consume yourself with others thoughts, others views and others activities of that thin stratum of life which you call life, have a little introspection and see what creative effect you have contributed to the world. Nor should we profane our ears and minds with idle gossip—the clap-trap of politicians and the profanities of criminals. He would tell us: "Read not the Times," nor be led away by the passing currents of events, but read the eternities. Conventionalities are as bad as impurities. Even facts of science may dust the mind by the dryness unless they are in a sense effaced every morning, or rather rendered fertile by the dews of fresh living truth. Knowledge does not come to us by details. But by flashes of light from Heaven. Thus Thoreau seems to have perceived in advance the intuitive theory of Henri Bergson. Political freedom is easy to be attained but nations which have political freedom have not as yet attained freedom from prejudice. With respect to true culture and manhood, Thoreau would call us to be

essentially provincial—mere Jonathans—as he would call us, because we do not worship the truth but the mere reflection of truth coloured by our prejudices. Thoreau was learned in Oriental literature. He had read Confucius, the Vishnupurana, the Instincts of Manu. Speaking of the Bhagavat Gita he says “In the morning I bathed my intellect in the stupendous and cosmogonical philosophy of the Bhagavat Gita, since whose composition years of the Gods have elapsed in comparison with which our modern philosophy and literature seem trivial and puny, and I doubt if that philosophy is not to be referred to a previous state of existence, so remote in its sublimity from our conceptions.”

When Thoreau was told that he too must die some day, with perfect equanimity, he said he did not want to go to Heaven because he could not carry his shed with him. So in a letter addressed to Mrs.— in regard to the death of an acquaintance of his, he says: “He died as the mist rises from the brook which the sun will soon dart his rays through. Don’t the flowers die every autumn? He, the deceased, had not even taken deep root here. I was not startled to hear that he was dead. Death is the most natural event that could happen. His fine organisation demanded it and Nature gently yielded its request. It would have been strange if he had lived. Neither will nature manifest any sorrow at his death. But soon the note of the lark will be heard down in the meadow and fresh dandelions will spring from the old stalks where he plucked them last summer.” And like a true spiritualist he says: “This life is a strange dream and I don’t believe at all any account men give of it.” He believed in the truth of evolution as a process of change accompanied



by self-adjustment. "Change is change: no new life occupies old bodies. They decay. It is born and grows and flourishes." Thoreau believed in the free will of man, and consistently has said that man has no need to obey the laws which are not of his making. In this respect he differs widely from those who think, like Emilie Zola, that man is a result of environment and impelled by destiny to suffering or enjoyment. Though a recluse himself the influence of Thoreau has been none the less positive. Charles Darwin revolutionised the world by his wanderings in the dreary tracts of Patagonia and Sartor Resortus thrilled the world because of the advantages which Thomas Carlyle had on the heights of Craigenputtock, and Cardinal Newman owes his genius to the inspirations he derived in his lonely fishing expeditions in the Mediterranean Sea. The plain psychological reason for all this is that thought never shapes itself unless we live its life, and unless we muse upon all the forms it takes.

"The true reason," says Hutton "the thoughts of men influence them so little is that they just pass over the mind like wind over the grass and never really saturate it." And Lord Baconfield said that till the life of a thought becomes identical with the life of an emotion it will never really dominate the minds of men. Therefore far from being a weakness, as Lowell would have it, it only [showed] what a stern individuality Thoreau possessed, and to what creative uses he put his thought power. It may be that if he had congregated with ordinary men he would have made himself more amenable to them but it may also be that his genius would have spent itself in less useful channels. Thoreau's vision was in no way warped by the passing events of the day. He looked at them from the standpoint of one who dived deep into the actual realities

not appearances. He cared only for essentials. As Henri Bergson says: "Too often we mistake for realities what our own needs, our necessities, our entanglements of civilization bid us do and feel. His aloofness gave him the vantage ground of a philosopher, his indifference to the world's events a steady unshaken light for observation and thought. His bark of life was unshaken by the rising waves of passion, by the gushing storms of competition. Thoreau developed an intense sympathy for the down trodden and depressed classes, and for the Red Indian who were dying out. Thoreau devoted days and weeks in studying their ways and customs, and tried to please them in any way he could. This earnest endeavour to please them and to be blessed by them, his love of animals and his hate of vivisection, were never understood by his contemporaries. His blunt criticism of men and things was mistaken for cynicism, his love of solitude for misanthropy, and his self complacent attitude towards his own life as indicative of conceit. But as I have said before these criticisms of Lowell are certainly undeserved and have been disproved by Emerson and other friends and fellow workers of Thoreau. To such critics as Lowell, Thoreau himself gives an answer in one of his works, and he says that we judge of men by the law of averages. The less we know of the laws of nature, and they are too many, the more faulty is our judgment of men and things. Our notions of law and harmony are commonly confined to those instances which we detect, but the harmony which results from the greater number of seemingly conflicting but concurring laws which we have not detected, is still more wonderful. Thoreau was a child of nature and he had such harmony in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world: 'This is a Man'.

## THOUGHTS.

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When we realise how little of what passes for our genius is really our own and how much of it all we owe to fortune and circumstance over which we have had little or no control—it is then a sobering reflection for the most egotistical of us to find his level in common humanity. If you are a born genius, why then, your achievements owe little credit to you for they are none of your making. And then what an abundance is brought to bear upon you by “the society of your contemporaries and the connection of events.” Your birth and breeding and all the thousand and one circumstances in varying degrees conspire to impress themselves on your soul. And as yet subtly and unconsciously your temper and genius are beaten into shape. Have you ever thought of it—how poorly you can repay all that society has done for you? And then chance has so much to do also. The same circumstance affects different minds in different ways: actions and reactions. How much of the feeling for the beautiful and the pathetic in life and the lofty and strenuous ideals that coloured Shelley’s whole being was due to the circumstances of his extraordinary life! Hear the poet’s own luminous and exultant words;—

"I have been familiar from boyhood with mountains, lakes, the sea, and the solitude of forests. Danger, which sports upon the brink of precipices has been my playmate. I have trodden the Glaciers of the Alps, and lived under the eye of Mount Blanc. I have been a wanderer among distant fields. I have sailed down mighty rivers and seen the sun rise and set, and the stars come forth, whilst I have sailed night and day down a rapid stream among mountains. I have seen populous cities and have watched the passions which rise and spread and sink and change amongst assembled multitudes of men. I have seen the theatre of the more visible ravages of tyranny and war, cities and villages reduced to scattered groups of black and roofless houses, and the naked inhabitants sitting famished upon their desolated thresholds."

What a foundation for his genius!

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One more illustration of the pathos and sublime of human life. Sim's terrible realism touched me to the quick and the tragic story of "A man hunt" is writ in tears. The poor thief stole a loaf of bread :—

If I steal she shall eat  
And I stole—just this bread.

And what did the poor devil steal it for?

I've a wife at death's door  
Lying hungry and cold  
On a bare garret floor,  
With a babe a week old  
And she raved for crust.

But Man hunt is an exciting game for the stupid multitude and the loafers and louts beat him down with a bloodthirsty glee. And he cries in the agony of despair:—

Don't hurt me' I'm ill

Ah, sir, 'twas your bread.

Yes; forgive me—you will

'Taint the prison I bread

But, O God, she—my wife

In that garret alone

With the babe—it's her life

That I ask—not my own.

If you'd heard her moan

In the fever and cry

And you hadn't been stone,

You'd have done just as I.

*You'd have done just as I.* What a story in these six words and how deeply charged with meaning!

Surely as G. K. C. used to say, "Every man is a saint if inspired, every man is criminal if tempted."

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And yet I do not mean to say that the man is nothing and the circumstances are everything. Much indeed can be done by strength of will and scorn of consequence. It is beautiful to behold a hero triumphing over all obstacles and emerge with pluming feathers. But all cannot be heroes and I am arguing in a circle when I say that the heroic in nature is still in part the fruit of forces not all its own. But any man can be a hero if he will. To scorn delights and live laborious days is still within reach of all. And the hero is one who does his work as ever in the great Task-master's eye. Not certainly the fellow who pretends

If he'd had a fair show, you couldn't tell where he'd  
come,

. An' the feats he'd a-done, an' the heights He'd-Clum.

And as nobody can judge of a thing that might have been but never was, every disappointed cynic and fool can still

Charge fate for our bad luck, ourselves for success

And give fortune the blame for all our distress.

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The wisdom of life is not in knowing nor even in contemplating all. How many a wise-acre is a plague to himself and his neighbour? The man of letters sitting demure, sullen, angry, alone, looking down from his garret with a contemptuous sneer on all the passions and pursuits of the great multitude is more wretched than the most thoughtless and unphilosophic of the crowd. Pity the unhappy scholar who is a prey to vanity and dyspepsia. "Had I all knowledge and could speak with the tongues of angels yet without charity I were nothing." And the wisdom of life is in living and not in talking, as the proof of the pudding is in the eating. You can yet live wisely and well. For

The charities that soothe and heat and bless'

Lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.

But no one can answer why we should live wisely and well. For beyond a certain stage all argument is like sounding brass and tinkling symbols. You cannot argue away all objects of all thought. And the more simple the theme the more difficult it is to find a reason for it. Yet it is by no means surprising. You cannot analyse the elements without falling back on mystical interpretations. And the reasoning becomes more mysterious and bewildering than the thing itself. Why we should love life or fear death, why adore virtue or abhor vice—nothing can be simpler or more perplexing than these. If you trust the beatings of your heart you are secure. The reason is obvious. It is already impressed in the very nativity of your soul. Doubt it and you are lost in a maze of bewildering mysticism. Believe it and your faith illumines the darkest ways.

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I find the peril of our generation in my own instance. I have a tendency to prove everything all-right in God's perfect world. With a catholicity apparently wise and generous at once, I feel the justice of the World's measure. I find a just compensation for all the sins of life in the abundance of knowledge and charity that follows suffering. For all the anguish of mind and body that has been my lot in life I feel an abundant recompense in the cheerful spirit of acquiescence and a wise, large-hearted charity that possesses my soul. I have toiled and wrought and thought, and ever with a welcome I can now take the thunder in the sunshine, and I have no desire to go back to the exciting days of childhood ? And yet there is in me a lurking fear that this supreme serenity is the bane of all beneficent work. Great things are seldom done by equivocating men. Heroic souls are distinguished by a fine excess of thought and feeling. I realise that nature after all cares nothing for chastity and still I support existence with a multitude of plausible excuses. This is no incentive to work. Real work is accomplished only by the crusaders who feel the insufficiency of the world and have faith in their own omniscience in rectifying the ways of erring humanity. How unwise, we think with an air of superior wisdom, and who vain ? And yet they raise the standard of revolt and the men with one idea triumph in the end. They are not always judicious. But magnanimity owes no account of its acts to prudence. " There is somewhat not philosophical in heroism ; there is somewhat not holy in it. It seems not to know that other souls are of one texture with it ; it has pride : it is the extreme of individual nature. " Nevertheless, as Emerson finely says " there is somewhat in great actions which does not allow us to go behind them ".

BOOKMAN.

## HAFIZ—THE PERSIAN POET AND MYSTIC.

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The name of Hafiz, the great Persian Poet and the Mystic Philosopher of the 14th Century, is well known but very few perhaps have studied his writings in original and thus relished the spirit of his poetry and his philosophy. We, Indians, know a great deal more about Shakespeare, Milton, Johnson, Byron and Dante even than about Shaikh Sadi, Kalidas, Hafiz or Tulsidas. This apathy and indifference is to be greatly regretted when even in Universities and Colleges—which are the centres and homes of learning and culture—the classics are studied merely as mark-securing subjects and not for the enrichment of thoughts, nor for the opening up of the treasures of knowledge hidden in the rich heritage that has come down to us from the past. The philosophy and poetry of the East is much more intelligible to us than that of the West. The study of Hafiz would therefore be fruitful in many ways. It would take us for a time into the enchanted land of Persian mysticism, which is better named as Sufism,—or that Esoteric side of Islam that grew up after the death of Mohammad and it would also initiate us into the rhythm and sweetness of Persian poetry and into the imagery and figurative style of the Eastern poets which, we, as Easterns, can appreciate much better than we can the poetry and philosophy of the West.



Khwaja Shamsud-din Mohammad Hafiz was born in the beginning of the 14th Century in the city of Shiraz and the exact date of his birth is not known. No account of his early life has come down to us, nor has any light been thrown on this period of his life by later researches. All that we know of him is that he came of a good family and was well educated. He was skilled in jurisprudence and in the Holy Quran. That he was learned, there is no doubt, he was more than merely learned, he was a genius—a man of gifts rarely met with. He combined in his personality the rare gifts of a poetic genius and a mystic philosopher.

He is believed to have been a lover of solitude and is said to have passed his time in the company of *Darveshes* and *Arifs*. Some say that he dressed like a *Darvesh* but no accounts of his personality have come down to us. All that we know of Hafiz is from his works and writings. His personality is reflected in his odes and his verses. He was not anxious for patronage nor did he court the favour of kings and nobles, like some of his contemporaries. Hafiz has consequently written very few *Qasais* in praise of kings and grandees. Only here and there we read of him praising the Governor of Shiraz or Qawamud-din the Vizier.

The fame of Hafiz had spread far and wide, even to the distant kingdoms of Bengal and the Deccan. The following verse has a reference to Bengal.

شکر شکن شوند همه طوطایان هند      زین قند پارسی که به بنگاله می رسد

All the singers of India would be sharing the sweetness of this Persian candy—when it reaches the Kingdom of Bengal.

Sultan Mohammad Shah Bahmani, King of the Deccan, was a patron of literary merit. Hafiz desired to visit this King, but had no money to do so. The King's Vizier sent him the money and entreated him to come to his master's court. Hafiz came as far as Lahore but was robbed by bandits, and was prevented from proceeding further. Two Persian merchants who were going to Persia from India took him to the Persian Gulf, and a ship was sent even there to take him back to the Deccan, but a storm broke out, which frightened him and made him give up his intention of visiting the Deccan. Farishta, the historian, narrates this incident and there is no other authority to corroborate this account.

It is believed that in 1392 Hafiz was brought before Timur. In one of his odes Hafiz has said—

اگر آن ترک شیرازی بدست آرد دل مارا  
بخال هذو و ش بخشم سمر قذو و بخارا را

If his beloved would captivate his heart, he would give away Samarkand and Bokhara for her black mole. Timur whose home and kingdom Hafiz had thus been given away for a mole on the face of his beloved on hearing this called for an answer from the poet. Hafiz was frightened, but his wit saved him.

'Oh, Sultan of the World', he said, 'Had it not been for this way of giving away, I would not have fallen to this.'

The date of the death of Hafiz is as uncertain as the date of his birth. The *Kita* whereby his death is determined runs as follows :—

چراغ اهل معنی خواجه حافظ      که شمع نبود از نور تجلی  
چون در خاک مصلی یافت منزل      بجو تاربخش از خاک مصلی

According to the Persian system of finding out the date he died in 1388 A.D. According to others he met Timur in 1392. No one knows the exact date of his death or his age. His tomb is at a spot two miles from Shiraz and a handsome monument has been raised over it. There is a pavilion with rooms for the *darveshes* and *mullahs* and a beautiful garden, which renders it a most delightful retreat. Close by the garden runs a stream called Rukni and about a quarter of a mile from the tomb is a mosque called Musallah, references to which we find in a verse of Hafiz.

بدۀ ساقی مئے باقی کہ در جنت نخواہی یافت  
 کذا ر آب رکن آباد گلگشت و مصلی را

“O cup bearer, give me the wine, because it would be difficult to find a stream like Rukni and a mosque like Musallah even in the gardens of Paradise.”

His odes after his death were compiled by his disciple, Syed Kasim-i-Anwari. The number of these odes is about 573 and the compilation is known as *Dewan-i-Hafiz*.

Before taking up his work, I may briefly refer to the tradition connected with his funeral. The learned ones of Shiraz thinking Hafiz to be un-orthodox refused to utter prayers over his funeral. It was decided after much discussion that scattered couplets from his odes be written on bits of papers and put into a basin and taken out by a child. The following couplet decided the point.

قدم در بگ صارا از جنازہ حافظ کہ گرچہ غرق گناه است می رود بہ بہشت

“From the bier of Hafiz thy foot withdraw not

For though immersed in sin, he goeth to Paradise.”

The popularity of Hafiz as a great poet is too well known to be emphasised. “His lays are sung on the bank

of the Ganges as well as on the Danube, in the plains of South India as well as in Turkistan." He is a universal favourite in Mohammadan lands and most of the Hindu scholars of the old type are amongst the admirers of Hafiz. In Persian literature there is no work more deserving of attention than the work of Hafiz. No one who really understands him ever puts aside his work without having received real pleasure and profit. In the Persian language nothing stands higher than the poetry of Hafiz. It may be rightly remarked of him. "Eclipse first and the rest no-where."...He has been truly called 'the King of the Learned ones and the cream of the wise ones.' Jami calls him the 'Persian of the Persian,' 'Tongue of the Hidden' and the 'Interpreter of mysteries,' He is verily the 'Nightingale of Shiraz' as he has been so aptly called.

It would not be possible for me to give an idea of the sublimity of his poetic genius as one must go to the original for that. Translation only 'half-reveals and half-conceals,' the spirit of the original.

Hafiz loves no verse better than the ghazal, and *Diwan-i-Hafiz* is a mainly compilation of his odes. An ode or a *ghazal* is a love poem consisting of 5 to 18 verses. The same rhyme goes through the whole poem. Each verse must convey a complete thought, and the verses are strung like pearls on a thread, like a necklace. The value of this necklace lies in the value of each pearl. *Diwan-i-Hafiz* is therefore a treasure of pearl-necklaces, rich and brilliant—unequalled in poetic excellence—and unrivalled as a mine of mystic truths.

His poems can either be taken in their literal meaning or in their spiritual significance. The wine and the cupbearer when interpreted mystically become the wine

of Divine Love in the cup of Eternity and the Cup-bearer is the Murshid or the Spiritual guide who points the way towards the path of Divine Love.

Let me first take Hafiz as a poet. The first characteristic of his poetry is its originality. There is no other poet in the whole of Persian Literature, who can be compared to Hafiz. He borrows from none, he imitates none. Many regard him as inspired and many others go so far as to call him mad. Eccentricity, which is the badge of genius, was to be met with in him to an extreme degree. Originality is the birth right of a genius and Hafiz had the gift in abundance.

His poems, in the second place, are rich in fancy and powerful in imagination. There is in them the spirit of joy, youth and love combined with a nobility and a purity scarcely met with in any other poet. At the back of the ruby-lips and the dimpled chin of the beloved, there runs the pure spiritualised love of a mystic Poet, who etherealises the worldly into Divine. The high flights of imagination peculiar to Hafiz can only be relished in the original. Here is a specimen passage showing the imaginative faculty of an Eastern Poet.

شاه شمشاد قدان خسرو شیرین دهقان که بمزگان شکند قلاب همه صف شکنان

Thirdly the poems of Hafiz are remarkable for the sublimity of the themes selected by him. There is nothing gross, or abject, or vulgar in Hafiz. He dwells on the vanity of this world and directs the mind towards higher ones. We find Hafiz condemning in the strongest terms falsity, insincerity, dissimulation and religious hypocrisy. He goes so far as to say

ها نظام خورو رندی کن و خوش باش و  
دام تزویج مکی چون دگران قران را

مبوس جزايب معشوق و جام مئے حافظ  
که دست زهد فروشان خطا است بوسیدن

On the other hand he has through his poetry given a very high code of ethical teaching to us.

آسائش دو گيتي تفسير اين دو حرف است  
با دوستان تطف با دشمنان مدارا

"The Comfort here and hereafter lies in understanding these two thoughts—kindness for friends and love for enemies."

His verses are maxims of moral truth and I could go on indefinitely quoting them provided he were intelligible to us all in the original.

Fourthly in music and cadence he stands unrivalled in Persian literature. The odes of Hafiz have been adapted to music and no other poet in the poetic land of Persia is so widely sung or read as Hafiz is. He delights the hearts of saints and sinners alike. The Sufis as well as the Lovers relish his odes according to their ideals.

His style is flawless. Not a single word is unnecessary and there is no affectation in his style. It is so simple that all can understand. The only difficulty is about the mystic interpretation put upon his poems. This is a great stumbling block for a student of Hafiz. For this the student of Hafiz requires a key to the terminology of Sufi-doctrines. I propose in this paper to give that key in the briefest possible manner.

Sufism was born in Islam. It should not be confused with the Hindu doctrine of Vedantism. This is not the time to dwell upon the distinguishing features of the two systems of religio-philosophical doctrines. Sufficient to say—that Sufism is the way of Truth and Salvation. "To be painstaking in piety, to give up everything for the sake

of God, to avoid worldly shows and vanities, to renounce pleasure, wealth and power which are the general objects of human ambition, to lead in seclusion a life solely dedicated to the service of God, such were the fundamental principles of Sufism as it prevailed in Moslem lands.

There are two main orders of Sufis—the inspired and the unionists, the latter believing that God was the flame, and the Soul the charcoal, the former getting their inspiration from God. The soul by union with God becomes God. There is no doubt that Hafiz was an eminent Sufi. Jami, the great Sufi and poet, says, “that from his verses, he should judge Hafiz to be a Sufi”. It can only be the mind of a Sufi from which can emanate such strains as the odes of Hafiz. Interpreted in that way the Tavern or the میدۀ is the place of religious worship.

ساقی or cup-bearer is the murshid or the spiritual guide, who gives the cup Divine-Love.

پیر مغان is the perfect murshid who comprehends the path to God.

سالک is the traveller of the path to God.

جانان or the Beloved is God Himself.

Saki is always represented as passing round the bowl of Love and the مست or the intoxicated one is always drinking the wine of Divine-Affection.

صبح The morning cup signifies austerity.

صبا is divine subtlety.

رقیب signifies the Shaitan—the prohibitor of the path of holy travellers,

As a specimen of the mystic philosophy of Hafiz I here reproduce the translation of one of his odes.

Thy face none hath seen and yet a thousand watchers are  
Thine.

Still hidden in the folded rosebud and yet Thine is many a  
Nightingale.

Not so strange is it if to Thy street came

I, since in this country many a traveller is

Although I am far from Thee—far from Thee be none.

My hope of Union with thee is near.

In Love, the Cloister and the Tavern are not different.

Wherever, they are, the ray of the face of the Beloved is,

Who became a Lover, at whose state the Beloved gazed not,

There is no pain, Sir, otherwise God is the Physician.

In short, all this lament of Hafiz is not vain.

It is both a strange story and a wonderful Tale.

What doubt can there be about Hafiz's being a Sufi when he himself says :—

“The meaning of this cup is the wine of Eternity and the  
meaning of the wine is self-less-ness.

I have depicted Hafiz in his double aspect of a Poet and a mystic philosopher. It should be noted that he is a poet and a philosopher in one. His poetry is not subordinated to his mystic philosophy nor is his mysticism unreal and merely poetic. He may be called a mystic poet of Persia and his poetry and Mysticism are independent of one another. He may rightly be called the Singer of Mystic Philosophy and rarely have the two functions been so beautifully combined in one person.

When Hafiz says that :—

میان عاشق و معشوق هیچ حائل نیست  
تو خود حجاب خودی حافظ از میان بر خیز

“There is no veil between the Lover (Man) and the Beloved (God) except the veil of Self,” which says Hafiz



requires lifting up, he sounds the highest note of Sufi doctrines. Sufism is a religion of Love without a creed or a Dogma.

The Sufi poets were much given to praising physical beauty and everything that Hafiz wrote was not spiritual or mystic and yet no one can write the celestial language without bringing in earthly things, because otherwise he would not be understood. Hafiz, however, does not construct a Philosophic system, he only sings it. Verily he was the greatest mystic poet of Persia and his mystic philosophy stands unsurpassed even to-day.

PRETAM SINGH.

## W E L C O M E.

---

I have a cosy hearth,  
 Within my heart, O Love,  
 I have a cosy hearth;  
 My passions like the coals are still alive  
 In snowing time.

There is a camphor scent,  
 Within my mind, O Love,  
 There is a camphor scent;  
 Where ev'ry vanquished thought is lit with fire  
 In dreaming time.

There is a music hall,  
 Within myself, O Love,  
 There is a music hall;  
 My pulses break into sky-reaching songs  
 In musing time.

I have a pearly pool,  
 Within my temple, Love,  
 I have a pearly pool,  
 Whereat we both will do our rites of love,  
 In ablution time.

V. V. CHINTAMANI.

## LIVEABLE IDEALS.

---

*(Ideals that do not live in the imagination only, but are translated into perfect living and so become concrete and visible inspirations to others, not mere barren theories. The life should reveal the beauty and the power of the Ideal that builds it.)*

If the idealist would bring his mind down to the practical, and the utilitarian raise his to the ideal, we should have the perfect combination of the practical idealist. The unimaginative man of the world would not then stigmatise idealism as mere nonsense, a useless waste of time, nor term an idealist a crank, for the idealist would then have become a thoroughly practical man.

It is always a mistake to be limited to one idea, a one-sided person is usually unbalanced, having lost the sense of proportion, whether his side be *all* ideal, or *all* material.

Dream of perfection if you will! Lift your mind to the starry heights! Commune with the Gods! But then turn your attention to the climbing, the overcoming, that will gradually lead you to those heights of perfection. Do not fancy that you can spring there without preparation any more than the babe can walk the first moment the idea occurs to him.

But because it is a slow process to reach to your high ideal, do not doubt its ultimate attainment. When you

form an ideal you are creating a very powerful 'cause', you are making the mental conditions that will produce 'effects'—that is, if at the same time you strive to live in harmony with your ideal. But if your living is one thing and your ideal another, confusion and sorrow will be your lot. Your soul and body cannot live separate lives, and be healthy and happy. Such conflicting vibrations are destructive to all spiritual growth and development.

Our high ideals should not remain only abstract beautiful ideas in the realms of the imagination, but should be brought into the visible and concrete, and be expressed in our every day action. To live without an ideal is dull and unproductive, unsatisfactory and stupid, because the body is trying to work without its partner and the soul being deprived of spiritual food is starved.

Our activity to be of real service must be exercised on every plane of our complex being, on the spiritual and mental even more than on the physical, or we become lop-sided and crabbed. The utilitarian devoid of the spiritual is but half a man with only half a man's true power. Most surely we must use the gifts of the Spirit if we hope to hold them. We must practise what we acquire from spiritual teaching; but—here is where we active people so often make shipwreck,—we work so keenly on the material side of life, we become so absorbed in the whirlpool of the world's activities, with the surface of living, with what the world thinks and says, that we often work ourselves to death without having accomplished anything vital, and in our over-activity we miss the indescribable joy and peace that comes from spiritual communion and ministry.

It is very necessary to devote sufficient time and attention to the learning, and the gathering together of that wisdom and strength which we would by and by bring into use. We cannot pour out rich wine from empty vessels, nor practise that of which we have no knowledge. If we crawl on the ground we miss the glories above, and while we keep our eyes fixed on the earth we cannot see the stars !

Give freedom to the soul's lofty vision, and it will fashion the design that the actions of our Earth life will weave into a fair and living picture. We may work, as in tapestry, unseeing of the beauty our steady adherence to design is creating; our stitches may seem at times unmeaning and of small importance, but if they faithfully follow the pattern drawn by our ideal, when the work is finished we will see our ideal imaged in lasting beauty and perfection.

Who can measure the spiritual force of a noble ideal? There would be no heroes, no true artists, composers, or poets, if the ideal were forsaken. All their inspiration is found by contemplation in the imaginative regions of the ideal: "Poetry is not as some deem it 'privileged lying,' 'neither is it in its essential nature, the simple embodiment of elegant but illogical fancies.'"

Who will say that it is of no use to radiate happiness, to make some heart more bright, some intelligence more enterprising, some fellow creature freer and better? If *one* fallen and bruised child of God is thereby made to lift his head and smile again, if even for *one* hour an imprisoned spirit is enabled to escape his fetters, if *one* soul is lifted out of the dark waters of depression or despair to sail on bright seas of hope; is that not something to have accomplished?

It is quite true that nothing is of real use that is not fruitful. Spirituality is of small avail if not expressed. Divine ideals are abortive if not practised, love is an empty dream if not brought into active service. Great souls who have the courage to live the life of their vision beautiful here on earth may indeed often be lonely in a physical and material sense: "Great ships that make long voyages are always lonely ships:" yet they will be able to say with Cicero: 'when I am alone, I am least alone'.

There must be mental vision before there can be material achievement. The vision may be an exalted one, or it may be purely selfish, it may be great, noble, or small and ignoble. Our visions are toned to the prevailing harmony of our individual souls; they are not necessarily divine revelations, all beautiful and good; would that they were, for then would the golden age of an earthly heaven be realised here in this world!

As we educate the soul our vision expands and reaches higher planes, it grows always in advance of our actions, but it is only as we practically put our feet on to the higher step we have visualised that we make our abstract ideal concrete and real, and so gain by degrees broader and ever enlarging views.

We should try to bring our ideals into our conscious life on earth and have faith in them so that they become part of our being and are expressed in our personality. The thought we most treasure will surely be manifest in our lives; for as we think, so we become. Thus, if we contemplate the perfect, we shall in time become more perfect. Our ideals of to-day will become realities in the glorious to-morrows. As we open our minds to the spiritual ideal we sow the seed which will develop into spiritual attainment.

To live the life of our highest conception needs some painstaking. No one quite attains to his ideal, for as he approaches it, it mounts still higher and beckons the soul to greater heights. As we grow towards it, it also grows. Sometimes man is tempted to despair of his abilities, so a sense of dissatisfaction steals over him. Here again it is well to summon practical thought and not allow dissatisfaction to develop into the poison of depression. Depression and all the woes that follow in the track of this human weakness should be stripped from the soul that embarks on these fair journeyings. The mind cannot hold two opposite thoughts at the same time. It cannot soar into heavenly regions with the leaden weights of depression or self-pity on its wings.

On the side of self satisfaction lies the danger of stagnation, on that of discontent with oneself, the danger of dropping from our high quest through discouragement, and the fear of our inability to attain to it. Fear is the arch enemy of progress.

Content and discontent are both good, but like every thing else need to be balanced. Content may be the happiness of a wise appreciation of steps already mastered, and a quiet gathering of strength for further effort, a glorious certainty of never ending progression and development. Discontent may be but the cry of the soul which heralds greater growth, which incites to ever nobler attainment. In such dissatisfaction there is no bitterness, no impatience and no depression, but a moving force ever disturbing the deep waters of life and keeping them pure and fresh and active.

While endeavouring to live up to our own ideals we must not expect others to live up to them too. They must

be free to follow those of their own making. No man can gauge the temperament of another or know the difficulties he has to overcome. A true idealist sees in all the possibility of the ultimate expression of the highest good.

We are not here considering vague summer dreaming, nor an indolent longing for bright, impossible things but rather the earnest search after the divine ray which illuminating our consciousness shall light our path to the Eternal.

“Don't waste your time in longing  
For bright, impossible things ;  
Don't sit supinely waiting  
For the sprouting of angel wings.  
Don't scorn to be a rush-light,  
Every one cannot be a star ;  
But brighten some of the darkness  
By shining just where you are.”

Let us so shine that we may be a light to lighten the darkness of materialism. Our lesser light may find its way where the greater cannot yet enter. Our little light is a ray of the Greater Light and every ray is needed to turn the darkness into light.

In the silence we can create attunement with the Greater Light, the Wholeness of Life. We may then return to our field of material expressions, letting this power recreate and construct, though it be in the smallest work that we find around us on every hand. Man must learn to live on the constructive side of being, thus aiding the passing of an age so mainly destructive.

Thus shall the ideally practical man inspire the plain man of action to raise his eyes from the earth and envisage



a grander, fuller life. No longer will he say idealism is unpractical, he will realise that it not only raises the mind and makes it receptive to the sublime, but that it enriches the practical worker and endows him with greater ability and usefulness.

In an article in a Sunday paper the Rev. R. J. Campbell once alluded to this subject in the following clear and expressive words: "The practical man according to modern notions, is the man who possesses facility in dealing with material values, whereas the unpractical man is supposed to be the man who lacks this facility even though he may be a great poet, a mighty prophet, a divine musician or artist. The truly practical man, if we could only find him, would be the man who could tell us of what underlies material values, what life means and why we are having to live it, what lies beyond the grave, and what hope there is of the survival of all that is most beautiful and sublime in human character and human relationship."

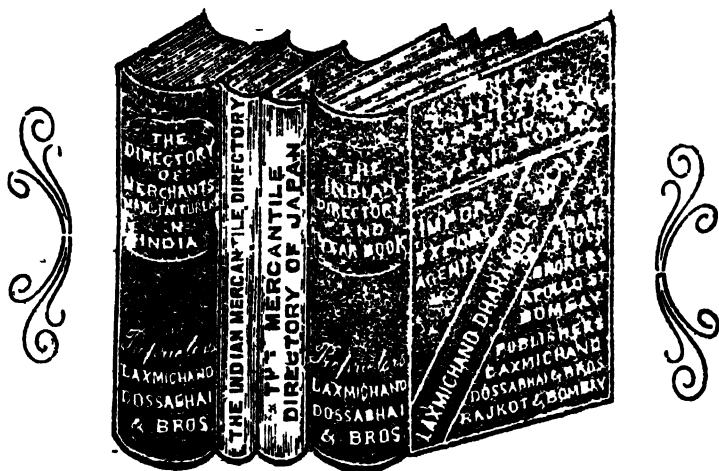
There is no doubt that spiritual idealism is the incentive inspiring the wisest and noblest practical lives.

However exalted our ideal may be we cannot afford to bring it down, so we must needs grow up to it by lifting our lives on to the plane of unselfish service. If we open our minds to the paltry and mean, if we draw into our mental vision the ugly and the puerile in man, our ideal—the vision splendid—melts and evaporates. The golden light that was burnishing the dross and irradiating the so-called common, fades away and leaves us with the rags and tatters of mundane life. Our wings are clipped, our inspiration gone—why? Because the ideal is the very life of the soul and the key to all that is best in man. Let us not crush

its tender gossamer wings by analytical argument, or try to drag it down to suit the requirements of the conventional Pharisee, for thus it is killed.

He who experiences the rapture of the vision splendid, remains for ever young, and the halo of that vision encircles him, he is in touch with the world of Spirit, the world of Reality, and from him emanates an influence all the more powerful because it is silent and spiritual.

**'HEATHER.'**



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# *EAST & WEST.*

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## FROM CLOUDLAND.

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**The Joint Committee's Report.**

During the war His Majesty's Government promised responsible Government to India and ever since, Lord Chelmsford and Mr. Montagu have laboured incessantly to frame a suitable scheme for a new constitution to redeem this pledge. The Joint Committee of the two Houses have now shaped the proposals finally. If the fates are not unkind, the new India Bill will become an Act before the end of the year and India, for the first time, set on the road to conscious self-attainment. The spirit of liberality and promptitude, an unshaken faith in the future of India and the Empire, inspired Mr. Montagu with an earnest wish to raise the ancient Indian people into a self-governing nation and thus forge stronger links between India and England. It needed faith, courage and resource and no one could have guided the policy of His Majesty's Government in these critical times with a keener sense of responsibility than Mr. Montagu. India was at the parting of the ways, Indian politicians were becoming impatient to have a voice in their own affairs while the majority of Englishmen in India were equally suspicious of any change, and

opposed to any material advance towards popular Government. The air was charged with electricity, when Mr. Montagu made the announcement of his policy and filled the country with a new hope. And now the day of fruit is approaching we must all unite in welcoming the India Bill and facilitate its passage through the two Houses by agreement.

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The recommendations of the Committee are liberal both in spirit and form and provide all the element of future expansion. Self Government cannot be attained in a day, it is a process of growth and the new constitution provides ample scope for healthy growth. The appointment of three Indian Members to the Executive Council of His Excellency the Viceroy of India gains equality in the Councils of the Indian Empire. Something more than the Dual Scheme could have attained in near future. The glorious prize of one half of the Government of India with full responsibility is a concession which opens endless opportunities of sacrifice and service in the cause of the silent millions to those who are anxious to serve the motherland, and in serving her serve the Empire. The constitution for the provinces is even more liberal, the elected representatives of the people are to control some of the most important departments of the state, and work towards the realisations of ideals which they have expressed before from the platform, or the press. India, for the first time, has been set free to seek its own salvation under wise guidance which British hegemony guarantees. The occasion calls for united gratitude of the

whole of India for the great boon and equally united determination to work harmoniously for the attainment of a larger happiness and a brighter life on earth for the millions.

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We must realise that responsibility means restraint,

**Sense of Responsibility.**

We must move forward with prudence and prove ourselves worthy of the trust in serving the larger interests of the people. If we exercise our powers prudently and with a clear appreciation of the issues at stake we shall soon be ready for another move forward, if not there is bound to be a strong re-action to more autocratic administration. The future will bring us, what we make of it. I have strong hopes that the new constitution will link Englishmen and Indians together in closer bonds of brotherhood, change the irresponsible critics into responsible servants of the State, and insular officials into comrades and friends.

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The Chiefs' Conference at Delhi held a very successful session. Lord Hastings, nearly a century ago, spoke of the formidable mischief which has arisen from our not having defined to ourselves or made intelligible to the Native Princes, the quality of the relations which we have established with them. The speech which His Excellency, Lord Chelmsford made at the conference foreshadowed momentous changes, and endeavoured to approach a clearer definition of these relations. He announced formally the formation of a permanent Chamber of Princes to be called Narendra Mandal, purely consultative in character without any compulsory attendance or voting. It is not to prejudice the direct transaction of



business between the Government of India and the States, in short the Chamber is to meet the demands of Princes who are anxious to have a definite constitutional position in the Indian Empire without infringing on the freedom of those who still stand for a position of splendid isolation. It has been left wisely to time, to shape the constitution, functions and scope of the Chamber which is expected to federate the States, and bring them unitedly in a close touch with the Government of India. A clearer definition of the duties of the Princes to the people is as important as the question of a definite relation between the states and the Paramount Power. No man can serve two masters. A Prince cannot serve himself, as well as the people, he can serve himself only by serving his people. This is surely the only sound foundation on which the States can rest. And our enlightened Princes will build wisely if they give the first and the foremost place in their constitution to a provision aiming definitely at the good of the people they rule.

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**Aristocracy versus Democracy.** All work in the world except religious work amongst its motives has ambition for one of them, if any one says this is not true, it merely means in his case, that his ambition is a kind of ambition, he is ashamed or unaware of. Now ambition is essentially an appreciation of some prize that the world can give and that prize, in any case no matter how its true character may be hidden and how much we may disguise it from ourselves is something that we covet, securing for us some exceptional social tribute which others also covet and cannot secure. This is the crown of wild-olive which even the race for

money is run for. It is only when the constitution of society is openly and avowedly aristocratic that ambition can be gentlemanly or even honest and under such conditions it is enlarged, chastened and ennobled by being shared with a family or class. But an ambitious democrat is bound to achieve his elevation by making a trade of saying that he does not wish to be elevated and then when he does achieve it, what a ridiculous elevation it is. The aristocrat has a position which asserts his greatness for him, the democrat is a social monstrosity who has always to be asserting it for himself. He is like a man who instead of having his wealth in lands and dependants, is bound to carry and exhibit it on his own person: or he is like a man chaired by a mob and every moment in danger of being upset by it. Whilst a really noble position is not elevation merely; it is as composite and special a thing as a really noble picture. It is hard in these days to find a country in which there are neither mobs nor democrats, in which the spirit of aristocracy survives. Democracy like a weed is spreading thick and fast even here in India, not really perhaps with more vigour than in England, but with nothing so far as one sees to question it. And the Indian politician is like a man who is new to the game who has just been elevated or found himself in unfamiliar surroundings. There is much in his ways, in his manner and speech, in his constant self-assertions that is awkward and unripe. Democracy, however, is coming in to its own in India, earlier than most people anticipate. What we have got to learn is the metaphysical meaning of democracy. The present order of society like the priest of Nemi is guarding the Golden Bough, until it is destroyed and succeeded, in its turn to be pursued by new aspirants,

There is a golden bough alluring men all the time to possess it and offering itself to every one who will pay the price of self-restraint and self-sacrifice. India must follow the golden rule if it is to secure social, religious and political liberty.



There is scope for unlimited improvement in matters Educational in India. Most schools **The Project System.** devote all their energies to developing the brain of the pupil without a thought to the growth or development of his character. Indian parents too have yet to realise that cramming is not by any means an essential in the education of their children. The reason why Indian schools fail in a way to produce men of mark is that teacher and pupil have very little in common. A master should get to know his pupils and *vice versa*. He should enter into their sports with as much zeal as he does in their lessons. The secret of success between master and scholar is sympathy. The formation of character should be the aim of all teachers. Education should be taught in the broadest meaning of the word not confined merely to the successful attainment of the three Rs. This does not help to give a training in methods of work nor does it help the man hereafter to meet new situations nor grapple with difficulties which when they arise should be overcome.

It is the duty of a teacher to study the character as much as the brain of his pupil and if he is skilful he will work upon the natural tendencies of each pupil selecting activities which will stimulate the recognition of a problem to be solved or a task to be performed. In English schools children are trained from their very earliest years; taking

their natural tendencies which are given full scope to in the new system of Education of which the Project System seems most promising.

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The fine tribute which Mrs. Annie Besant pays to Mr. Montagu in her new paper "United India" on "Essential Points of Indian Reforms," should find an echo in the hearts of all right-minded Indians.

**Mr Montagu's  
Championship.**

He has indeed shaken himself free from the broken compact and by his earnest and strenuous efforts, fighting almost single-handed for a just cause, has led India into the path of Freedom. It behoves India now to rise to the occasion and show the metal she is made of. Not by a vain glorious assertion of her rights, but by a steady and decorous trend along the course which the Reform Bill will open. Let India rise to the occasion, I say again. Let her feel that life is beginning to rise on wings. Let her ambitions become stronger and more virile her lost confidence come back to her that some great position is her right. Let her dignify it as well as be dignified by it. The speculative riddles of existence will confront her with all their old importunity and their old poignant import. Having felt that life has something solid and satisfying let her recover her sobriety in this fit of unwonted intoxication by bracing her practical resolution and fevering her with the firm determination to succeed. Let those who will now shoulder responsibility realise that it is only by promoting the common weal and strengthening the forces of law and order adding materially to the efficiency of the administration that the larger interests of the country can be served.

**The Rupee Exchange.**      The stability of the rupee is still hanging in the balance. The present rise being 2s. 4d.

Mr. Slater suggests as a solution the securing of stability by making English treasury notes legal tender in India at Rs. 10 for £ 1 currency notes, and at Rs. 5 for 10s. currency notes. When this is done he avers that the Government can offer Council Bills at 2s., refuse to sell at any higher price or to sell any more than can be cashed without additional coinage, and yet keep the actual exchange value of the rupee very close to 2s. and thus by a stroke of the pen "India would get what she has been longing for a paper currency on a gold basis." The most permanent solution, however, will be to have one common currency for the whole of the Empire doing away with exchange question for all times. It is to be hoped that the Currency Committee will find some clear solution.

SELF EXPRESSION AND COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS.  
 FROM A MUSLIM STANDPOINT WITH A FEW OBSERVATIONS  
 ON  
 "NEW THOUGHT".

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"Successful indeed are the believers, who are humble in their prayers, and who keep aloof from what is vain, and who act aiming at purification, and who are continent except before their mates or those whom their right hands possess, for they surely are not blamable, but whoever seeks to go beyond that, these are they that exceed the limits; and those who are keepers of their trusts and their covenant, and those who keep a guard on their prayers; these are they who are the heirs, who shall inherit the Paradise; they shall abide therein." (The Quran.)

These few verses from the chapter "*Al-Muminun*" of the Holy Quran contain two notable words in the original text. The one is "*alflah*" which is commonly taken to mean success or the achievement of one's aim. The other is "*waris*", meaning heir, which signifies that those spoken of in the above verses will not only attain to success in this life but will continue to exist with success in the life hereafter, for an heir is one who survives a certain state. The literal sense of the word "*falah*" is to unfold something in order to reveal its intrinsic properties. This very word is used in Arabic for tilling as well,

which is to break open the surface of the earth to make its dormant productive powers active. The English word 'plough' seems to have been derived from this Arabic word "*falah*". It is one of the striking beauties of the Arabic language that its words in their primary sense denote the state which when realized convey the import of the same. This is well illustrated in this very word "*falah*" which not only means success, but also signifies what constitutes real success. Real success consists in working out all the capabilities of something to their perfection, *i. e.*, the realization or unfoldment of the latent powers—self-expression. Thus the above Quranic quotation not only assures us of perfect self-expression in this life, if we pursue the course it prescribes, but also vouchsafes the attainment of self-preservation both in this life and the hereafter. In fact, the two things, *viz.*, self expression and self-preservation are at the root of all our struggle. Poets, painters and politicians consider their success to lie in their putting forth their thoughts, conceptions and policy before an appreciative public. The real source of all our activities and progress lies in these two incentives. Unfortunately quite a wrong interpretation of these, on some occasions leads individuals as well as nations to their own ruin or the ruin of others. To them self-expression is no more than the expression of one's wish and will, which they must make to prevail over the will of others. The mistake lies in taking self-expression and that also in its wrong conception, as synonymous with, or as means of self-preservation. They ought in fact to have considered self-preservation only, as a means to achieve the end—self-expression—which in the Quranic sense means development of our latent faculties.

But quite the reverse of this, they regard self-preservation as the end while self-expression and that also in the wrong sense of the word as a means to it. This perverse idea gave birth to a philosophy that wrought destruction in the world, and the most prominent exponent of which is the German philosopher Neitzsche who defines his Superman in the following terms :—

“ The Superior Man is he who can force his own will on all other men; and can do so regardless of consequences to others, using every method which comes to his hand ”.

The definition is too clear to require any explanation. It aims at self-preservation at the expense of others. According to it, the secret of self-preservation lies in self assertiveness, which has given birth to another wrong notion, to the philosophy of struggle for existence and the survival of the strongest; according to which the weaker has got no right to live on the earth of God but to subserve to the ends of the stronger. How far this wrong interpretation can lead to the destruction of the world is best illustrated in the present war. It fosters a spirit of competition. Once captured with this idea a man is capable of crushing every feeling of sympathy and good-will in his anxiety to excel others. But Islam looks down with contempt at this sort of self-expression which in reality is self-assertiveness.

Self-Expression is the unfolding of the innate capacities and beauties that are embedded in the nature of man as a trust of God. It is through the expression of these that one can attain to spiritual heights resplendent with scintilla of Divine attributes. It is a matter of great



satisfaction that the Europe of our generation is after all growing cognizant of the true spirit of religion, and emerging out of the conventional forms of it. Man is hero-worshipper by instinct and consequently he has looked upon bowing to some superstitions as observance of religious obligations. Likewise more faith in this or that dogma has been regarded by some as the aim and end of religion. But this is a mistaken notion. Religion, in sooth is the code of life, which when followed leads one to a consciousness of inner beauties and helps one to convert them into actualities. All our actions spring from our beliefs which therefore constitute the root part of religion. Western people are, however, beginning to realize that religious perfection does not consist in the mere acceptance of a few dogmas of the church. A feeling has now sprung up among some of them that they can also do what Jesus did. This reformed view of religion is, however, not an unmixed blessing. This class of people think that although human, they are capable of progressing right up to Divine attributes as they believe Jesus did, and that, this object is attained not so much by active exercise of one's powers but through inactive meditation and by leading a retired, undisturbed life. It is also asserted that so long as one does not divorce oneself of mentality that which alone distinguishes man from an animal, he can not attain the highest degree of beatitude. These and such like other ideas are only the relics of by-gone beliefs which have not been shaken off entirely. Europe has for centuries been in the habit of paying homage to Man-worship in some form or other. The North and West of the continent adored Woden and Thor while the South and East lauded Jupiter, Zeus and Apollo, etc., as gods;

They were only men but presented to the credulous in fantastic garbs. All these divinities of the heathens in Europe afterwards gave way to another human god and made room for him, some fifteen centuries ago, who was humble enough to give his epiphany "in the manger and on the cross". But a new era has now dawned in these days. Jesus is looked upon not as God but as an elder brother, whose attributes we equally share and his divinity too. This belief is gradually fathering the thought that we can elevate ourselves as high as God and can possess and dominate every atom of the universe as God can, and this all not through any active effort on our part but by silent and calm contemplation. This smells strongly of the refined pantheism of the ancient India, according to which man could divest himself of his humanity, if he so wished, and become divine. But does this view at all fit in with what we really are? Can not the slightest change in the atmosphere cause our destruction? The circumstance with which we are surrounded make us absolutely dependent on the outside agencies for our well-being and existence. Let us take the very case of Jesus as a specimen from amongst those who from time to time have been taken to possess Divine attributes and see if this belief is borne out in his own words:—"I canst not do any thing myself" (St. John 8:28) "Why callest thou me good". "If I turn out the devil, it is by the help of the finger of God" (St. Luke 11:20 "O Lord O Lord! why hast thou forsaken me" Matthew 27:46.)

Do these expressions signify any possible vindications of the aforesaid claim?

There are others in the West who believe that huge wealth would be theirs if they could only contemplate

that they are surrounded on all sides with wealth which is really theirs and that we could command, like God, all the sources of wealth to pour out their treasures at our feet, if we could by meditation attain to Divinity as Jesus did. But here is a refutation of the above in the words of this our elder Brother:—"Foxes have places for hiding and birds have nests for them in the air, but the Son of Man has no place to rest his head in". Then he says on another occasion. "of myself I can do nothing; of that hour and that day knoweth no man, neither the son". Those amongst us who are getting obsessed with the new fangled idea that we can make ourselves great through mere meditation, would be well advised to study the 38th Chapter of Job, in order to realize the limitation of human powers. No doubt that some of the sayings of these great personages who are a manifestation of some Divine powers and in whom the spark of Divine attribute embedded in their nature, has grown into a full blaze of fire, contain certain words misleading to the common people. The notion that we can achieve equality to God seems to have arisen out of expressions like that of Jesus, who is reported to have said: "I am one with my father." This expression no doubt signifies an obvious truth but the interpretation put thereon is quite erroneous. A single detached sentence out of the speech of a person is not sufficient to grasp his meanings. It is desirable to have a wider survey of his sayings and to see that no such interpretation is put on some of his words as will clash with the sense or tenor of the rest of his speech. Had this been the criterion of determining the meanings of Jesus by his votaries, we are positive they would have been saved from cross and man-worship. The same person who says on one occasion

that he is one with his father utters the following words in a critical state of distress :—

“O my Father! if it is possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, *not as I will but as thou wilt.*” (Matthew 23:46). Can these be the words of one who is said to claim equality to God? The saying, however, is not valueless. It illustrates a great spiritual phenomenon which we frequently come across in the lives of the blessed amongst mankind. As a matter of fact when a man completely subordinates his own will and desires to the will of God, all his actions and words partake of Divine attributes. He becomes steeped in the colour of God and is the stage where he is one with God. It is this state that entitles Jesus to say: “I am one with my Father.” Others have uttered similar words. “I am Bhagwan,” *i. e.*, god”, comes from the lips of Krishna. Hands of Mohamad are declared to be those of God in the words of God—The Quran. Let us carefully study this other quotation of Jesus just cited—“not as I will but as thou wilt”. What a guarded statement! He lays no claim to equality with God but expresses his union with Him through his submission to the Most High. He has killed his own volition and has lost his individuality into that of the Father. His actions and words are only to work out the will of the Other. Is it strange then to find him say “I and my Father are one,” not on account of equality, but for reason of complete submission, and implicit subordination to the High Will. Self-surrender of Jesus has reached a stage where nothing comes between God and His devoted votary, may he be A. or B. It is this truth that constitutes the essence of Islam and to attain

which a Muslim stands in prayer and other devotional practices prescribed in the Quran. I will dwell on this subject later on. It is quite absurd to claim equality with the Divine Being, or to suppose that Divine mind is no more than our own in its evolved stage; and that this state of perfection in man is reached only through silent contemplation with eyes closed and at the expenses of our mentality.

This method of achievement, too, is in reality another relic of old dogmas in the West. In order to press her many doctrines for acceptance, the Church has ever emphasized the fact that reason is no criterion to test the veracity of matters religious, which must command our blind allegiance. This phase of "New Thought" now prevailing in the West is but the same divorce of reason, though it differentiates itself from the conventionalities of the Church. Again we are told that for such achievements the only thing heeded is faith while actions can be dispensed with. This idea they again inherit from the Church. Martin Luther, in spite of his bold departure from the established Christianity of his day could not help falling in to the same error and retained the principle of salvation through faith as the cardinal point of his creed. With him actions were nothing. Believe in the atonement and you get salvation, was his religion, and it is repeated to-day by the so-called freed school of New Thought in a new form. To get rid of your disease, a kindred movement in the West, Christian Science would advise you simply to close your eyes and imagine yourself enveloped in health all round, with your various faculties working properly and your cheeks to be ruddy without resorting to any medical aid. They think their fancies will assume the form of

realities, if they could firmly believe it to be so. I do not deny that imagination plays a considerable part in the build of physique, but I am not prepared to admit that it can bring about such effects as depend upon your dietetic faculties. You may control your appetite to a certain limit but this will never give you strength such as you can gain by food alone.

There are some who are tempted to generalize from witnessing a few cases where a patient had been brought to health in this way. But they ignore many other circumstances attending each particular case amongst which individuality of the patient plays a great part. Every case must be scrutinized on its own merits. One has also to make sure how far the individuals' recovery is due to certain mesmeric effects under the wholesome and healthy influence of the active agent. We demand a plain test to establish the efficacy of the above process. Do not take your food for a week but only imagine that you had done so. If you could then preserve your usual strength, vitality, your rosy complexion and the brightnesses of your eyes, I will come to believe in your theory of contemplation. So far I admit that you may subdue your appetite by slow degrees till you cultivate in you a power to keep fast for a long time.

Man by nature in his undeveloped stage, loves ease and shirks exertion. As for instance there was a quest for the Philosopher's stone, in the mediaeval ages, whose touch with base metal was believed to transform it into sterling gold. In these days too we do believe in such a stone to amass heaps of gold, but this is no other than our personal effort. To obtain gold without labour was a

specimen of the ignorance of mediaeval ages. Likewise in the realm of spirituality, the doctrine of 'faith without deed' was its source in the same tendency, to avoid effort. Belief in the 'blood' came to take the place of the philosopher's stone in spiritualities which could convert base human nature into highest morals in a single moment. Although belief in this doctrine is practically non-existent, to-day in many quarters in the West, but its place has been taken by one equally unintelligible and demoralizing. Contemplation is now believed to be the way to achieve all desires. To a limited extent, however, this new philosophy contains partial truth. Calm contemplation is no doubt a step in the right direction. It produces a certain kind of sensation to which the Western world was an utter stranger for so many centuries. This peculiar sensation is, however, the very first rung of the ladder, in the spiritual upliftment and not the top.

No one can deny that self-expression consists in the development of those powers in men, which distinguish him from the lower animals. Conscious-self forms the difference between the two. The development of mind depends upon contemplation, and the latter is only possible through silence and calm meditation. It is, therefore, indispensable to retire from the bustle of life to some secluded place and give ourselves up to meditation if we want to cultivate our various faculties of mind. But it is not a new revelation. For this very purpose the sages of old in the East, isolated themselves from human society. In order to attain self-expression they took up their abode in the inaccessible recesses of forest glades and mountain

fastnesses. Certain manifestations of some of the spiritual powers were no doubt made by these people ; but this course did never prove practicable for the real benefit of human-society. Budha commands the spiritual homage of millions, yet very few of them could adopt his mode of life as a code of theirs.

Another strong argument against the aforesaid method lies in the very nature of man, who is sociable by instinct. The realization of many of his powers is closely bound up with others in relations of mutual interdependence. There are many other traits of human character which can come into play and flourish only in the midst of society. Courage, patience and benevolence, are some of the highest virtues in man. There lies not the slightest chance for one to exercise these virtues if he has secluded himself from human society. Similarly perseverance and fortitude in the face of obstacles are extremely essential for the development of spirituality. All these grow through exercise and when one is placed in adverse circumstances—a thing only attainable in social life. We prize so much the development of our will-power. Can we get it in its different phases if in secluded life, one is never chanced to face evil and temptation of various character. If one injustice is done in our presence or one injured, how can we bring into play our sense of equity, justice and sympathy. Only very few inner powers do not require society for their cultivation.

Corresponding to our external senses we have internal senses as well. Besides the apparent eye and ear, we are gifted with inner organs of sight and hearing which produce clairvoyance and clairauidience. We can some times read



feelings of others. But these few powers do not constitute in themselves the height of spirit-force. They are some of the gifts of God to man. Islam has laid down an efficacious course to attain this stage and achieve many other kindred things. But Muslim Divines never encouraged such acquisitions as it is not the goal of life. Yet the curiosity-loving nature hankers after it. Such like things are no doubt obtained through asceticism but the method kills many noble traits of humanity. Sometimes they become a source of pain as in the case of clairvoyance.

Real spiritual elevation as expounded by Islam, and the rules to achieve which are laid down in the Quran, consists in the state when human mind is clarified into a mirror to reflect Divine will, when every one of his organs works in accordance with the will of God, in short when each movement of his, hearing, seeing, sitting, walking, etc. should completely harmonize with will and wish of God. This is the spiritual height, at which man becomes the beloved of God and it is to this stage that a tradition from the Holy Prophet (may peace and blessing be with him) refers in the following words: --God sayeth, "O man! only follow thou My laws, and thou shalt become like unto Me, and then say 'Be,' and behold 'It is.'" God sayeth, "The person I hold as beloved, I am his hearing by which he heareth, and I am his sight by which he seeth, and I am his hand by which he holdeth, and I am his feet by which he walketh".

I have already referred to the first step towards the attainment of these capabilities as consisting in silence and contemplation. I have also mentioned that there is a sort of pleasant sensation, which the West is beginning to perceive. But the error lies in regarding it as the be-al

and end-all of spiritual evolution. The very course that is followed to attain this sweet sensation betrays that a wrong ideal has been set up. For instance, the method prescribed is first of all to concentrate one's attention on a fixed point to avoid one's thoughts getting scattered; for, as a matter of fact, real meditation depends upon concentration of mind. As a typical practice we are directed to have our house closed with all its holes plugged, and hold our meditation in a quarter far removed from the din of life, and then compose a poem, solve a philosophic problem, or draft, say, a piece of composition not containing words with a particular letter. We will thus secure ourselves against the disturbing effect of sense-organs. The object of the whole of this process is, so to say, the drugging of the organs of sense by force of concentration. We admit that by thus drugging the senses, the mind will begin to make a manifestation of some of its wonderful capacities. But if we could weaken and hush up our sense-organs by drugging them in some other way and obtain the same result, where, on earth, lies the difference between the two methods, *viz.*, concentration of mind through such seclusion and the drugging of sense-organs. For instance, in the East, such a state of senses is created through '*Hashish*' a kind of herb, having an intoxicating effect different from that of fermented liquor or opium. Liquors produce a sort of buoyant emotion in the mind while opium atrophies our senses but *Hashish* has a dulling effect upon the whole system, and concentrates them in and on anything towards which it may happen to be attracted. If one under the influence of *Hashish*, should close his eyes and imagine his soul to be soaring in the sky

he will really feel so. This is why the stuff is called in Persian '*jalaksair*,' i. e., ramble in the sky. This I say on the ground of personal experience of the effect of this drug when I took it for trial some 30 years back. I have also experienced the pleasant sensation arising out of the meditation in question and am therefore in a position to compare the two, which are very much akin to each other. Both consist in a sort of an intoxicating effect and both are the outcome of so much weakening the sense-organs as not to disturb mind-activities. It is quite immaterial whether this drugging is the result of '*Hashish*' or of any other method to avoid distraction of mind. The net result following thereon is nearly the same, viz., deadening of senses and pleasant sensation. We would therefore invite the attention of our friends connected with such moments that they may have silent contemplations by all means, but the pleasure resulting therefrom is not self-expression. Self-expression demands a difficult course to be pursued, beset with manifold obstacles, and requiring great self-discipline. Over and above all the drawbacks of this new thought, there is another difficulty which makes all our attempts to avoid disturbance of mind, futile. We may retire from the bustle of life and shut ourselves up in a solitary closet. We may thus secure our sense organs against all disturbing influences. But how can we manage to quiet down the storm of all those conflicting ideas, impulses and passions that surge in our bosom. As human beings we are of the earth and bound to it by numerous ties. Our interests are sometimes in danger, while again certain boisterous passions swell our breast. Such like circumstances are sure to undo all above-said efforts for the concentration of mind. To

obviate this difficulty some persons or some religious systems would have us crush these passions, a remedy wrong in itself. These passions in their primary form are the very impulses which originate in the instinctive life-tendency in man.

As I said before Self-expression pre-supposes the feeling for Self-preservation, which, in its turn, consists in the satisfaction of these same passions. Consequently by killing our passions we deal a death blow to our very self, thus defeating our object of Self-expression. Keeping all these considerations in view, Islam has struck upon a golden mean. We should have self-expression as the *summum-bonum* of life, and self-preservation as a means towards it. In other words the feeling of self-preservation must be there, but only in so far as it should promote the purpose of self-expression. Before I attempt to show what method of silence and contemplation which I recognise as the first step towards the attainment of spiritual perfection has Islam prescribed, I would invite the reader's attention to another point.

Sense of Self-preservation germinates from self-consciousness. Animal consciousness is a bundle of only a few blind impulses, devoid of the consciousness of individuality. For instance, the impulse of hunger, when aroused, demands gratification, without any consciousness, on the part of the animal, of the fact that it is instrumental to self-preservation. Man, on the other hand, knows not only that these impulses are the springs of his various activities, but also, that he owes his very life to the satisfaction thereof. This creates self-consciousness. This individual consciousness is responsible for the sense of personal rights in man and the question of mine and

thine. This is also found sometimes in lower animals, but to a very limited extent, and receives its full development only in man. Individual-consciousness, if not properly regulated, makes us encroach upon the rights of others, for the sake of self-preservation. It is to put a check on the irregularities of this consciousness that several laws have been framed. As a matter of fact, man's utility to society and the development of his own mind both depend upon his evolution from this stage to the moral one. His interests must not be confined to his own person but should extend to other members of the society. So long as his outlook is limited to his own personal interests, he has not risen above the life of the flesh. He breathes in a higher atmosphere and steps in the sphere of a moral life when he links up his interests with those of the society, leaving behind his selfish, sordid desires. This moral state partakes of spiritual lustre, when he outgrows the stage at which he respects the interests of others with a view to further his own, and is prepared to sacrifice his own interests for those of others, or in other words when his individual consciousness gives way to Race-consciousness. By race I do not mean any particular nationality one belongs to, but the whole human race. But unfortunately there is another obstacle in the way which hinders his progress. Instead of widening the sphere of his interests to the whole humanity his views become narrow and cramped by delimitating the scope of his social usefulness with the ideals of nationality, *i. e.*, his self-consciousness is transformed into national consciousness. Even then he is self-sacrificing for others, but the field of this sacrifice covers only the particular community or nation to which he belongs. This germinates that

ignoble feature of patriotism which is responsible for social prejudices and national rivalries. It gives birth to wars when nations rise against nations and cause human devastation. In individuals, the impulse of self-centred selfishness tends to produce law-breakers and usurpers of the legitimate rights of others, but the activity of this impulse in communities and nations is responsible for wars. The root cause of all such crimes in individuals or nations would always be found in their false worship of this impulse of self-consciousness. A study of human history reveals the fact that wars are waged because particular nations want either to protect their interests against others, or sacrifice those of other nations to theirs. The word patriotism does no doubt sound very sweet, but then it has been the cause of shedding human blood in the past as well as the present. Those who have not progressed beyond the stage of individual or national consciousness to that of Human-race consciousness, are yet far removed from the spiritual realm. Just as the moral stage is not reached so long as a man moves in the sphere of individual consciousness, similarly the spiritual window is not opened to one whose attention is yet confined to national-consciousness. True spiritual state is the concomitant of human-race consciousness. There is a still higher stage beyond this state of consciousness. It is only attained when one sacrifices his personal interests for the sake, not of the community of which he is a member, nor even of the race to which he belongs, but of the whole of the universe. When all impulses of self-aggrandisement at the expense of anything in the universe are dead, then he has truly succeeded in scaling the

loftiest pinnacle of spiritual grandeur and glory. His interests are then identified with those of every atom in nature. This is the stage of Cosmic consciousness—point of human self-expression and the final stage of preparation for his true self-expression. Here his spirituality becomes full-fledged. His physical nature has become subsided and has partaken of Divine Nature. He has entered into the Holy Precincts and a sort of Union is created between him and his god. It was in such a state of spirituality that Jesus exclaimed :—"I am one with my Father".

How mistaken is one's assertion when he says that God's interests centre in him alone. Rather, every atom in the whole of the universe is the object of His interest. Let no one, therefore, claim that his mind is the mind of God, unless he has moulded his entire self, his thoughts as well as actions, in consonance with the will and wish of the Lord and Evolver of the worlds. This is the ultimate stage of cosmic-consciousness and it is attained when one's movements, one's eating and drinking, one's prayer and fasting and other religious rites are in thorough submission to the Will of God. Here it was that the Holy Prophet Mohammad (may peace and blessings be on him) proclaimed: "Verily, my prayer, my sacrifice, my life and my death are all for 'Allah', the Lord, the Maintainer, the Nourisher and Evolver of the whole universe, who has no peer,.....this I am commanded and I am the foremost of those who are submissive (to Him)".

This is the picture of one who is the Superman of the Quran. Let us compare this Superman to that of Nietzsche.

Both share a desire to live an instinct of self-preservation. But one links up his self-preservation with this world and so with him, self-expression consists in self-assertiveness; while the other regards his self-expression dependent on the evolution of those powers, which partake of Divine glory on human scale, and which consists in serving the whole universe at his own discount.

I have already pointed out that silent contemplation can never remain undisturbed, so long as passions are not subdued in man's mind, and also that any attempt to crush these passions is tantamount to suicide, as self-expression is possible only through self-preservation, which again depends for its existence on the same passions. Consequently, the peace of mind and concentration of thoughts can not be attained simply by retiring to solitude, but it comes within human reach through a mastery over passions. But this control of low desires is only possible when individual consciousness, passing through various stages, say, family, national, and racial consciousness, is sublimated into Cosmic-consciousness. Real contemplation and the good thereof is only the lot of one, possessed of this cosmic-consciousness. It is meet therefore that instead of detaching ourselves from the world and attempting to subside sense-disturbances through certain mind-exercises, we should try to feel the presence of God in loneliness, and by reflecting on His attributes as the Maintainer, Nourisher and Evolver of all the worlds, we should cultivate a sense that His interest embraces the whole universe and not of our own self, and we have to follow His ways in our dealing with the universe. Such contemplation will enable us to enter into spiritual realm. This is the right path along which we can walk in the footsteps of God.



This is the truth, which Islam came to teach and realize. To achieve this object, no other course is more efficacious than that prescribed by Islam. And here I give the A. B. C. of the course. It enjoins upon its followers to rise very early and, after proper ablutions, to stand in a most submissive attitude in the presence of God. Thus a Muslim stands in the stillness of early dawn, generally in a place free from the din of life, and meditates upon those attributes of his Maker, which are given at the very outset of the Quran. *Alhamdu lillah-i-Rabil-Alamin, etc.* All praise and glory is for Allah, the Creator, Nourisher, and Maintainer and Evolver of the whole universe, whose beneficence gives us things we need of and without our meriting them; Whose mercy gives us hundred fold reward for one action and who is Lord of the requital. This is the beginning of the Muslim prayer. The object of this recitation is not to glorify God and cite His praises. With Islam Divine glorification consists in human-edification. God, as the Quran says, is above needing our praises. By reciting these attributes of God in our prayers we are led to think how far we are in tune with Him. We are enjoined by the Prophet to imbue ourselves with Divine attributes and the recitation comes to enlighten us in this respect. It is through such meditation that individual consciousness received sublimation into cosmic-consciousness, the Evolver of the Worlds. I would not at present dilate upon the various expressions in a Muslim's prayer, each and every one of which absorbs him in meditation. After the morning prayer, the Muslim goes about his business with a strengthened heart to face all that would call into play his various powers. After noon, he would once more repair to the Holy Presence and calmly meditate on the same

attributes of God. Thus retiring into solitude every second or third hour (five times a day) his contemplations help him to cultivate a sense of cosmic consciousness. If, in the intervals, he finds any transgression on his part, repeated prayers to the Almighty are constant reminders to him of the real aim—the cosmic consciousness. The Islamic prayer is, so to say, a running stream of pure water of cosmic consciousness, in which the Muslim's heart takes his dip five times a day. Is it possible for one thus trained to be narrow-minded, selfish, or overbearing to an extent which would lead to crimes, private or national? The Holy Prophet Mohammad (may peace and blessings of God be upon him) is reported to have remarked to his companions:

"If you have a stream flowing by your house, wherein you may take a bath five times a day, is it possible that your bodies should remain unclean?" The reply was a decided no. "The stream", added the Holy prophet, "is your prayer five times a day". We, Muslims say our prayers in congregation but each time there are some portions which we perform by ourselves. I admit that prayer with many is a mechanical thing and, therefore, inefficacious, but abuse of a thing is not the defect of the institutions. There is yet another prayer which is said all alone, at the dead of night, in order to have perfect concentration in the said meditation.

Let us revert to the verses from the Holy Quran, which I gave in the prelude. It is said therein that only those would be able to develop their powers or achieve self-expression, who pray God in a spirit of thorough submissiveness and fear. This is followed by a recapitulation of those duties which one owes to his fellow beings. The object of

this is to remind us that self-expression, which is only obtainable through keeping up of cosmic consciousness, depends upon the fulfilment of our obligations to others. The spark of this sense is kept alive by giving it a practical garb in the discharge of these duties. In the first place, attempt has been made to cultivate in us a sense, and then practical exercises have been set to maintain it. The last verse holds out a promise of obtaining possession of '*Firdaus*', i.e., paradise, which amounts to a perfect stage of self-expression. The word *Firdaus* literally means, full fructification of seeds into a garden. The course prescribed to attain cosmic-Consciousness, is that we should jealously guard our prayers by acting up to the words cited in the comport of life in all its activities, otherwise our prayer is a farce. The perfection is reached, when we constantly move under the sense of cosmic-consciousness thus reminded in prayer. It should be the background of all our movements. As a student of religion, I have been struck with this feature of Islam, that where other sages conceived this truth in a very complicated manner and with great difficulty made it visible to the layman, Islam has not only brought it within reach of common understanding but has also given it a practical shape. To cultivate this feeling of cosmic-consciousness people retired into solitary woods. The banks of the sacred Indian rivers were resorted to for this very purpose. But Islam has elevated its followers to this pinnacle of spiritual glory, in a practical way, by keeping him in the world, making him fulfil the obligations he owes to his fellow-beings and putting him in the service of the teeming creation of Allah, at the same time reminding him of his real goal and the most efficacious way to achieve it.

KHWAJA KAMALUDDIN.

## SONG AND ACTION.

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Beloved, India's mighty Book of Fate  
 Is being writ in cypher, page by page :  
 The love her sons and daughters hear ; the hate  
 They fight, with arm and brain, in youth and age ;  
 The cry for liberty, for growth, for life ;  
 For sacred chivalry 'tween man and maid ;  
 For honour's bond to parents, children, wife,  
 Kin, and those who from the fold have strayed ;  
 These rubrics warm the blood of some to sail  
 In vent'rous quest on wide uncharted seas  
 In banded brotherhoods, while others hail  
 The lonely heights where gentler stirs the breeze.  
 Blest be the song that gilds with golden beams  
 Our surging passions, struggles, hopes and dreams.

*London.*

A. YUSUF ALI.

## SATYAGRAHA AND POLITICS.

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Of all the institutions and organizations that go to make the civilization of to-day, the modern State is supposed to be the most positive and useful creation. In fact it is at once the foundation and the crowning apex of the whole structure. Most of the other institutions are directly or indirectly connected with it and derive their force and existence from it. Besides, from the very beginning, it has been a progressive idea. Man has been constantly revising its nature and adding to its functions. Life, useful and orderly, has become impossible even to conceive for a moment, without the operations of the machinery of the state. Its power, at least in theory, is at all times unlimited and absolute.

Howevermuch we might all differ in our views about the functions, the limits and the value of the state, its ultimate desirability, usefulness, and inevitableness are not disputed by any except a very small minority. Only the anarchists—who, by the way, are not of sufficiently large a number to be taken seriously and dealt with—seem to be thinking of a society in which state in some form or other would have no existence. They regard the influence and the power of the state as an evil, and on the whole derogatory to man's goodness and dignity. They recognize its

immediate necessity only because of other evils in the society of to-day. Once those more primary evils are done away with, they argue, the necessity of this further evil in the form of a state must disappear. All the while, of course, at the bottom of this reasoning is only the negative aspect of the state. They look upon only the prohibitive or police functions of state as its essential characteristics, losing count of all its positive and creative activity. Moreover, they have no more an idea of what the stateless state of society is to be than they have an idea as to what the society on the moon is like. They have no positive programme for the future to offer, no showing of how this happy state of society is to be realized. The evil of state, in fact, becomes a fixed idea as it were and all that they propose to do is the destruction of the state as the first step in the realization of that blissful future.

But though this unqualified condemnation of the state is not a very serious matter both from the point of view of a student of politics and that of the practical politician, there are undercurrents of opposition to the state, not as a whole but to some one aspect of it or another, the combined effect of which is not so easy to ignore as the other. At all times and in all governments, whether popular or monarchical, the opposition always comes from several sides and of wholly different character in each case. Where it is not apparent, as in the case of very repressive governments, it is not that there is no opposition but that it is only latent. That it is there and perhaps in a more dangerous form, it cannot be denied. No government has ever been immune from attack entirely; if it were, it would duly show the soulless and inhuman nature of the society that suffers it. As yet man cannot boast that he has come

to the last and the most perfect stage of social development. So long as this is not realized, the form and the nature of state cannot be regarded as final, and it must undergo constant revision and change in accordance with the changes that take place in the wider whole—the society at large. Therefore these efforts constantly to criticize and oppose the state, within a certain limit, are signs of a comparatively healthy state of society. On the contrary, where they are absent and where the government seems to be sailing in smooth waters, the state of society instead of being ideal is just otherwise, hopelessly and fatally diseased. Whatever it be in other spheres of life, this consciousness of imperfection, of something wrong somewhere, coupled with a never tiring and never ending effort to mend matters by means of criticism and rational and harmless opposition is not an abnormality but the only re-assuring sign that the soul of the people is alive and awake. This opposition, as we remarked, is not to the existence of the state as such, but only either to the nature of it or the individual acts of legislation or execution, its faults of omission and commission, and particular grievances. This opposition to and pressure on government has been brought to bear in various ways, all of them more or less legitimately recognized. The nature of the opposition depends mainly on the nature of the opponent, the nature of the grievance and the power of the government. From the mildest way of preferring a petition to the governing power or powers, to the most violent way of open rebellion and revolution, all have been tried at different times in different circumstances, and with different results. They have also all been justified by the parties concerned on grounds either real or imaginary.

Satyagraha has originated into its organized and definite form in connection with political questions, though its essential character is not really political. The Satyagrahi in practice at any rate is not opposed to the existence of the state. Whether in his conception of the perfect state of society, that is when all are truly and universally Satyagrahis without exception, in the highest sense of the term, the state is lucky enough to secure a place for itself or not, is therefore beside the mark. He admits not only the necessity but even the great usefulness of states at the present stage of the social and individual development. He is not an anarchist. He has naturally his own set of grievances, as every one else has. He sees shortcomings in the working of the government. He regards particular acts or laws of the government as unjustifiable, and therefore so far as he is concerned, he cannot accept them as if there was nothing wrong with them. That would be betraying truth of which he is a religious devotee. He must therefore offer some sort of opposition, especially when the evil is not merely passive, an act of omission, but active and one of commission.

The Satyagrahi has his own view of right and wrong, moral and immoral, good and evil. In politics therefore what he opposes is not the real question at issue. He opposes certain things, considering it his duty to oppose in the particular instances. What really matters is the question of how he opposes. Are his methods of opposition politically practical, sound, and effective?

His method of opposition is in the first place to pronounce an emphatic and unequivocal protest against the particular thing that he is opposing, and to try to remove it by the most innocent and peaceful communications with



the government about it, without using any violent language likely to injure the feelings of others. When he fails, he enters upon the second phase of his struggle. He decides to disobey the order of the government by which this evil is brought into existence, so far as he is concerned with it. This is civil disobedience, avoiding the slightest possible use of physical force as a weapon of opposition. He merely disobeys and is prepared to take the punishment and whatever consequences it brings to him. He does not hit back whether it is possible or not. He is prepared to undergo physical punishment if the government is barbarous and uncivilized enough to inflict it, to go to jail, to be dispossessed of his property, or to die. He simply goes on acting in a way as if the orders or the laws of government that he condemns as unjust did not exist for him.

On the face of it this method looks innocent enough. Opposition, as we saw, there has always been against the government and there will always be. In the fact of opposition there lies no evil. Perhaps the evil would be more in not offering any opposition at particular moments. At first it is very surprising therefore how anyone can have anything to urge against this method of opposition. The Satyagrahi's aim and end are obvious enough. They are the same as those of everybody else: to remove the evil from the state. His motive is unquestionable. His method is to try to remove that evil without committing himself to any further evil.

But it is the apparent simplicity of the whole thing that is to a certain degree misleading. To pronounce a judgment on Satyagraha as a political weapon is not so simple a fact as it appears. Political affairs are the most

complicated of all others. They necessitate and justify different means in different circumstances. The Satyagrahi as an extreme idealist and with his absolute faith in the simplicity and obviousness of truth, cannot be brought to look upon affairs from a practical point of view. The efficiency of his method does not weigh with him in the balance when he judges things. He has only one way of serving the truth. He cannot recognize that there might be ways and ways of serving it.

What is the best, the surest, the most efficient and the least objectionable method of dealing with the government, when there arises an acute difference between the ruler and the ruled? No theoretical solution of the problem is in the first place possible, and in the second even a theoretically most satisfactory way will not help us out of the difficulty. The modern state, as everything else in the modern society, is a huge experiment. Its growth and development have been attended with numerous blunders, failures, mistakes, compromises, unhappy consequences, turnings back, and hesitations. It is partly based on *a priori* principles, partly on past experience, and partly on mere guess work. In the very history of the development of the state, we have the history also of the efforts to oppose it and bring it on what are supposed to be more rational and human grounds. The history of this phase of the state, *i e.*, of the opposition against it, is just as much complicated and elaborate as the history of the art of government. They have all been experiments, and, as all human experiments based partly on reason, partly on guesses, happy or otherwise, they have been partly successful and partly mistakes. On the whole, the united common sense of humanity has proved itself mainly in the

right, and, in spite of all the mistakes, there has always been a slow—but a steady progress. The experiment has exacted very serious sacrifices, caused much pain and sufferings, has at times seemed wholly hopeless and filled many an earnest and enthusiastical soul with despair. But on the whole, viewed in the light of universal human history, the experiment has not been all in the wrong direction.

It might all have been otherwise! Certainly, the mistakes and blunders, the pain and sufferings, and many other evil things that have attended human progress on the political side, might have all been avoided. Yes, if humanity had been gifted with better mental and physical endowments. At any rate it is no use crying over split milk. Of course all wanton and irresponsible mistakes are to be condemned and discouraged. As it is, the way of human progress is hard enough. It need not be made any harder by our own efforts. Much that has happened in the past cannot all be explained away on the plea of inevitable mistakes and consequent corrections. But to imagine that it might have been wholly devoid of undesirable things, or that in future it could be made so, is to misunderstand human nature and human history in the most hopeless way. That the development of human reason and the increasing wealth of useful human experience will tend in the future to lessen the number and the evil effects of blunders is possible enough. But the best human way is not and cannot be the best possible way. Even the very best of the human has its own defects.

It is this experimental nature of politics that the Satyagrahi fails to notice in his political attitude. He is an out and out rationalist and he tries to bring this ultra-rationalism,

which is possible only in the realm of theoretical sciences and philosophy, in the province of practical politics. He cannot see the provisional nature of things in the more practical activities of life. He recognizes no such thing as working theories or hypotheses, which have got to be tried and given up or accepted on the results of their test. In his devotion to the idea of Truth he forgets the limits of the practical reason of man. The pragmatic view of life and human affairs that is gaining more and more ground even in philosophical circles is not what the Satyagrahi accepts. He takes up an idea, tries to find out in all sincerity whether it is true or false, comes to the conclusion, and acts upon it in the most uncompromising method. He is prepared to lose all, even life itself, for the upholding of that truth. That the truth, which even philosophy is able only in some instances to define and not wholly to achieve, that no religion yet can be said to have revealed is still more difficult to ascertain in the case of practical and most complex affairs of social organizations, he is oblivious of. He therefore cannot admit that there might be certain limits to human sacrifice in proportion to the limits of his perception of truth.

Though not quite scientific, we might divide the existing governments into three separate classes for practical convenience. 1.—Where the will of the people, *i. e.*, of their representatives and only of a majority of them, is supreme. 2.—Where the will of one individual is supreme. 3.—And where one people are under control of another country which in its turn might be either under the rule of a single man or under a popular government. In either of these three classes the opposition is sure to exist. Even

the most popular government is not exempt from it. On the contrary, the opposition is there and is quite apparent, because most of the actions of the governments are, as a rule, opposed by the Opposition. The party that is in the minority, though it brings its influence to bear on all that the majority does, has after all to submit and take things as they come. Beyond being a moral check, their function for the time being is negative. And there is not always one party in opposition but more than one often times, and with more or less different views about things, who have all to sit contented with the policy of the government, which they of course do not wholly approve. If they did approve it, there would be no separate parties. Is it always that the truth is on the side of the majority? Are the minor bodies, because they are minor, necessarily wrong? Is it not likely that the majority might be hopelessly in the wrong, as very often it is? Or perhaps all the parties might be only partly right and partly wrong.

In this contingency, should all the parties that believe that truth is being violated try to practise Satyagraha and begin to act according to their idea of truth, in open defiance of the government? Should all the representatives advise their constituents every time they think that the government is making a mistake to go on doing what is right? What would be the effect of it if they all did that? The government would never be formed, or it would have to be abandoned as soon as formed. Any established government would either have to allow a really unnecessary sacrifice, pain, suffering and waste of useful human lives, or it would have to give way every now and then, be very weak and something different from the common conception of government.

The democratic government, the rule of the majority is considered to-day as the best solution of many of the political difficulties. It will be quite impossible according to the Satyagrahi's conception of his duty when there is a difference of opinion between him and the government. Pure democracy, or government by unanimous consent and agreement of the people, is at no time possible. The next best therefore has been held up as an ideal most worthy of acceptance. No end of blood has been shed for it. The noblest of sacrifices have been made for it. From the Satyagrahi's point of view it turns out that the humanity has as good as been after a mare's nest for all these years. Can the Satyagrahi suggest some better and at the same time a practical form of government ?

In the monarchical form of government too, the opposition is inevitable. In this case the chances of disagreement between a people or a part of the people and the government are greater. The one man at the head of affairs is not necessarily the wisest and the best. The generally prevailing hereditary rule of kingship makes it all the more impossible to have always the wisest and the best man as the king. But whatever he is, the wisest and the best or the most stupid and the worst, his will prevails. But we need not here consider the extreme cases. With an average wise and good man as king, there would still be cases of mistakes which will not be admitted as mistakes. The king would think himself absolutely in the right—you see, a king is more likely to think that way than we non-royal beings—and once he begins to think that way, he is more likely to hold fast to it. He is of course a human being and thus not altogether closed to moral pressure of the Satyagrahi,

but he being not responsible to anyone else is less likely to be moved by what the Satyagrahi calls the moral appeal. There are not instances wanting in history when kings have been completely reckless of public opinion and careless to any sufferings of the people under them, especially so when that suffering is purely voluntary, as in the case of the Satyagrahi. They are likely to be more infuriated and more obdurate as a result of it. So long as they have a strong force, they are likely to go on in their own way and not give way to people on any moral grounds. The Satyagrahi, of course, does not at all care about the success of his effort or at any rate is not to be deterred from his course on any such consideration. But the fact remains that under a monarchy his sacrifice and his moral appeal are less likely to produce any appreciable results than even in a democratic form of government. Besides, in an absolute monarchy, the struggle of the Satyagrahi does not exactly make the government impossible. That is one more factor that must be taken into account in the consideration of the practical efficiency of the Satyagrahi method of opposition.

The Satyagrahi's case is worst naturally in a government that is foreign to the people, where the ruler and the ruled belong to two different nationalities. The occasions of disagreement and frictions are obviously many and attended by a greater bitterness of feeling than in the other cases. That is human nature and you cannot exactly avoid it. Besides, there is always a sort of mutual suspicion of each other which makes the case even harder.

As a rule the foreign race that holds sway over the country does it mainly on the ground of superior physical force. It is more so in this case than in the other forms of

government. It is therefore out to keep that superiority of force at any sacrifice. Besides, it relies on it as the main resource for the maintenance of their power. They are therefore more ready to make use of it, if for no other reason at least to impress the people of the fact of their superiority of force. In any other form of government, physical force would be used more charily and after greater consideration and a careful weighing of consequences. The occasions in the present case, however, are more numerous. The whole psychology of the government tends that way. How much more it makes things harder for the Satyagrahi and his struggle can therefore be easily imagined.

Those who govern moreover, belonging to a foreign race, have less immediate sympathy with the pain and or suffering, of the Satyagrahi in this case. Whether it is good or bad, the sufferings of our own people, who belong to the same race, religion, country, party, sect, caste or fold make a stronger appeal to us than those of the others. Of course, the ordinary human sympathy is not wanting, however foreign the persons who govern may be. The governors are but men. They can no more look on pain or suffering especially so when they are being undergone voluntarily as a protest to something that is considered wrong and unjust, without being moved. But in their case other motives are naturally stronger and they try to suppress this disturbance in their heart so far as it is within their power. They consider it a greater duty to maintain a proper appearance of strength of purpose and prestige. They are therefore more prone to try to suppress the movement by sheer force of arms so long as it is confined to a limited number.



The upshot of all this, however, is not at all to show that Satyagraha is a total failure as a weapon of opposition to the government when it goes wrong. We have only considered the respective difficulties that lie in the way of the Satyagrahi in the different forms of government. His influence does not go for nothing. His protest is not altogether unavailing. The nobility of his endeavour cannot ultimately fail to impress it. At times he is even exceptionally successful. But also in very many cases the success of the Satyagrahi is purchased at an unnecessarily high and exorbitant price. And that at times his sacrifices go for all practical and immediate purposes without any real effect is also evident. His decided and uncompromising attitude is a great good when he is right. But there are chances of his being wholly or partly in the wrong at times, and it is there that this very thing—his unbending nature—that becomes an evil. He increases so much more evil and suffering in the world without any good purpose. And if he is still successful, even when he is mistaken, it is a clear case of coercion, however moral the methods he thinks he has employed.

There is also another reason why the Satyagrahi method is not quite the best on its political side. What he calls moral or spiritual force, which he brings to bear upon the government, for the righting of any wrong by taking up himself all physical pain and suffering and pecuniary loss and even death, if necessary, is a very important and noble idea in the realm of political struggle. It will do an immense amount of good both towards disciplining and chastening the people and remodelling and reconstructing the state on a purer and more spiritual

basis. If taken up and tried by an adequate number of people in varying circumstances, it will certainly have its share, and not an ignoble share, in the political reconstruction of the world. What is urged against it, however, is that it is neither the only and the absolutely good method without qualifications or that it is capable of universal application at all times and by all men. Circumstances are to be weighed in the balance, before deciding upon what method to pursue, on particular occasion. What may be good and effective at one time and in one sphere of life may not be so at another time and in another sphere, is so obvious a truth that it need not be reiterated.

The Satyagrahi calls the force that he uses moral or spiritual. Now, it is man alone who is capable both of using and being appealed to by moral force. Taking for granted therefore the efficacy of the Satyagrahi's moral force as the most innocent and at the same time the most effective method as between man and man in their dealings, it is still a question if it could be regarded as such when it comes to dealing between man and state. At the first sight it would be surprising why it should not be so, but a deeper inquiry into the nature of state as it is to-day, makes this consideration not wholly unimportant. The state after all represents the workings of the human spirit. It is worked by man. Man is behind all its activities. Why then should Satyagraha be objected to as not of the same value as a method of opposition to the state just as much as it is admitted to be in the other case ?

It is the highly impersonal and mechanical nature of the state which has developed along with the development of the state itself that the Satyagrahi loses sight of when he

tries to deal with the state as if he were dealing with a person. It is an institution, a result of man's activity, an organization, anything you please, so far as you do not identify it to a human being. The small city states of Greece or the village communities as political units of ancient India would meet more the Satyagrahi's conception of the state. There was something more human about them. But the huge states of to day with their multiplied functions and increased complexity have lost much of that character and become gradually more and more impersonal centres and embodiment of power, however undesirable this phase of development might be considered to be. It is a fact which cannot be ignored in a proper and adequate conception of modern politics. There is perhaps the same difference between man and the results of his activity as there is between God and the result of his activity—say, man—. The modern state is certainly an organic whole and also positive in its character, and, in this respect, far from mechanical. But otherwise there is little to distinguish between it and a huge Lancashire Mill.

◆ Though a state is worked by and is in constant touch with man, instead of the former taking up the character of the latter, in many respects it lends its own non-human, impersonal, and mechanical characteristics to the latter. A familiar instance of this is the marked difference between a man in his public capacity and in his private life. This has often been noticed by everyone but it is apt to be forgotten. A man, more often than not, forgets that he is a person so long as he is in the judge's wig or in his executive authority. He is regularly taught and expected to be thus oblivious of his personality. And it is the same from top to bottom. The state makes men who are connected

with it, very much like machines and tools of law more than men succeed in making state less mechanical. Modern political law from its elaborate character, its complexity and its rigidity is the most mechanical and the most non-human part of the state and the most important for its existence. As popularly said, law very often makes an ass of itself. Perhaps it makes something much worse than that useful animal of itself !

Now, does not this make the Satyagrahi's position rather precarious? Supposing there was a runaway, truant fire-engine or a motor car coming full steam up in his way, would he try his Satyagraha against it and stand the ground and take the consequences ? Is that what he considers to be the most moral and effective way of dealing with the situation ? The instances of this type can be multiplied to any number. That the Satyagrahi perhaps would be quixotic enough to try Satyagraha and make an appeal to the moral or the spiritual nature of the fire-engine or the motor car, saying that he was doing his duty there and that he would not oppose them or use any physical force against them but that he would stand his ground and take the consequences, might, for a moment, be believed, but would it therefore be justifiable ? Is not the Satyagrahi's attitude in relation to the state very much similar to this ? The fact is that it is no use making a moral appeal to that which is not capable of making a response to it.

There is one more important distinction that the Satyagrahi fails to make. In the modern state the individual has certainly in some respects gained a better place than he did in the ancient times. His security, his well-being, his development, and his activity are all well-assured

so long as he is with the state. On the positive side he has gained much, because of the state taking upon itself more functions. But on the negative side his position is worse than what it was before. When he falls out with the state, when he differs in his views about some particular things or in general he has the least chances of asserting himself. An individual, as such, is a nonentity so far as he wants to work against the state. He is nobody and is very easily crushed without any great trouble by putting the machinery of law into motion. The impersonal and mechanical nature of the state helps much in this crushing, without its being in the least affected by this one individual act of sacrifice. The effect of his Satyagraha is nil compared to the gigantic operations of the state. The only thing possible for the individual in such a state of affairs is either to work in indirect ways, which the Satyagrahi would not stoop to, or to have a sufficiently large number at his back to attract enduring notice, if he wants to produce some effect. And as a devotee of truth it is his duty to try to further the cause of truth and to make it the only real force in the world. It is, therefore, just as much his duty to find out the most effective way of realizing this purpose and not simply to rush to self-destruction in blind devotion indiscriminately. Satyagraha, though likely to succeed and do much good as a political weapon when used in co-operation by a sufficiently large number of men, is not likely to prove so much effective a measure where the individual or a very small number of men are concerned.

YUGAL KISHORE.

## REMINISCENCES OF THE ROYAL PAVILION BRIGHTON, AS AN INDIAN MILITARY HOSPITAL.

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A world under arms. From east to west, from north to south, every man is under arms, engaged in one of the bitterest and bloodiest struggles of modern times, a struggle against one common enemy, Prussian tyranny and military despotism. A struggle in which such tremendous issues are involved, and for which so much noble self-sacrifice and a generous spirit of patriotism has been shown by every justice-loving country, out of which will be firmly established a lasting and world-wide peace; a peace, the terms of which will be surely sealed and signed in the blood of thousands upon thousands of gallant lads, who have lain down their lives to achieve this great object. From the highest on the throne to the lowliest, fine and noble examples of self-sacrifice have been shown unstintedly. All grades of society have contributed to the common cause. One of the finest and noblest examples which have been set is that which prompted the kindly and solicitous thought, which our most Gracious Sovereign King George V, evinced for the welfare of his loyal Indian Troops, who so nobly came forward and offered their services to their King-Emperor, in order that they

might actively assist in maintaining the honour and integrity of England and her Allies at the commencement of the war.

Englishmen, the world over, will, for ever, remember with feelings of pride the part India, one of our greatest and richest colonies, has played in this titanic struggle. India has given of her best manhood, and is still continuing to prove her loyalty and devotion to England. This kindly thought, which emanated from His Majesty King George V, was the result of overtures which were made to him by the military authorities, who desired that for strategic and other reasons, the Indian wounded should be brought to England and medically treated instead of remaining in France. It was a happy thought which suggested to the mind of His Majesty that the Royal Pavilion and Dome, Brighton, a building which, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was used as a Royal Palace by His Majesty's ancestors, should be utilized as a Hospital for his Indian troops. It may be truly affirmed that if ever a building could rightfully boast of a history absolutely unique, it would indeed be difficult to find a parallel equal to a record which these famous buildings can lay claim to. Ever since its inception, which was largely due to the efforts and activities of the Prince of Wales as far back as 1783 up to the present date, the Royal Pavilion has undergone intensely varied and interesting experience. Here was a building pre-eminently suitable to the tastes and customs of these Eastern warriors, by reason of its bizarre, and oriental surroundings. Immediately upon entering the grounds and interior of the Pavilion, one is struck by the richness and nature of the oriental, and quaintly picturesque surroundings. It was this, doubtless, which

appealed to His Majes'y, the possibility of the buildings being utilized as a hospital, specially adapted for his Indian soldiers. From time to time, numerous works have been written and published upon the Pavilion by well-known writers, among which Mr. J. G. Bishop's "History of the Pavilion" will rank as perhaps the foremost. An elaborate history of the buildings is unnecessary, the principal object being to present to the reader, and it is trusted in an interesting manner, a few impressions, which have been derived entirely from personal experience with the Indian troops at the Royal Pavilion by one who has had the honour and privilege of working amongst them, since the Pavilion opened as a military hospital, and coming as he has done into personal contact with them, this has given him some little insight into the many customs and manners, and of describing the latest phase through which the Pavilion is now passing.

The Royal Pavilion, Brighton, was originally in the year 1783 considered a respectable farm house. At this time, Brighton or Brighthelmstone, as it was then called, was coming into prominence as a proper health resort. Its healthy and invigorating atmosphere was soon recognized by a well-known Lewis physician named Dr. Richard Russell, who specialized in the uses of sea water in connection with diseases of the glands. So popular was his treatment that fashionable people placed themselves under his care, so much so, his clients becoming so numerous, he eventually moved into Brighton and built a house called Russell House, on the site of which the Royal Albion Hotel now stands. Russell House was known to have been occupied during the year 1783 by the Prince of Wales,



who was on a visit to his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland. His father, George III, at this period possessed a German cook, named Louis Weltzie. The Royal Pavilion in its original state as a farm house belonged to Thomas Kent whose father laid out what is now called Kemp Town. Louis Weltzie rented this building from Thomas Kemp at a yearly rental of £150, afterwards purchasing it right out and leasing it to the Prince of Wales for twenty-one years. The original building was built on the site of which now stands the present South Drawing Room of the Pavilion. During the Prince of Wales' occupation, important structural alterations were made as the property increased in value, the original lease being cancelled, Weltzie again leased it to the Prince at an annual rental of £1,150, with the option of purchasing it at £17,300. Weltzie afterwards dying intestate, the property came into the possession of his widow and brother, who eventually sold it to the Prince for the original sum agreed upon. From this time onwards, the buildings were gradually remodelled and improved upon, until about the year 1821, after a series of elaborate plans devised by well-known architects, etc., they resolved themselves into a splendid scheme of Indian architecture, and the present buildings at this time suggest a residence built for some Eastern Potentate rather than that of an English Sovereign. Its interior scheme of decoration coincides with its exterior aspect, and is prolific in elaborate and fantastical designs representing Indian and oriental mythology. Little did those architects of bygone days ever realize that this beautiful fantasmagoria of colour and design would ever commend itself to thousands of our wounded Indian troops, and prompt the kindly and sympathetic thought which our present Sovereign King

George V evinced for his loyal troops of the Indian Empire when, on November 21st, it was made known that he desired the Royal Pavilion to be utilized as a War Hospital for Indian troops. Thenceforward these wounded Indian troops, after experiencing all the nerve racking intensity and force of modern machines of warfare were to be conveyed from the mud and slush of the trenches to the sides of a beautifully equipped Hospital Ship and transported across the English Channel, eventually to find themselves comfortably installed in what was once the abode of their Queen Empress, and to receive all the tender care and devotion which modern science and knowledge can bestow. Thus the history of the Royal Pavilion resolves itself into three periods: the first one extending from the first visit of the Prince of Wales to Brighton in 1783, until 1847, when it ceased to become a Royal residence. From 1847 until 1914, it passed into municipal control. From 1914 until the present day it has come directly under the control of the War Office, and has been utilized as a military hospital for His Majesty's Indian and British troops. This last period in the history of the Royal Pavilion has probably been the most remarkable and unique era of its existence; since its inception in 1783 it has served many and varied purposes. It has been the home of Royalty and has housed many a crowned head. Under municipal control it has been the scene of many a state and civic function, while the works of some of our greatest composers have been faithfully interpreted to the delight and enjoyment of thousands of Brighton's musical patrons. Three months after the declaration of war, on November 21st, 1914, there occurred one of the most remarkable and dramatic episodes in its history. One of our greatest and

richest colonies, India, nobly came forward and placed her services at the disposal of England. Until this time, India's fighting men had been cared for in France. Division upon Division were despatched to the seat of war with the utmost expedition. Provision had hitherto been made to tend the Indian wounded in France. It now became necessary to find other accommodation for them; it was at this time that the idea presented itself to King George V that the Royal Pavilion should be transformed into a hospital for Indian troops, by reason of its quaintly bizarre and oriental surroundings; thus it was that his wish was soon made known through Col. Sir Walter Lawrence, Bart, G.C.I.E., whom the late Lord Kitchener in this emergency appointed as Commissioner for Indian Hospitals. A hurried meeting was immediately convened between the Mayor of Brighton and other Municipal Officials and it was decided that the work of transforming this palacial pile of buildings into a War Hospital for Indian troops should be proceeded with without delay. This was no easy task, on account of the various castes of Indians who were to find accommodation within these spacious walls, each with their various religious beliefs and customs. Each caste possesses its own ceremonies and rites which it was imperative to observe. Col. Sir Walter Lawrence, having spent a considerable portion of his life in India, was, therefore, thoroughly acquainted with the control and supervision of Indian troops, and consequently was pre-eminently qualified to undertake this work. The Mayor of Brighton and Corporation promptly complied with His Majesty's request and immediately the work of transforming the Royal Pavilion into a hospital for wounded Indian troops was put into operation. Lord Kitchener, His Majesty's Secretary

of State for War, telegraphed to the Mayor of Brighton His Majesty's appreciation of the patriotic offer that the people of Brighton made by placing the Royal Pavilion at the disposal of the Indian troops at the following terms: "Lord Kitchener has received a message to say that His Majesty highly appreciates the public spirit and good will of the Mayor and Corporation and citizens of Brighton, which have prompted the offer of the splendid accommodation afforded by the Pavilion for the use of wounded soldiers of His Majesty's Indian Army."

The highest appreciation was also shown by the Indian authorities. There commenced one of the most romantic and dramatic events which have ever occurred in a public building, in one time Royal Palace. It brought home one of the many grim realities of the great world-wide drama, in which representatives of all nationalities were engaged in a deadly struggle for freedom from a tyrannical regime, and to establish once and for all the rights of nations. Here, in one of their King-Emperor's Palaces, were to be brought hundreds of India's fighting men, who have sorely suffered in the war-stricken fields of France, hundreds who have been maimed and injured, possibly for life, are to be nursed and restored to health, strength and activity again. Little did the architect who designed these buildings ever realize that Oriental faces would one day be gazing up wonder-stricken at the beautiful and quaintly designed Indian and Chinese mythological decorations which the interior of these domes and minarets abound in. These Indian soldiers have come from all parts of the Indian Empire, from far off Thibet, from the banks of the Indus and the Ganges, to help fight our battles of the Aisne and Yser. Strangers to Brighton have

wondered on seeing the Pavilion for the first time, at these domes and minarets which lift themselves up above the chimneys and roof of our commonplace west. In spite of Kipling's quotation: "East is East, and West is West," here the twain is met. Dark-skinned Gurkhas will lie under the huge vaults of the dome, gazing up to where the sunlight streams in through many coloured windows and reflects itself on the gilded edges of Siracenic pillars and arches. Possibly the glittering intricacies of the great centre electrolier has riveted their attention, with its many tinted lustres. Great bearded Sikhs will gaze up at the flying dragons and lotus chandeliers of the banqueting room. These warriors will shortly fill the dome and corn exchange. They will occupy the great poor law institution on the top of the downs. One of Brighton's finest and best equipped secondary schools was also taken over. In all, accommodation was found for possibly over five thousand Indian wounded. The conversion of these splendid buildings was a wonderful piece of work, and presented many difficulties, which, under the able guidance and supervision of the Commissioner for Indian Hospitals, were soon overcome. All the beautiful and lavish appointments of the Pavilion were stowed away for an indefinite period. The great kitchen, which had just been renovated and fitted with a complete range of electric stoves was changed into an operating theatre. Henceforth this apartment was to serve a two-fold purpose. A special corner had been partitioned off and reserved for the cooking arrangements of a special caste of Brahmins. From Saturday night until the following Monday morning the buildings were a hive of activity; by this time it was well on

the way to being converted into a hospital. Great alterations were made in the dome, the scene of many a beautiful concert, and where many a wonderful creation from the minds of our greatest composers had been truthfully and exquisitely interpreted by the Brighton Municipal Orchestre and Choir, under the able leadership of Mr. Ralph Taylor. Here an entire transformation had taken place. Gone were the plush covered seats and ugly wooden tiers of benches which surrounded the outer ring of the dome, as also were the seats surrounding the balcony above. Gone was the very platform which had often accommodated over four hundred performers. Now, little white beds have been arranged around the walls and centre of the floor of the dome. Beds were also arranged in the magnificent suite of rooms comprising the music room, the saloon, and the banqueting rooms, and also the Masonic Rooms above. These rooms are all lavishly and magnificently decorated and with their wonderful chandeliers in their quaint and beautiful lotus decorations, painted ceilings, and their broad expanse of mirrors present a wonderful appearance. These were henceforth to become hospital wards. By each bed is placed a small wooden locker in which a man can place his private belongings. All the morning the sun streams in through the great windows of these lovely rooms. A special feature which was quickly taken advantage of was the large verandah situated outside each room. Convalescent Indian soldiers could sit there and enjoy the bracing and health-giving air of Brighton. To convert a building of this character into a hospital for British troops was a comparatively easy matter, but to convert it into an Indian Hospital was an entirely different affair, and one which called for all the

resources of Indian experience, an error or omission in its adaptation probably leading to serious consequences. This was one of the many problems which the authorities were called upon to deal with, and confronted as they were with the racial and social customs and conditions peculiar to Eastern life and peoples, the entire scheme was praiseworthily carried out to the satisfaction of those who were eventually to find health and strength again in this palatial block of buildings. Accommodation was to be found for a class of people, whose racial, social, religious, industrial, and economic life was entirely at variance with that of Western nations. The people of India are divided into various religious and social castes and denominations. They were to come from all parts of our Indian Empire—it was therefore very essential that their religious observances and rites were properly catered and provided for. The task fell short almost of Indian experience, but under Col. Sir Walter Lawrence's supervision it was eventually accomplished and met with unqualified success and appreciation. The question of caste predominates all over India, and arrangements had to be made to suit caste requirements within this hospital. The buildings lacked, as in a hospital, the smaller rooms and conveniences which are so very necessary for ward kitchens, etc. Vast alterations had to be made without interfering with the present structure. An efficient supply of water was lacking consistent with hospital requirements, and hot and cold water had to be fitted for wards, theatres, baths, and sanitation. Special sanitary arrangements were constructed and linked up with the Town system. Water plays a most prominent part in a devout Indian's life. As a hospital, the ventilation was totally inadequate, and suitable ventilating

fans and windows were constructed. Operating theaters within easy and convenient distance of the wards had to be found. A department had to be found for the installation of an efficient X-Ray apparatus and other suitable electrical apparatus for medical and surgical treatment. One of the most important and vital items necessary was the special arrangements to be made with regard to the killing, storing, distribution, and cooking of the Indian food. These arrangements had to be complied with to meet the requirements of each caste. To do this, nine special kitchens were constructed. The modes of killing and storing of their meat called for special facilities. Indians drink a large quantity of milk; special dairies were constructed in the buildings. Another important item was the means of disinfection on a large scale, and the accommodation of contagious and infectious diseases; while rooms had to be found for stores and equipment, etc., of a large hospital. Means of recreation were also considered. Lastly, arrangements were made whereby the last sad rites and religious ceremonies were observed to those who had paid the penalty of their lives by fighting for their King and Emperor. For Hindus, special facilities were made to enable them to cremate their dead. All these arrangements were carefully and thoroughly thought out and devised. To Col. McLeod, C.I.E., I.M.S., was entrusted the task of supervising this, magnificent Hospital, assisted by retired members of the I. M. S. whose experiences in Indian social and religious life proved invaluable. In co-operation with the military authorities, the Brighton Corporation also rendered useful help; thus the Pavilion was quickly and effectually transformed and fitted with everything which modern



science could suggest to make it an efficient and completely equipped hospital for His Majesty's Indian Troops. Their principal forms of diet consists of a flat round cake, called a chapati, something resembling an ordinary pan-cake or oat-cake, with some form of curry either composed of vegetables only, with a flavouring of spice, or meat and vegetables together. All Mahomedans eat both beef and mutton, but only certain classes amongst the Hindus, *i.e.*, the Sikhs and Gurkhas, eat meat with the exception of beef. It is against the creed of a Brahmin to eat anything which implies the taking of life.

A very high caste Brahmin only breaks his fast twice a day, and on Sundays only once. Their food consisting of milk and chapatis or fruit. Always before each meal they will bathe and pray, after which they will strip and eat their meals practically naked. In spite of this sparse mode of living, they are splendidly built men and well developed. Although a Mahomedan eats meat; no beef in any form is allowed in the Hospital, since a Hindoo regards the cow as a sacred animal. The same thing applies to pork or bacon, as to a Mohamedan his religion forbids him to eat the flesh of a pig. Each caste have their own method of killing their meat. A Mahomedan cuts the throat of an animal without injuring the spinal column. This is regarded as being unclean. He divides only the large blood vessels. A Hindoo, before the dispatch of his victim, mutters a prayer, and with one blow of a sword severs the animal's head. *Ghee* or clarified butter forms an important item of diet. It is this which gives Indian cookery such a peculiar flavour. Here again, in order to conform to the Hindoo's creed, this *ghee* must be obtained

from milk and not from the fat of an animal. The distribution and cooking of their food is only undertaken by men belonging to the caste for which it is destined. Notices are posted in the various kitchens in three languages: Urdu, Gurmukhi, and Hindi, prohibiting other castes from entering these kitchens. Food is usually handed out from the stores by a high-caste Brahmin, from whom all castes will take food. The same rigid adherence to caste is also observed in the washing up and cleansing of their cooking utensils. Clothing and bedding are changed at regular intervals. There are two splendidly equipped operating theatres, and a fully equipped X-Ray Department, replete with every convenience for examining injuries. All surgical instruments are sterilized electrically, thus ensuring perfect sterility. All devout Mahomedans wash themselves five or six times a day, therefore an adequate supply of hot and cold water was needed. A large number of fully equipped motor ambulances are available and transport facilities are admirably conducted under the charge of Major Brailey, R.A.M.C.(T). There is also a gift house under the control of Mrs. Brailey and a committee of ladies. Here gifts are received and distributed daily. For purposes of administration, the Hospital is divided into eight sections, each under the supervision of an I. M. S. Officer, whose Indian experience has proved invaluable. A number of young Indian students who, upon the outbreak of war, were studying in England, offered their services, and were formed into what was known as the Indian Volunteer Ambulance Corps under Lt.-Col. R. J. Baker, I.M.S.

Another very important department was the electrical and massage department under the control of two fully qualified and experienced specialists, Mr. H. Butler and

Mr. J. Morris, from the National Hospital for the Paralysed, London. Here much valuable and useful work was performed in the treatment of gun and shell shot wounds, etc. The actual nursing and care of the Indians was entrusted to trained European orderlies of the St. John's Ambulance Association, who were afterwards affiliated with the R. A. M. C. All are skilled in their work and the care, attention, and devotion which they display towards their Indian comrades serve to show the bond of brotherly sympathy and friendship which existed amongst them. It was another powerful link welded in the chain which is finally binding them in lasting friendship in all parts, wherever they had been fighting, whether in Egypt, East Africa, or in India. Ample space and accommodation was provided for the recreation of the Indians both inside and out of the building. To relieve the monotony a little local organist in Brighton attended twice weekly, and gave recitals in the Dome and Pavilion. These, although not understood by the Indians, were often greatly appreciated. Parties of men were often taken to London and entertained there, while others were paraded daily in the Pavilion grounds and taken for route marches into Brighton, under Col. Coats, late Commandant of the 25th Punjabi Infantry, who explained to them the principal places of interest *en route*. Marches were frequently the means of accelerating the men's progress, promoting health and rapid recovery. One section of the grounds in the Pavilion was set aside for those who wished to attend their devotions, and these occasions were usually announced by a devotee shouting the hour of prayer. Here the Mahomedan National Festival, the Feast of the Ramazan, was celebrated in all its details.

During the occupation of the Pavilion by Indian troops, many royal and distinguished people have visited it including the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, the Duchess of Argyle, King Manoel, Lord Crewe, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Lord Curzon, and many other distinguished visitors; but of all these illustrious visitors, there are none who will ever be honoured and whose memory will always command the highest admiration and respect, by all England and her colonies, than Lord Kitchener, the organizer and pioneer of England's military power, the man who founded the first hundred thousand, whose dauntless heroism and bravery kept the Prussian hordes at bay in the early days of the war. The late Lord Kitchener, amongst the glamour of his numerous and important responsibilities never forgot his Indian friends. As Commander-in-Chief in India, the Indians all know him by repute and hold him in high reverence. To quote the words of Admiral Jellicoe: "His incomparable life-works for Sovereign and Country will ever be held in remembrance for all generations." Whatever instinctive desire which prompted the nation to take part in some concrete act, whereby it could express its homage to a great soldier statesman, this remembrance will for ever be the best memorial. Lord Kitchener's body may rest under the storm-tossed and tragic waters of the North Sea, but his spirit still lives in those who find their inspiration in devotion to duty and absolute thoroughness in its performance. His capacity and adaptability as an organizer of command and genius was well known. These two admirable qualifications he exercised throughout his life with a thoroughness and devotion which commanded the admiration of his friends and the respect of his foes. It was on July 20th, 1915, that he honoured the Royal Pavilion

Hospital with a visit. On this occasion he had already been on an official visit to another part of Sussex, where he had been greeted with scenes of unprecedented enthusiasm from thousands of His Majesty's troops. His visit to Brighton was to have been of a private nature; but his reception on his arrival was the outcome of similar enthusiastic scenes of welcome from the towns-people of Brighton. The wounded Indians were delighted and gave their Jungi-lat Saheb or War Lord a remarkable reception. He was accompanied by Col. Fitzgerald, his Military Secretary, who also perished with his commanding officer on the ill-fated "Hampshire". His first visit was to the Poor Law institution on the top of the downs, which bears his name; here he was met by Col. Sir Bruce Seton, Bart., the Administrator. He was immediately shown over this huge block of buildings and all its most important features were explained to him, which were made for the reception of His Majesty's Indian troops, sufficiently to enable him to have a clear idea as to how fully and scientifically equipped this hospital was. From Kitchener's Hospital, he was driven to the Royal Pavilion, where he arrived about 3-30 p. m. On his entry into the grounds the guard, composed of members of the Black Watch, came smartly to the salute. As his car rounded the drive, several wounded Indians who were wrestling in the ground, despite injuries, struggled manfully to their feet, and endeavoured to give the salute, which Lord Kitchener returned. Inside the grounds arrangements had been made to accord him a cordial reception. A large crimson cloth had been spread under the trees on the lawn where tea had been prepared. The War Secretary's duties, however, were so pressing that he was precluded from staying for more than a brief period. He was received by Col. R. N. Campbell, C.B., C.I.E., I.M.S.

the S. M. O., and Col. MacLeod, who was in command of the hospital. Introduction immediately followed to Col. Sweeney, and other I. M. S. officers from York Place School. On the occasion of His Lordship's visit, the hospital was particularly well filled. Men who were on the road to convalescence were allowed up and as he passed down the long rows of heads in the Corn Exchange and the Dome each man was standing erect to attention, in spite of their heavily bandaged injuries. Orderlies of the R. A. M. C. were lined up in their respective sections under sectional commanders, and as his Lordship passed through, smartly saluted. Lord Kitchener spoke to many of the Indians in their native tongue, with which he was familiar. He was conducted throughout all the principal departments and saw how admirably everything had been thought out and arranged. Everywhere were unbounded scenes of delight and pride at once again seeing their great chief. As he passed through the Music Room, an incident there was recalled, which occurred during the visit of His Majesty, the King. His Majesty was walking through, when his attention was attracted by observing an Indian standing at the salute. On his breast was displayed a small medallion bearing the portrait of Lord Kitchener. His Majesty became interested and examined it. He then raised his head, looked sympathetically into the Indian's eyes, then nodded and smiled. It was a small incident, yet it conveyed the finest tribute both King and soldier could pay to a great soldier. The most striking and impressive scene occurred on the Western Lawns, where he was presented to many of the Indians who had won fame and honour on the battle-fields of France. Chief among these, was Jamadar Mir Dost, V.C., I. O. M. This Indian officer had recently been personally decorated by His Majesty the King, and was seated in a wheel-chair.

His disabilities preventing him from standing any appreciable time. Lord Kitchener bent down and shook hands with him, chatting with him for some few minutes. Here were two great soldiers, who had immortalized their names on behalf of their King and Country. Lord Kitchener then addressed the officer and convalescents. It was not a long speech, but delivered with the true feeling of conscientiousness. He paid a warm tribute to the magnificent arrangements and services which the Indian troops had rendered to the Empire, and expressed his pleasure to do anything which was in his power on their behalf. Concluding, he expressed his deep regret at not being able to prolong his visit a little longer. Then having formally bid his Indian friends farewell, he turned and passed out through a little gate in the enclosure. Col. Campbell and Col. MacLeod then conducted him to his car, the great gates were flung open and amidst the vociferous cheering of the Indians and civilians outside he passed out; thus ended a visit which left a lasting memorable impression in the minds of his Indian friends.

The Royal Pavilion has, on innumerable occasions been the scenes of many an historic incident. Many a state and civic function has taken place within its walls. On Saturday, August 25th, 1915, there occurred one of the most important historical incidents which it has ever been witnessed. On this day, His Majesty was to honour some of his Indian troops, men who had distinguished themselves upon the battlefields of France and Flanders, by personally congratulating and conferring upon them the honours they had won. On the Eastern Lawns an impressive and striking ceremony was taking place, testifying to the loyalty and devotion which the Indian troops displayed towards their King-Emperor. Here, in their improvised temple, special supplications were being offered to the Almighty Deity

for the safety and protection of their Emperor and Empress, and success of the British and Indian Armies, and the teeming millions of His Majesty's subjects. It was to such a scene as this that Their Majesties were actual witnesses, and which touched them deeply. This great event, the honouring of ten of the Indian troops was to take place on the beautiful lawns of the Pavilion. One of these men had won the greatest honour, coveted by all soldiers, that of the Victoria Cross, which hitherto had only been granted to soldiers of the British Army. Under Sir James Wilcocks, on the Western Front, these men had achieved great things in this world-wide struggle and had provided some remarkable chapters in the history of the war. Not only in France had these men won renown, but also in Mesopotamia, in Egypt, in Gallipoli, and Aden, these Indian warriors had borne their part with a valour and fortitude which was a credit to the Empire to which they belong. How deeply we have sympathized with and followed the heroic efforts and hardships these troops have borne, their brave attempt to relieve the garrison of Kut and the way in which they were beaten back by insurmountable hardships, climatic conditions and flood. The close comradeship which has existed between these men and our own troops will awaken throughout the whole Empire a keen interest in the country which has given of her resources so largely and readily, will secure new sympathy and aspirations in all parts of His Majesty's Dominions and result in a closer union among peoples whose fate was being decided in this titanic struggle, whose liberties, whose honour and whose peace was at stake, and who in the measure of their ability in men and material were contributing to the common cause. This was the second occasion on which the King had visited the Indian wounded. At this time there Majesties



were accompanied by Princess Mary, whose smiling countenance won all hearts. In attendance on Their Majesties were Lt.-Col. Lord Stanfordham, Capt. R. Godfrey Fawcett, and Capt. R. A. Seymour. On their arrival at the Pavilion they were loudly cheered and welcomed by thousands of people, a guard of honour composed of a detachment of one hundred of the R. A. M. C. were drawn up in the grounds, who stood to attention as Their Majesties passed by. They were received by Col. R. M. Campbell, and Col. MacLeod. Arrangements were made for as many of the Indian troops as possible to witness the honouring of their comrades. Some three thousand or more were assembled together, and with the gorgeous colorings of officers' uniforms, and blue and gold turbans here and there presented a very striking scene. After presentations had been made, Their Majesties proceeded to the Western Lawns, where the Investiture was to take place. The decorations to be bestowed comprised the V. C., the Military Cross, Order of British India, 2nd Class, with the title of Bahadur, Indian Order of Merit, Second Class, and the Indian Distinguished Service Medal. Jemadar Mir-Dost, I.O.M., the hero of the day, was the first to approach His Majesty. Although still suffering from the effects of gas-poisoning, he managed to stand erect to attention to receive at His Majesty's hands that most coveted of all honours, the V. C.; as Havildar of Coke's Rifles, he had previously won the I.O.M for exceptional and conspicuous bravery during the Mohmand Campaign in 1908. The King addressed him as follows: "It is nearly sixty years ago since Queen Victoria instituted this Cross for conspicuous bravery in battle. At the Delhi Durbar in 1911, I ordered that my Indian soldiers should be admitted to this high and coveted distinction. I have already bestowed with my own hand

two V. C.'s on Indian soldiers, and I give this third one with infinite pleasure. I earnestly hope that you will soon completely recover from your injuries and that you will live long to enjoy your honours." The official account of Jamadar Mir-Dost's bravery is as follows: "For most conspicuous bravery and great ability at Ypres on April 26th, 1915, when he led his platoon with great gallantry during the attack, and afterwards collected various parties of the Regiment (when no British officers were left), and kept them under his command until the retirement was ordered. Jamadar Mir-Dost subsequently on this day, displayed remarkable courage in helping to carry eight British and Indian officers into safety, while exposed to very heavy fire." The King then advanced and pinned the V. C. on the proud soldier's breast and congratulated him warmly. Then followed, in order of merit, the following: Jamadar Panchan Singh, 39th Garhwal Rifles, who had the distinction of being decorated with the Military Cross. After him there followed, in order, the undermentioned: Subadar-Major Fateh Singh Newar, 2nd King Edward's Own Gurkha Rifles, The Sirmoor Rifles, Orders of British India, 2nd Class, with the title of Bahadur. Subadar Sasidhar Thapa, 1st King George's Own Gurkha Rifles, the Malaun Regiment; Jamadar Gungbur Gurung, 4th Gurkha Rifles; Jamadar Gujan Singh, 38th Dogras, Indian Order of Merit, 2nd Class; Subadar Kedar Singh Rawat, 39th Garhwal Rifles; Jamadar Ali Bahadur, 3rd Sappers and Miners; Jamadar Dur Singh, 57th Wilde's Rifles, Frontier Force; and Jamadar Hawinda, 58th Vaughan's Rifles Frontier Force, Indian Distinguished Service Medal. The last recipient of these honours was Havildar Ganga Singh, 57th Wilde's Rifles, Frontier Force. This officer received the Indian Order of Merit, 2nd Class. He arrived with the

first convoy of wounded, December 1914, and was severely wounded in seven places; for two days he lay out on the battle-field before he could be brought in and his wound attended to. He was unable to walk and had to be wheeled up to his Majesty. In peace time he was considered to be the best man-at-arms in his Regiment, and in action he proved it much to the disadvantage of the Germans, of whom he killed eight, using his bayonet until it broke when he took the sword of a German officer, he had already killed, to deal with the remainder. The officer was a very familiar figure in the Pavilion grounds and could always be distinguished by his flaming yellow turban. After the presentation Their Majesties made a tour of the wards, during which they had the satisfaction of hearing the testimony of a high-caste Brahmin, relative to the excellence of the food and the arrangements concerning it. It was during their tour, also, that the custom which had been observed for some time and which gave the privilege of a man presenting a personal petition to the King, took place. A Sepoy was seen approaching with a petition. His Majesty had it translated to him, listening intently, then said: "This shall be looked into." Immediately the Sepoy saluted and returned knowing that His Majesty would keep his word. Their Majesties' visit was now drawing to a close; three hearty cheers were called for and given by Indians, in true British fashion and after bidding farewell to their Indian troops, and expressing their entire satisfaction at the admirable arrangements for the comfort and care of the men, left the Pavilion amidst the hearty cheering from the thousands of people who had gathered outside to witness their departure. The Royal train left at 4.2 p. m. for the Royal Pavilion, Aldershot, tea being served in the Royal Saloon,

H. BUTLER.

## THE HINDI FOLK-SONGS.

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THE mythology of the Hindus, as also their sacred language Sanskrit, have, for long, been objects of particular research to Oriental scholars. The labours of the learned Europeans have succeeded in a very marked degree to draw aside the veil, which, for many succeeding generations, shrouded the mystic Vedas. By a thorough understanding of Sanskrit language, the elucidation of an impenetrable region resulted. But while the sacred language of the Hindus was at once raised on a high pedestal, where before Latin and Greek were alone in classical honour; yet no efforts adequate enough have as yet been made to exploit "Bhasha"—tributary to the majestic Sanskrit. The significance of this channel is realised when it is pointed out that "Bhasha" is the language in which popular poetry is sung in India.

At the outset it is of interest to mention that the origin of Sanskrit dates no earlier than the invasion of Aryan tribes in India. It was the language of the conquerors, who took great precaution to keep themselves aloof in every respect from the contaminating influence of the aborigines. The Indian Etymologists assert that the term "Sanskrit" is divisible into two words, Sans, meaning Complete or Perfect—and Krit, meaning Foundation;

the whole standing for a language with a "perfect foundation". This is in strict contrast to the language spoken by the Dravidians, who inhabited the land before the Aryans. But Bhasha or Hindi was what the Indians call a "Parakarut" a dialect which has its birth from nature, by which people could speak unconventionally, yet it must be fluent, refined and capable of expressing in easy form, the inward feelings and emotions of the human mind; hence its place in the popular songs of the people; for while pure Sanskrit was set apart as a sacred and occult language, Bhasha or Hindi was nothing but a simpler and commoner version of mother Sanskrit. And it is from the Hindi of the Hindus, and the Persian and Arabian of the Musulmans that we have the modern Urdu—the universal language of the India of to-day. Hindi then, is not radically different from either Sanskrit or Urdu, it presents an excellent analogy in the mind when one thinks of the various dialects existing in this country. It is correct to say, that as the broad Scotch compares to the English language so Hindi compares to Sanskrit and Urdu; indeed, it is somewhat similar in analogy to broad Scotch, in spite of the fact that it is to be regarded as a primitive language, it can justly boast admirable poetical gems. In a word it is the romantic medium of thought for the illiterate masses of the Hindus. It is the Doric muse of the farmers and villagers, which, with all its rusticity, will not tarnish in the poetical glare of the Arabs, or become subdued before the pastoral reeds of Scotland or Greece.

These songs are so commonly sung, that if one takes sufficient pains to see real India, he would not be long in an out of the way village before he would hear some youth singing a love song when driving the cattle home in the glow of the setting sun. These poems are generally composed in two forms, first and chiefly "Kubits" and

“Dohras”; the latter is usually, as a rule, a quatrain of some eight syllables, in which, like Persian and Urdu poetry, the second and fourth stanzas only rhyme. It is written in one line, with a divisional mark in the middle. But though such laws govern the construction of “Dohras” yet a whole ode is written in the form of so many “Dohras”; for instance, four “Dohras” would make the ode unusually long. When the arrangement is effected, then, it is the common custom to make the composition such as if the lover and the loved were conversing in “Dohras”; or, as in other cases, the same person may be a soliloquy, carried on between the tongue and the heart; between the body and the soul, as it were. There is yet another kind of poem composed of “Dohras”, in which one Dohra is an observation, and the other a reply. The most popular composer of “Dohras” is Bheparee Lall, author of “Satso-Aya”—“Seven Hundred”—and unfortunately the enthusiasm of his admirers stops short when they make inquiries regarding the biography of the poet. The following is a Dohra of his composition (translated) in which he depicts a forlorn and separated woman singing, when she notices the beauties of Basant—Spring—around her, and a girl offers her a bunch of flowers, in token of the “Spring Festival”.

“The lively drum is heard around;  
The tambourine and cymbals sound;  
I in flames of absence burn,  
And languish for my Love’s return.  
The women all around me sing,  
And own th’ inspiring joys of spring;  
While I, from darts of ruthless love,  
Never-ending torments prove.

The amorous Kokal strains his throat,  
 And pours his plaintive pleasing note;  
 My breast responsive heaves with grief,  
 Hopeless and reckless of relief.

When he again shall glad my hours  
 Then, girl, I'll take thy blooming flowers;  
 But now my love is far away,  
 Where should I place thy Basant gay?"

Another Dohra of impressive nature, coloured with religious sentiments of the Hindus, is worth quoting and is from the same poet:

"Wife, why thus sadly gaze around,  
 And why thus heave such sighs profound?  
 And whence these strange alarms?  
 Husband, because thy locks are grey,  
 And all thy youth hath passed away,  
 In wicked syren's arms."

The Kubits are short poems complete in themselves and it is difficult to interpret the term in any English synonym. They may be regarded as long stanzas varying in number, but in accordance with rhythm, the syllables ranging from twenty-three to twenty-four; it is considered to be the easiest of all. Then again there are others, consisting of twenty-two, thirty-two, and thirty-four, called Dhunduks, Julharrun and Mannoharrun. In all Kubits the rhyme recurs at every second line, often the same word being used. The name of the poet occurs at the end of the poem as an integral part of the composition, and it is so well worded that the name appears to be the only suitable word for that special place.

In the description of female charms the Hindi poets have taken their inspiration from the natural aspect of things. Their poems abound in allegories and metaphors, but not to that licentious degree which is at once the

glory and the real defect of Persian poetry. The Hindu nymph is lovely, but her charms are not exaggerated to that unimaginable extent which singularly characterises Persian or Urdu style. With the mythological beauty we are carried by the charm of the poem to repose among the shady bowers of lofty Deodars, or wander by the side of cooling streams, to weave jessamine petals in her tresses, or in the lover's absence have our heart lacerated in anguish only to melt away as a liquid ruby.

Apart from a poetical discourse, it may be said that the Hindus of the thatched roof cottages, express themselves most eloquently and metaphorically. The favourite poets, whose Kibits are on every rustic's tongue, are Tulsi Das and Soor Das, both are said to have flourished at the Court of Akbar the Great. One of the often recited poems of Soor Das describes a scene in which Radha, a sweet maiden, and her sisters, with some male friends were in the midst of revelry, on the bank of a river; Kanya, a suitor of Radha—who is believed to have been killed in battle—returns home, and on being informed of his sweetheart's whereabouts visits the jungle, hides himself behind a tree, and sees the company make merry. Being unable to witness the scene, and equally unable to restrain his injured feelings, he comes from his hiding place and appears before the astonished company, who are soon put to shame. The scene is well depicted:—

“ A merry group at evening hour,  
Kanya spied in shady bower,  
Lovely as pearls on lady's breast;  
And Radha shone above the rest.  
Sweetly to their chiming bells,  
On the glad ears the chorus swells,  
And as so true they strike the ground,  
Each heart grows lighter at the sound.



Th' enraptured youth no more concealed,  
At once his radiant form revealed:  
And how shall I by words convey  
Their consternation and dismay!  
Their cheeks, till then unknown to shame,  
Were reddened now with mant'ling flame:  
And their sweet eyes, of lotus hue,  
Bent just like lilies filled with dew."

IKBAL ALI SHAH.

## TO MARSHAL FOCH.

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Grand Leader who by measures to coerce.  
 The savage hordes that proved a world wide curse  
 Steadied the tide of blood—the clash of arms,  
 And parried all our fears, and dread alarms—  
 Be steadfast to thy holy awful trust,  
 To free the world from wars most hateful lust,  
 Thy word should be our law, thy will a creed,  
 To which mankind must bow and be agreed.  
 Ere Peace can reign—and once again our Isle  
 Be bright with Love, which is God's very smile.  
 Relax not thy decrees, deep rooted sin  
 Has roused this tumult and prodigious din.  
     A Day Star must arise, and brightly burn,  
     Through which our eyes with blinding tears will turn,  
     To thee, just General, be this honour given,  
     Lit by thy deep strong Faith, in God and Heaven.

C. M. S.

## KABIR.

The life of Kabir is not of the ordinary run but stands almost unique. It is wonderful throughout, from start to finish. His birth, his death, his career, all are involved in a thick cloud of doubt and obscurity. In fact, there is not a single event in his life in which there is not some mixture of the miraculous, some tinge of the strange. This is how his birth is related in that well-known Legend of Saints, rightly styled *Bhaktamāl* : —

While Ramananda Swami was residing in the holy city of Kashi (Benares), a poor Brahman attended on him and ministered to his comforts. The servant was so very devotedly attached to the saint that he looked upon him as his Guru and guide and paid him almost divine honours. This Brahmin had a widowed daughter, who was the sole child of his house and heart. The girl was well worthy of such a father and was very religiously disposed, always doing *puja* and other religious rites and ceremonies. She, being very anxious to have a look at the good and great saint, one day asked her parent to take her to the Sacred Presence. The father readily acceding to her request, simple as it was, took her to the *Asram* (resting place) of the Sadhu and introduced her to him. The girl, as became her character for piety, bowed down before the holy man in all humility. The latter being

highly pleased with her respectful behaviour blessed her, saying, as was his wont in such circumstances, "May you have a son," not knowing at the time that she was a widow from before her very teens. The father, who was standing by, was taken quite unawares, and in his confusion, addressing the saint, said in surprise, "Sir, what hast thou said! My daughter is a widow, how can she possibly have a son." The saint without being at all puzzled, gravely replied, "My words cannot prove false; she shall have a son. But no sign of pregnancy will appear on her person, nor will there be any scandal about the abnormal birth." The Brahman, who was almost dumb-founded, led his daughter back to their home and without telling any body about the matter anxiously waited for what the future might disclose. Months passed in this way, and just as the great saint had said, the girl gave birth to a male child without any sign of pregnancy having been previously visible on her person. The afflicted mother verily apprehending that the matter of the birth of the child could not possibly remain a sealed secret for long, clandestantly took the new-born baby in her arms and going over to a tank not far away, reluctantly deposited it in that part of it which was mantled over with reeds and rushes, evidently hoping that some passer-by taking pity on it might take the baby before it was suffocated or otherwise killed. It so happened that a short time after, a *Jolá* (Mahomedan weaver), named Ali, came to the spot and finding the child in that utterly helpless state, with a heart moved with pity, took it up and carried it home, where he began to rear it up as his own, the more so, as he had no offspring himself. This foundling, who was so miraculously saved, is the subject of this short memoir.

The child grew up as years rolled on, and when he was in a position to have a name given him, was named Kabir by his Mahomedan foster-father. As Ali lived by weaving cloth, the child, too, was taught the art, and as he was a smart promising lad, soon learned it with the result that his earnings far exceeded the earnings of his father in the profession. And this was not unlikely, for the man had grown old and was then suffering from a dangerous disease, which, when his time came, carried him off from this world unto the next.

Kabir, as we have stated above, followed the calling of a weaver and as he was endowed with natural gifts and made a virtue of industry, soon became an adept in the art. But weaving did not wholly engross his care and attention, he was religiously disposed, and while shooting the shuttle through the warp, would be mumbling holy songs and hymns in praise of the Great on High. The young man prospered in his profession, and he found it easy enough to maintain himself and his old mother with comfort.

One day while he was wending his way to the neighbouring market, a voice from Heaven said, "O Kabir, take *mantra* from Ramananda Swami and wearing *mūlā* (string of beads) and *Tilak* (sandal paint on the bridge of the nose) be a *Vaishnav*." Taking the words heard in the air to be a direct revelation from God, Kabir lost no time in proceeding towards the saint's *Asram*; but having on the way come to know that Ramananda Swami did not give *mantra* to any but Brahmans, and that so far from making a Moslem his disciple, did not even look at such a one, he slowly retraced his steps homewards with silence and sorrow. But Kabir was not the man to be daunted by circumstances, however adverse they might be. He began

o think of devising means as to how he might become a disciple of Ramananda and at last pitched upon a plan which he thought had every probability of proving a success. The saint was an early riser and used to go to bathe in the Ganges about one *prahar* before dawn, when dim darkness still obscures the face of the earth. One day Kabir left his cottage at a time when light had commenced to struggle for victory with darkness, and going over to the Ghat at what the saint generally bathed, laid himself down as one dead at the spot where the staircase ended and shore proper began. It so happened that while Ramananda was descending down the steps of the bathing ghat with his *Kharam* (wooden shoe) on, he struck against the body of Kabir, and deeming it a corpse, exclaimed in disgust, "*Ram kaha, Ram kaha.*" The pretended dead man instantly got up and making due obeisances to the surprised saint, went away with a heart full of joy and wearing a *mālū* and *tilak* after the manner of Vaishnavs, took his seat at the door of the cottage. Kabir's mother finding him in that strange unseemly habit, said in half earnest and in half jest, "Kabir, who has made you demean yourself like a mad man?" And surely the woman's remark was not at all inappropriate, it being a fact that according to Hindu Sastras, a Moslem could not become a Hindu. Kabir replied, "No, mother, I have not gone mad, but have become a disciple of Swami Ramananda." Every body knew that the saint was dead against looking at the face of a Moslem; and it is, therefore, not unlikely that when the villagers heard what the *Jolā* Kabir said, they were quite astonished and going over to the saint's *Asram* informed him of the cause of their surprise. The saint on his part sharing in their feeling instantly sent for Kabir, and when he was come, asked him from behind the *purdah*, as he would no

look at a Moslem, face to face, when and how he had become his disciple. Kabir said, "Swamiji, is *mantra* any thing but taking the name of *Ram*?" On the saint's answering in the affirmative, he again asked, "Is there any other mode of giving *mantra* than by saying *Ram kaha*, *Ram kaha*, and did you not, Swamijee, give me *mantra* in that way when your wooden shoe struck against my body, while I was lying like a corpse at the bathing ghat?" This pertinent reply was a clencher, and Ramananda, coming out of the *purdah* with mingled feelings of joy and surprise, cordially embraced Kabir, *mlecha* though he was known to be, and gladly admitted him into the category of his disciples.

On finding that the voice from Heaven, as noticed above, was realised to the very letter, Kabir took to his profession with redoubled zeal and earnestness, and began to support himself and family with ease and comfort by weaving cloth. One day he had gone to sell a *than* (a long piece of cloth) at the market; God Hari, assuming the costume and character of a *Vaishnab*, begged of him a cloth. Kabir, sincere devotee as he was, at first offered half of the piece; but on the disguised God saying that half would not answer his purpose, he gave him the whole piece. The man was poor indeed, and lived by selling cloth of his own making. On that day that was the only cloth he had with him, and as it was given away to a *Vaishnab*, he was quite at a loss to supply the wants of his family for that day; and also, apprehending sharp rebuke from his mother for the gift he had made to the *Vaishnab* in such circumstances, did not return home but laid himself down at the market place, leaving his mother and others to shift for themselves as best they could,

God Hari, taking pity on the starving family, went to Kabir's abode in his disguise with ample provisions and money. The mother, being taken quite by surprise, said, "O Kabir, whom have you robbed of his goods and effects? If the judge come to know of this, you will be put in irons and cast into prison." Shortly after, the disguised God, assuming the semblance and habit of a Vaishnab, went over to the market place, and advised Kabir to go home. The latter, accordingly, returned to his abode, and what was his surprise when he heard all about the matter from his mother. He verily believed that it was the work of Hari; and rightly thinking that the God had taken compassion on his family, bade final farewell to all worldly concerns and giving up weaving, wholly devoted himself to the all-important duties of religion. He distributed all the money among Vaishnabs, and commenced to live like a veritable *Bairagi*, quite unmindful of secular affairs. The Brahmans of the neighbourhood being displeased with his conduct in giving away almost all his money and effects to persons professing the Vaishnab faith, came to him and said, "You, *Jolá*, you have given a good deal to Vaishnabs but nothing to us. Is this fair and reasonable? You ought to include us in your bounty." But as he had spent all by this time, he told the Brahmans to wait until he returned from a short ramble in the vicinity. He then went to the market place and laid himself down there as he had done before. In the meantime the good God Hari, again assuming the form and habit of Kabir, went over to his abode with a bullock-load of money, and distributing a good portion of it among the discontented Brahmans, appeared before Kabir at the market in the guise of a Vaishnab and advised him to go home.



Accordingly, he returned to his abode and as he had come by a large fortune, assumed the robe of a charitable man, and doled out money and effects to beggars and others beyond their most sanguine expectations. In this way his fame, as a second Karna, spread far and wide, and people came trooping in numbers to avail themselves of his generosity. But as the number of beggars and others went on increasing day by day, matters ultimately took such a bad turn that owing to the noise and disturbance caused by the ever-increasing crowd, he found it almost impossible to do his prayers and meditations in peace. This was simply unbearable to the great devotee, and he thought of finding out some means for getting rid of the nuisance, for, such the disturbance had become; and at last pitched upon a plan which, though not creditable to a man of his turn of mind, answered his purpose capitally so much so that it not only brought him peace and quiet but also contributed largely towards adding to his reputation as a true and sincere Vaishnab.

One fine morning, Kabir, calling in a very beautiful prostitute, asked her to accompany him in his perambulations round the city, at the same time offering her a very rich reward. This unfortunate daughter of Eve readily consenting, he putting one hand upon her shoulders and holding a water-pot in the other, set out for a pleasant walk on the public road. This unseemly sight was too much for the good people who had assembled, and they, accordingly, left the house of Kabir never perhaps to come to it again; while wicked folks chuckled over the matter, seeing that they had found their like in one whose reputation for piety and charity had risen so very high. Kabir, hand in hand, as it were, with his infamous companion, barefacedly repaired to the Royal Presence, and as

one would have expected, the king so far from showing respect looked down upon him with something like contempt. Kabir observing the discourteous behaviour on the part of the sovereign, poured out water on the ground from the water-pot in his hand, whereupon the former, thinking that the saint had taken offence at his conduct, pointedly asked him, "Kabirji, did you in anger thus curse me?" "No," replied the saint, "I poured water only to placate the pain of the *Pandá* of Jagannath who had his foot burned by the hot *Prasad* which had slipped down from the plate in which he was carrying it." The king, however, did not believe him at the time; but when on information received from Puri, he came to know that the words of the saint were too true, he went over to his residence and asked to be forgiven for his disbelief. Thus Kabir rose high in royal favour, but it was not before a change came over his fortune. And this is how it came to pass.

The former king died and was succeeded by his son Sikander. The neighbouring Brahmans who had taken umbrage at the conduct of the *Jolá* Kabir in adopting the manners and habit of a Vaishnab, prevailed upon his disconsolate mother to go over to the August Presence with a lighted lamp in her hand, and tell His Majesty that in his kingdom day was turned into night, otherwise how could a Moslem subject of his wear *málá* and *tilak* on his person, the significant badges of a Hindu of the Vaishnab persuasion. The king, taking the complaint of the woman in right earnest, with a view to punishing the offending *Jolá*, ordered him to the *Durbar*, and when he was come, one of the courtiers asked him to do homage to the king. But Kabir, fearless as he was in his faith, undauntedly

said, "I have known Ramā, and do him obeisance and him alone; I won't bow down my head to anybody else." This bold reply was too much for the sovereign to bear and he, accordingly, ordered the offender to be bound hand and foot in chains and thrown into the Ganges. The royal mandate was readily carried out; but a short time after, when the lookers-on were every moment expecting his death by drowning, out came Kabir from under the water, shorn of all shackles and fetters. This was certainly a miracle, but the king's anger was not a whit appeased; on the contrary it rose higher still, and in his rage ordered the culprit to be thrown into a blazing fire. But wonderful to say, fire so far from burning Kabir to death, did not touch even one single hair of his body. This miracle, too, did not deter the king from taking any further step against Kabir; so he ordered the latter to be trampled under the foot of an elephant. But, *mirabili dictu*, this attempt, also, proved equally vain and fruitless, for the huge ferocious beast which had been set to beat him down, looking at him from a distance, ran away in hot haste. The king, with a view to ascertain the cause of this very strange circumstance, himself rode on the elephant especially reserved for him; and what was his surprise when he saw a vision which almost struck him dumb,—he saw that Kabir was standing like a lordly lion, and an elephant looking at him was running away with all the speed his legs could carry him. This circumstance made a very deep impression in the mind of the king, and he, coming down from the elephant's back, prostrated himself at the feet of Kabir and with joined hands beseechingly said, "Kabir Saheb, be good enough to pardon me and save me from the wrath of God which is in store for me. I am ready to give you

land, money, or whatever else you might ask, only excuse me please." Kabir, who had cut off all connections with the world and its manifold affairs, replied, "What shall I do with that kind of property which sets the son against the father, and one brother against another. But this I tell you in right earnest that Rama in his mercy will forgive you."

The aforesaid wicked Brahmans, who had instigated Kabir's mother in the manner, as stated before, having found to their deep regret that the evil plan adopted by them had failed to produce its desired effect, were on the look-out for a more effectual expedient. They knew that Kabir was abandoned by Hindus and Mohamedans alike, and that the only persons who looked upon him with favour were the Vaishnabs. They now thought of means as to how they might make the latter also desert him. They, accordingly, got four of their associates to shave their heads and assume the habits of Vaishnabs; and after this was done, they sent them out to different parts of the country with a letter bearing the signature (of course forged) of Kabir, which purported to invite Vaishnabs, all and sundry to a feast which was to be given by the latter at his house. On the appointed day the invited Vaishnabs, whose name was almost legion, came trooping in numbers, and when Kabir saw through the practical joke which had been played on him, he was alarmed, seeing that he ran a great risk of being not only disgraced in the eyes of the public, but also, what was more serious than disgrace of incurring the great displeasure of the whole Vaishnab community. Under such painful circumstances he verily believed that there was no other means of escape from his danger than divine intervention; and

he, accordingly, prayed to Hari for help, and, miraculous to say, the good God taking compassion on him supplied him with means whereby he was able to feed his guests to their hearts' content. The Vaishnabs on being so well entertained, went away blessing their host from the very bottom of their hearts.

But this did not put a end to the troubles and trials of Kabir. Some harlots, very probably at the instigation of the Brahmans aforesaid, tried to decoy him by their witcheries and blandishments from the path of duty and rectitude. But here, too, righteousness triumphed over wickedness, virtue over vice. On seeing them before him in all their fascinating appearances, he sang a very good song which had a wonderful effect. The bad women who had come to lead him astray, were visibly affected and being ashamed of the step they had taken to seduce a really pious man to his ruin, left the place with feelings very different from those with which they had come to it. The purport of the song was this: "The same Rama who created me also created you ; our creator is one and the same, you are really my mother's sisters, that is, maternal aunts. My relation to you is that of a son. I advise you to go home, and with hearts entirely devoted to Rama, offer up prayers to him, and you may rest assured that He in His divine mercy will save your soul from perdition which it would otherwise fall into". In this way Kabir combated his enemies on earth, and his triumph was complete. Force, fraud, enticements were all tried in vain on him, and, as a matter of fact, they vanished away before the blaze of faith and virtue like morning mist before the rising sun.

It would seem that Kabir lived to a very old age. But long as his life was, it could not have been so long as

his followers say it was. They say that he was born in 1200 Sambat and died three hundred years after in 1500. For a man of the present iron age to live three centuries is quite beyond the pale of probability. The royal psalmist makes three score-and-ten the maximum duration of human life ; and our Sastras raise it to one hundred or thereabouts. Experience, however, shows that this limit has sometimes been exceeded. In Europe the longest liver, as far as my knowledge goes, was the well-known Mr. Parr, who died in his one hundred-and-fifty-fourth year; and post mortem examination showed that he might have, in the ordinary course of nature, lived a few years more. The oldest barrister living in England, Mr. W. A. G. Hake, celebrated his hundred and-one birthday in April 1912. After having been called to the bar in May 1835, he, in the course of a forensic practice, rose high in the profession and enjoys the honour of having "led" Mr. (afterwards Lord) Brougham, so well-known to fame. Mr. Hake attributes his long life to abstemious habits and regular course of exercise in walking, riding and gardening. In India we meet with several instances of longevity. The great Bengali Pandit, Jagannath Tarkapanchanan, whose *Vivada Bhagarnaba*, which, in its English garb, is known as Colebrooke's Digest, lived to the good old age of one hundred and eleven years, and at the time of his death was so very strong both in body and mind that people verily thought that in the usual course of nature he might have lived at least a decade more. The distinguished judge, Mr. William Edwards, in his *Reminiscences of a Bengal Civilian*, makes mention of two Muhammadans who, when he met them in his magisterial tour over the district of Badaon, had reached the ages of 125

and 150 years, respectively; but though so very old, they were still earning their daily bread by the sweat of their brow. We need not cite any more instances: from what we have already stated one may well come to the conclusion that man in the present degenerate age may live up to one hundred and sixty or one hundred and seventy years at the most. Under such circumstances it would be the height of folly to accept as true and correct the statement of Kabir's followers as to his age. Surely the age of Methusaleh is gone, never to return again. Even supposing for the sake of argument and for the sake of argument alone that Kabir was the longest liver in India, he could not have lived more than one hundred and seventy years.

The saint, as we have stated at the outset, was a disciple of Ramananda Swami. This Ramananda, again, was a disciple of Ramanuja, the first preacher of the Vaishnab religion. History tells us that King Vishnobardhan of Dharasumudra, who reigned from 1117 A. D. to 1137, had embraced his religion and adopted him as his Guru. So we may take it that the great preacher flourished in the first half of the twelfth century. Ramananda was not his direct disciple; in fact, he was the fourth in spiritual descent from him and was really the immediate disciple of Raghabananda. All these saints were remarkable for their longevity. In these circumstances it would not be too much to suppose that Ramananda lived in the latter part of the fourteenth century, and we have the high authority of Professor H. H. Wilson in thinking that our supposition is not unreasonable. When Kabir took *mantra* from him, Ramananda had attained a green old age; but though old enough, his energies were in full vigour and showed that the tenure

of his natural life had yet a good many years to expire; and, as a matter of fact, when he "shuffled off his mortal coil," he had become very old indeed. Bearing all these circumstances in mind we shall not, we think, be unjustified in holding that Kabir flourished in the fifteenth century.

There is, also, another circumstance which goes to support the conclusion we have arrived at. As we have already stated, Kabir's mother having been instigated by some evil-minded Brahmans had complained to king Sikandar against the non-Muhammadan conduct of her son. Now, this Sikandar was no other than the second king of the Lodi dynasty, namely, Sikandar Lodi, son of Behlol Lodi. Sikandar succeeded his father in 1488 and reigned till 1516 A. D. Behlol was a very powerful ruler and conquered a large portion of Northern India from the Punjab to Benares. Sikandar followed up his father's conquests and annexed Bihar. Thus, it is very likely that Sikandar sometimes resided in Benares; and so Kabir's mother found no difficulty in lodging a complaint to the king against the so-called misconduct of her Hinduised son. Thus, the statement of the saint's followers as to the time of his death is not wide out.

Kabir's death was not less wonderful than his birth, nay, it was more wonderful still. When the saint found that his mortal end was well nigh at hand, he called in his disciples and told them how his funeral rites should be performed. He gave two inconsistent directions to them as to how his dead body should be disposed of, telling the Hindus to burn it and the Muhammadans to bury it. It does not clearly appear why these two diametrically opposite directions were given, seeing that the



same body could not be burned and buried at the same time. This sounds very strange, and argues want of sense on the part of the saint. But as Kabir was a perfectly sensible man, there must have been some reason for the directions which he gave. As he did not like to displease either Hindus or Muhammadans, he might have intended that after the former had burned the body, the latter should bury the ashy remains; or he may have thought that as his body would disappear from earth leaving only some flowers behind,—a fact, which, it is said, actually came to pass,—neither the Hindus nor the Muhammadans would have any cause for complaint, in as much as they might divide the flowers and burn or bury them according to their respective creeds. It is said that on the very day he died or rather disappeared from earth, he laid himself down at full length, covering his body all over from head to foot with a long piece of thick cloth. After sometime, his disciples, thinking that the sad end had come, began to quarrel over the body as to the manner in which it should be disposed of, the Hindus insisting on cremation and the Muhammadans on burial. When the quarrel was growing hotter and hotter every moment, a friend of both parties, acting the part of an umpire, advised them to take off the sheet from the body; and when this was done, it was found that the body had altogether disappeared and in its stead there was left a huge heap of flowers. This wonderful spectacle put an end to the dispute, the two parties equally sharing the flowers between them. The flowers which fell to the share of the Hindus, were by the order of the local Hindu Raja, Bir Sing, taken to a place in his territory and burned there in the orthodox Hindu way. This sacred spot is known as Kabir Chowra. The portion allotted to Muhammadans, was taken over by them to

a village called Magor in the vicinity of Gorackpore, and interred there according to their religion. Both these places are regarded as exceptionally holy by the respective religionists, and pilgrimages are done to them in some particular parts of the year. The followers of Kabir say that his death or rather disappearance took place on the *Ekadasi* day in the month of Agrahayan.

Kabir had a large number of disciples of whom the principal were twelve, namely, Gopal, Bhogadas, Narayandas, Churamandas, Jogadas, Jivandas, Kamuldas, Takshali, Jnani, Sahebadas, Nityanandadas, and Rainaldas. All these disciples were wise and learned men and each of them has left to his country a work of his own which is held in high regard by the Kabir Panthis, as the saint's followers are generally called. The Kabir community is now divided into twelve branches according to the number of the saint's principal disciples.

The main principle of Kabir's religion is belief in one God who is the sole author of the universe and is from everlasting to everlasting. He is not confined to this religion or that, but pervades all systems of religion worthy of the name. In this respect there is no difference between one religion and another. Accordingly, Kabir declared in so many words that the God of the Hindus was the same as the God of the Muhammadans. Fortunately for him, the spirit of the age favoured his view, for friendly relations had already commenced to exist between the two nations who were formerly inimical to each other.

But not only does God pervade all systems of religion, He, also, according to Kabir, pervades the whole universe. There is not a single object of nature but God is in it, so that it behoves us to regard every object with love and

honour. But Kabir was neither a pantheist nor a polytheist, he was a deist in the best sense of the term. Thus he was the precursor of the Brahmos. The famous Brahmo leader Keshab Chandra Sen says. —“ The soul of man first seeks God in Nature. His earliest theology is the knowledge of Nature, or natural theology. His earliest devotion is the worship of Nature.....He worships any thing and every thing that excites in him wonder, reverence, gratitude.” “This instinctive worship of Nature,” he adds, “is neither pantheism nor polytheism, but the mere worship of force.” This force, however, is not “matter force” of the modern scientists, which leads to agnosticism and atheism, it is “God force” which pervades all and guides all, supports and quickens all. The moral poet, Pope, very justly says, it is from Nature that we go up to Nature’s God. In fact, Nature-worship is the stepping stone to God-worship, or, to put it in another form, the Unseen is seen in the Seen.

The saint was the very reverse of an idolater. He says that God is unseen and unseeable, and that to make an image of Him is simply absurd. An idol does not possess the functions of a living being, so that to offer it fruits, sweets, and other eatables is all but ridiculous. An idol not being a God or an apology for one, to do it worship is vain and fruitless. The soul of souls, God, being in reality Silgram, what is the earthly necessity of worshipping stocks and stones? Plateful of sweets and condiments, you are placing before the image ; but has it any idea of eating ? Where has stone learned the use of enjoyable and eatable things ? Men in their ignorance are besmearing with sandal paste one, who has not ear, tongue or body susceptible of touch. Those who adore

stones with Tulshi leaves are themselves no better than stones, and are really pretended devotees. He who has no knowledge of the soul of universe, God, is sure to go to the eighty-four Naraks (Hells). True worship belongs to the heart and soul, it has nothing to do with external things. The rites and ceremonies which are observed according to popular Hinduism do not at all form parts of real spiritual worship: They are, as it were, the husk and shell of religion, the one thing needful is Bhakti which is the Kernel. Devotion to God with heart and soul and mind is the only way in which one can hold communion with God.

Kabir had, also, no faith in the efficacy of bidding beads, as is done by the so-called orthodox Hindus and Muhammadans. The Roman Catholics, too, set a high value on their rosary. Kabir says that there is no necessity for making a show of devotion. If one is really disposed to pray to God, let him lay aside the beads of the hand and take to the beads of the mind. Thus it appears that Kabir was a purist in religion and had no regard for the forms and ceremonials thereof.

Nothing is more common with the Hindus than to offer libation of water to their deceased ancestors. Kabir proposed this idea, and did much to expose it. One day while he was bathing in the river, he found some Hindus engaged in pouring water to their by-gone ancestors. On seeing this the saint commenced pouring water towards the west. One of the Hindus, who was so pouring water, asked him that, *Johi* as he was, what on earth was he doing in the right Hindu way. Kabir replied that he was pouring water on his field which was a little way off. On

this, the said Hindu called him a fool, observing that it was impossible for him to pour water on his field which lay at a distance. Kabir retorted by saying that he himself was a greater fool in trying thus to pour water to his ancestors, who were in far-off heaven. In this way he made fun of the practice which was being done by the Hindus.

"Know thyself," was the advice given by the Delphic oracle. Kabir's teaching was also in the same strain. He, too, says in substance, know thyself, it being a fact that happiness lies in the soul. Purify the soul and make it fit to hold communion with God. That is the only way to obtain salvation. Kabir characteristically says, "Go to your *Mahal* (house of delight) and reside there for good in peace and happiness. O Sadhu! know your own house and break the bond of Yama. If you know not your own house, where will you go when you will have to leave this world?"

Kabir lays great stress on *satsanga* (companionship with *sadguru*). This companionship is highly beneficial and prepares one to having communion with the Great on High. It drops nectar and gives a foretaste of Heavenly bliss. Kabir eloquently says that the Sadhus are his kinsmen and that instead of placing good eatables before images, it would be much better to feed Sadhus and Sanyashis with them. They are the representatives of God on earth, and that to entertain them with dainties and delicacies is tantamount to entertaining Him that is in Heaven.

Kabir's opinion of man is very high. He emphatically says that all men are equal, and that there is really no difference between them. The highest Brahman is not a whit superior to the veriest Chandal. Distinction of

caste is the making of society; it was never intended by God. Accordingly, he chose out disciples from all classes of people. In this respect he differs from his Guru Ramananda who never gave *mantra* to any but Brahmans; and it was, as we have stated above, only by a fluke that the so-called Jola Kabir became his disciple. But here, too, Ramananda did not, as a matter of fact, depart from his usual practice, for Kabir was in reality a Brahman by birth, though he passed for a Jola. Kabir funnily says that though the mother has no sacred thread on the neck, yet the son gets himself known as *Panday Brahman*; similarly while Bibi Fatima was not circumscised, her son was made to undergo that cruel operation. So both the Brahman and the Kazi are heretics.

Kabir's view of the relation of Guru and Shisya is different from that entertained by the generality of Hindus. The ordinary Hindu looks upon his Guru as his god on earth, by whose aid and by whose aid alone he can secure his salvation; he is his only help in crossing over the ocean of this world. The great Persian poet Hafiz, also advises in the same way his co-religionists to follow the injunctions of their Mullah without objection or demur, whatever their character might be. Kabir, on the other hand, considers that the preceptor and the disciple are like friends, one helping the other in finding out the path which is proper for man to follow, that is, the path which leads to one's salvation. Beyond affording mutual aid in the acquisition of spiritual knowledge which is the only means of obtaining final beatitude, the relation, close as it is, does not go a step further in that direction. According to him God is the only great Guru, as the term is understood by the general body of Hindus. It is He alone who

is capable of saving our soul from perdition and obtaining for us a seat in Heaven. That high office is His in especial, it can not be assumed or exercised by any body else. God is our guide, help and grand objective. Leave Him and you lose your soul and all.

Kabir's view of religion was of a very high character and its purity and excellence made a very deep impression in the mind of Swami Ramananda, so much so that from being his Guru he offered to become his disciple. The old sage and saint was candid enough to say that he was entirely mistaken in taking him (Kabir) to be a Jola, that he would like to take *Diksha* from him, and pray to the Supreme Being who resides in his heart. Thus Kabir's triumph in the spiritual world was complete, and his fame as a preacher of pure perfect religion spread far and wide, even casting in the shade that of the Brahman Snnyashi Ramananda of the holy city of Muttra. In fact, Kabir occupies a very high position in the spiritual world. Like Jesus Christ, he is regarded as the son of the Supreme Lord of all, or *sarvadhpati*, as is called by the Radhaswami Community, and is accorded almost divine honours.

Like the Christians and the Muhammadans Kabir did not believe in the existence of a mediator between God and man. Intercourse with the Almighty could not, he gravely said, be held by proxy; this must be done by the man himself, if it could be done at all. He may, however, receive instructions from one who is wiser than himself, but he must work out his salvation by his own individual efforts. Sincere faith in, and full-hearted devotion to God, is the only means of saving one's soul from the torments of Hell. Thus Kabir's religion is

shorn of all dogmas, prejudices and superstitious beliefs, and is a pure faith founded on the belief in the existence of one Invisible, Immutable, Inscrutable, All pervading, Everlasting God who is the sole creator and maintainer of the Universe.

Like Guru Nanak, Kabir, also, had a religious Book which he held in the utmost reverence. It is the Bible of the Kabirpanthis and is regarded as an infallible guide. It is too sacred a thing to be touched by any but a Kabirite. In fact, the Book occupies the same position among them as the Granthasahib does among the Sikhs, and is brought out at all solemn ceremonies. On the occasion of Chowka Aruti or lamp service, it is placed on the altar erected for the purpose, enclosed in a piece of fine linen. Chowka Aruti is a ceremony of very great importance with the followers of Kabir. On the occasion of marriage which by the bye is as simple as ever in its *modus operandi*, if I might say so, the said Book and exchange of garlands are the only things necessary to complete the ceremony.

Any man of pure character and leading a moral spiritual life may become a Mahanta. This privilege, high as it is, is not confined to males but may extend to females who bear a virtuous character, and are remarkable for truthfulness, good morals and sincere devotion to God. No Mahanta is allowed to eat fish or flesh, but if he does so he has to do penance and perform expiatory ceremonies before he or she can be restored to their former positions. Kabir believed in the existence of a next world. He thought that the only the sinful were under the necessity of taking birth over and over again in the world, and that the virtuous were immune from it.



The singing of holy songs and hymns is all that is required in doing divine service, no other kind of prayer-making being necessary. But, nowadays, some Kabir panthis take to solemn religious meditations in secret while a few count beads on the rosary. As we have stated above, Kabir had twelve principal disciples, each of whom founded a sect. These sects have some principles and doctrines peculiar to them but all believe in the existence of one God, which is the cardinal point on which Kabir's religion rests. But they differ from their Guru in the matter of the creation of the universe. Kabir says that God is the sole creator, but his followers bring in *Kal* Time as taking principle part therein. They say that *Dayal* (merciful God) created *Kal*. and finding him very obedient and intelligent, delegated to him his powers, thereby making him the Lord of the universe; and that being so empowered, *Kal* created the universe, has been maintaining it ever since, and will when necessary, destroy it, God keeping in his power and control only the good and the virtuous.

The Kabirpanthis, also, recognise caste distinction, which was altogether ignored by their Guru. They say that any man, be his nationality what it may, may adopt their religion without losing his racial distinction; in fact, his caste will remain as it was before. But, in the matter of marriage ceremonies and funeral rites, he must not observe idolatrous mode, for if he does, he forfeits his right to be called a Kabirpanthi.

There is nothing to prevent a follower of Kabir from marrying in a family professing another religion; but both the bridegroom and the bride must wear garlands. This

and the taking *tilak* cannot be dispensed with. But though a Kabirpanthi may take a wife following a different religion, intermarriage is not allowed among the Kabir panthis themselves.

Our account of Kabir, which we here close with some reluctance, is certainly not all that could be wished, but short and meagre as, it is, we believe, sufficient to show that our hero was a man far above ordinary humanity—a prince among men—and that the puritanic faith, promulgated by him, deserves to occupy a prominent place in the sacred books of the world, and is entitled to have much greater attention and regard paid to it than it has already done..

SHUMBHOO CHUNDER DEY.

### FRIENDSHIP.

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"A boon O God!" the first men cried,  
 "Whose joy shall only with us fade."  
 And since the Gods were satisfied,  
 They ordained that there should abide  
 The love of man and maid.

A choicer gift 'twas thought should grace  
 Their chosen favourites' brief span—  
 Such that it lingered when their race  
 Was run, and so it was took place  
 The love of man for man.

S. C. GEORGE,

## THE TAKING OF SIRA.

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Nearly every Briton knows the story of King Bruce and the spider. It has been immortalized in history and in poetry, and is often in the mouth of the worthy pedagogue who would urge his despairing pupils "to try, try, try again."

Whether the Indian, or even Himalayan pedagogue uses a similar story to instil courage into the hearts of his brown-skinned pupils I cannot tell, but if he does not it is not for lack of a story, a historical story moreover, of a despairing king and a persevering spider which comprises yet another story of a despairing commander encouraged by an industrious dung beetle.

In the sixteenth century there reigned in Kumaon, Balo Kalyan Chand, the most ambitious chief the little Himalayan kingdom had known.

Kalyan Chand was married to the sister of a neighbouring prince, the Rajah of Doti, and had early urged his wife to beg from her brother as dowry a certain pargana known as Sira. Now Kalyan Chand neither envied his brother-in-law Sira, nor required it, but he desired a tract of rich, pastoral no-man's land which adjoined Sira and it was to enable him to more easily annex this that he wanted what was the chief possession of Doti. Its Rajah refused to part with it offering his sister instead the country

of Sor. The greedy Kalyan accepted Sor and then tried to take Sira by force of arms.

During his reign he wrested a great deal of land from his brother-in-law, but Sira and the land beyond he could not win. On his death bed he commanded his son, Rudra Chand, to do his uttermost to unite Sira to Kumaon. His Queen resolved not to become "Sati" until her son accomplished the desire of his father.

The first ten years of Rudra Chand's reign were troubled by the invasions of Hussain Khan, Governor of Lucknow, "the Bayard of Akbar's Court," a cruel, merciless fanatic and like most fanatics one who sinned at will under the all-shielding cloak of religious zeal.

To enrich himself with the reported wealth of the Kumaon Treasuries, and the gold and jewels of the mountain temples, Hussain Khan set forth "with the design of breaking idols, and demolishing their temples for the glory of God and the Prophet," and laid waste the fair mountain country.

In 1575, reports of Hussain Khan's greed and intolerance and cruelty reached the ears of Akbar at Delhi and he had to resign his Governorship. In the same year he died.

After Hussain Khan's death, Rudra Chand visited the court of Akbar. On his return to his own kingdom his mother urged him to take up arms against Doti, saying she longed to join her lord but would not do so until Sira belonged to Kumaon.

Rudra Chand at once prepared to do as she wished and shortly after led an army into Sira. He was defeated in the first battle by his cousin, now Rajah of Doti, and had to fly with what was left of his invading force.

After the battle, wearied by his rapid flight, despairing and dejected, deserted by his retainers, Rudra Chand threw himself down to rest beneath a tree and slept. He awoke somewhat refreshed and lay thinking for a time. Presently he saw a spider spinning a web and endeavouring to unite one point with another. Six times the spider failed; the seventh time it succeeded and quickly completed its trap for unwary flies.

The insect's persistency roused the chief. If a spider could attain its object by perseverance, a man might also by courage and fixity of purpose achieve what he desired. Rudra Chand arose and returned to his capital, Almora.

Next day he summoned his courtiers and told them of the spider he had watched. They unanimously accepted the spider's success as a good omen and advised their ruler to discover the strength of the enemy and the character of the defences of the fortress at Siragarh, the capital of Sira. This discovery, they said, could be made through a certain Parku Pant, a Brahman, whose uncle held a responsible post in the fortress at Siragarh.

Parku Pant lived in Almora, he was a miser of great wealth, and reputed as a man of "infinite resource and sagacity."

Rudra Chand sent for Parku, but Parku excused himself on various pretences. Rudra Chand grew wrathful and sent another messenger threatening Parku with condign punishment if he sent any more excuses, and fining him a lakh of rupees for his disobedience.

The fine disturbed Parku. He presented himself before Rudra Chand, obsequious and penitent and with clasped hands he prayed to be pardoned.

"I am a poor man, great King," he cried, "I have no money. Dispose of my life as you desire and if this is not your object I will ransom it by winning for you the fortress at Siragarh."

This was exactly what Rudra Chand wanted. He accepted the Brahman's offer and placed him in command of an army which again invaded Sira.

Parku made three attempts to reach the stronghold of Siragarh and was repulsed each time with heavy losses. The last time the victorious Dotis pursued the Kumaonis almost into their own territory.

Parku became separated from his men. He only too fully realised his position between the Scylla of Rudra Chand's anger at his failure to win Siragarh, and the Charybdis of the Doti's vengeance if he fell into their hands. One whole day he lurked in hiding victualling himself with the crisp gherkins of the Himalayan nettle. Towards dusk he sat behind a rock, wondering, quite possibly, what fine his inability to win Siragarh would incur, or to what torture he would be subjected if captured by the Dotis. Then he spied a dung beetle trying to roll a lump of cow dung to its hole. Four times the ball rolled aside but the fifth time the insect got it in successfully. Consoling reflections occurred to the defeated commander. He decided to face Rudra Chand on the morrow.

Before drakness fell, he made his way to a village close by and asked an old Brahman woman for some food. Rice boiled in milk, a dish known as *khira*, was served him on a banana leaf platter. While eating, Parku lost much of the rice, which seemed to amuse his old hostess.

"Wahl" she said, "you are as great a fool as Parku Pant."

‘How so ?’ exclaimed Parku.

“You cannot eat khira,” she replied, “and Parku can not take Siragarh. If you had begun from the edge of the platter and worked into the middle, you would have lost no rice. If Parku had begun from the outside of Siragarh, stopped supplies and blocked the underground way to the river, the fortress would have yielded by this.”

Parku Pant realised the wisdom of her assertion. He finished his meal without betraying his identity and hastened to Almora.

There, he again assembled his forces, and acting on the advice of the old woman, cut off supplies to Siragarh. His next move was to block the way to the river by which the garrison at the fortress obtained water.

In a short time Siragarh fell to the Kumaonis and the command of Kalyan Chand was accomplished. Rudra Chand annexed Sira and the stretch of pastoral country which his father had so greatly desired to possess.

When the Dowager Queen of Kumaon was satisfied that the victory of her son was complete, she bade him make preparations for her “Sati.”

In the courtyard of the palace a funeral pyre of resinous pine wood was erected. Scented oils were poured upon it. At the appointed time the queen took a smiling leave of all assembled and ascended the pyre. Her husband’s war weapons were placed in her arms, and the pyre set alight by her son.

Thus went forth the widow of Balo Kalyan Chand to meet her lord.

V. M. MURPHY.

## HISTORICAL PLAYS.

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Once the drama is recognised as a source of public pleasure and instruction. It is meet that growth of such literature should be watched with care. Historical dramas are generally instructive though in them too the mind of the author is generally reflected, though historical facts merit the liberty of the writer.

It is generally supposed that historical dramas are the easiest to write. But when the question is considered, they seem to be the hardest to be attempted. It cannot be so. The writer has to form, no mental pictures, but to dress the characters, that history supplies. Indeed so ! But the writer, who would have been at his own liberty to picture and clothe characters is in the case of historical dramas, bare facts, tied down to. No change is to be made lest he may change the very personality of his hero.

What is then the advantage, for a play-wright, to tempt him to try his pen on a historical drama ? It is to bring scenes, that have ceased to be, back to life again. To create the enormous and to restore to life men and women who lived and loved and then crossed the border. The power to raise the curtain and to reveal the past finds expression in historical drama. It is due to the genius of Shakespeare that history is a record of living events



in England. Kings and courtiers rise to inspire and to lead, with all their virtues and all their failures you learn to laugh and to admire, and your laughter and admiration are 'at once influencing your characters, the fables of human nature that excite you to laughter are to be avoided while the virtues that exercise your admiration spur you to emulation. Truly poets and artists who dream dreams make and unmake the world.

Since Kali Das wrote his *Shakuntala* which sent even Goethe into raptures and other Sanskrit dramatists who followed him, nothing worthy of mention had been written. The vernaculars are singularly poor, and possess no literature. For a long time the argument, that vernaculars were bankrupt, served to perpetuate the bankruptcy. The tide has now turned. Bengal and Gujrat have gathered new treasures and other Provinces are slowly gathering wealth.

Prithuraja, Pratap, Shivajee, Akbar, Shahjahan and Aurangzeb afford materials enough for plays and novels, and in the new times, that are before us, every Province must have its plays and its stories of great men to strengthen and to inspire, so that the past may create the future.

DESAI RAMPRASAD.

## HYPNOTISM AS A CURATIVE MEANS.

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Hypnosis as a curative means—especially in cases involving a shattered nervous system—has of late been resorted to by scientific men in the treatment of soldiers returning from the Front struck with blindness, deafness or dumbness. In view of the vital interest attaching to this subject at the present time, perhaps we may be forgiven if we begin by quoting from an excellent article "The Scientist in War-Time," which appeared in the June issue of *THE WORLD'S WORK*. The writer says :—

One of the most remarkable conversions to be recorded in the world of Medical Science is the adoption of the practice of hypnosis. If one had dared to suggest a decade since that this science should have embraced hypnotism for the treatment of certain phases of disease, one would have been laughed to scorn. Hypnotism and quackery were once held to be synonymous in the medical world. But complete conversion is largely attributable to the war.

One of the most perplexing injuries incidental to modern warfare is shell-blindness, caused by shock. Numerous cases have been recorded where a big projectile, exploding near a soldier, has bowled him over and possibly knocked him senseless. He himself

has escaped possibly without a scratch. Upon recovery he has been found to be sightless, blinded by the shock.

The symptoms are invariably identical. The eyes have not been injured—or only slightly—by grains of dust, which may merely have set up more or less local irritation. The patient has either been in absolute darkness or could only distinguish a slight difference between light and shadow. These cases, however, have proved to be exceptionally resistant to ordinary treatment.

Two of our leading optical scientists were attracted to the strange situation, and although neither believed in hypnosis, both considered the field promising for its practice. Forthwith the patient was hypnotised and he was induced to imagine that he was only temporarily blind and that he could see if he strove to do so. Strange to say, the treatment invariably had the desired effect. When the man awoke from his sleep he was able to see as well as ever. Indeed, in the cases handled by the two above-mentioned scientists, the hypnosis treatment has never failed. ✓

One case, however, proved unusually difficult. In this instance the man had been deprived of sight, hearing and speech by shell-shock, the triple calamity threw him into an abnormal state of depression; furthermore, he was harassed by domestic worries. The fact that he was extremely deaf rendered his transition to the hypnotic condition a matter of great difficulty.

But the two scientists, attracted by the unusual character of the effects of shell-shock, took him in hand and diligently tended him, with great difficulty, and by the aid of an ear-trumpet through which they

had to shout, they hypnotised him. Then they conveyed to him the impression that his deafness was merely imagination; upon recovery, his hearing was discovered to have partially returned. Further treatment of the same character restored his hearing completely. Then he was hypnotised with the object of restoring his sight by make-believe. In this direction he did not respond so easily or quickly, but by persevering the scientists at last brought back the missing sight. The wounded man was then taken in hand with a view to restoring to him his speech by the self-same means and although success has not yet been recorded there is every hope that it will be achieved.

The fact that the man was worried by domestic anxieties has prevented a rapid cure, because in all other instances of shell-shock blindness the afflicted soldier, his mind being easy, has speedily responded to the treatment. A detailed record of these cases of cures by hypnosis is being kept, and they will supply one of the most interesting chapters from the medical history of the war.

We will instance other cases to shew that the agency of hypnotism is a most effective means for the cure of many diseases which have defied all other treatment—but, it may be asked, what is hypnotism? The term is derived from the Greek word HYPNOSIS, which means sleep. It was originally coined by Dr. Braid to denote a mental phenomenon closely allied to that of mesmerism, yet differing from it in a certain important respect. ✓ Mesmerism was so called after the German physician, F. A. Mesmer, who practised the art with remarkable success. Both systems are concerned with the production of sleep, but as there are differences in their methods of procedure, so are there

differences in the results produced. Hypnotism achieves its results by the employment of suggestion only, while mesmerism attains them by means of the fixed gaze and passes. The results arrived at by these two methods differ both qualitatively and quantitatively. In either case the mind of the operator must be brought *en rapport* with the mind of the subject. For medical purposes the mesmeric process is more generally useful than the hypnotic method for the reason that it increases the intensity of the sleep to such an extent that the subjective consciousness of the patient is enabled to work in perfect accord with extraneous suggestion. Indeed, for the purpose of curing difficult diseases, no known method of hypnotism is so powerful as that of mesmerism, and it is owing to the efficacy of the latter that its practice was much in vogue in India in ancient times, and is still greatly resorted to today. Moreover, mesmeric sleep approaches nearer to the self-induced trance of the *yogi*.

Many modern writers appear to think that mesmeric or hypnotic sleep does not differ materially from ordinary sleep but this is an erroneous conclusion. Whereas in ordinary sleep the subjective consciousness is perfectly quiescent, in mesmeric sleep it is in a state of lucid manifestation. Again, while numbers of surgical operations have been successfully performed on patients in mesmeric sleep, an ordinary sleeper is keenly alive to even a slight pinch, and quickly awakes to ascertain the cause of the painful sensation. However, while it is thus obvious that mesmeric (or hypnotic) and ordinary sleep are dissimilar in kind, it is to be noted that by carefully insinuating suggestions into the patient's consciousness it is possible to convert an ordinary sleep into a hypnotic one in which he or she will respond to utterances of any description.:

It is perhaps not widely known that successful experiments of a most sensational character have recently been carried out by medical men under the auspices of the British Government in India. The following is an extract from a letter addressed to the President of the Mesmeric Committee by the Secretary to the Government of Bengal:

"...with this view His Honour (the Lieutenant-Governor) has determined with the sanction of the Supreme Government, to place Dr. Esdaile for one year in charge of a small experimental hospital in some favourable situation in Calcutta, in order that he may, as recommended by the Committee, extend his investigations to the applicability of this alleged agency to all descriptions of cases, medical as well as surgical, and all classes of patients, European as well as native. Dr. Esdaile will be directed to encourage the resort to his hospital of all respectable persons desirous of satisfying themselves of the nature and the effect of his experiments, especially medical and scientific individuals in or out of the service; and His Honour will nominate from among the medical officers of the Presidency, "visitors," whose duty it will be to visit the hospital from time to time, inspect Dr. Esdaile's proceedings without exercising any interference, and occasionally—or when called upon—report on them, through the Medical Board, for the information of the Government."

In accordance with the above, the following gentlemen were appointed official visitors of the Mesmeric Hospital:

R. M. M. Thomson, Esq.

D. Stewart, Esq., M.D.

J. Jackson, Esq., M.B., F.R.C.S.

F. J. Monat, Esq., M D., F.R.C.S.

R. O'Shaughnessy, Esq., F. R.C.S.

So far, 133 cases have been reported, and every one of them appears to have been cured, though some were found to be more difficult than others. The records may be studied at the British Museum or at the India Office, but we give 13 of the cases here for the information of the reader:

- (1) *Hypertrophied Scrotum*—Mesmerised daily for an hour and a half from the 24th of May to the 31st, when he was operated on; all parts were saved; weight of the tumour, 10 lbs. The only sign of life observed was a slight twitching of the countenance during the tying of the vessels. He was demesmerised after all was over, and knew nothing that had happened. Present: Dr. Edlin, M.D.; Capt. Scott; Dr. Hope; Capt. Smyth and others. Several similar cases are reported as having been successfully operated on. ✓
- (2) *Stiff Arm*.—Mesmerised for an hour and a half daily from the 14th to the 16th of April. The arm is now perfectly straight and like the other; he says, he can now use it without the least inconvenience. Discharged cured.
- (3) *Paralysis*.—Mesmerised locally and generally for an hour daily from the 27th of May to the 15th of June. He can now use the arm like the other and walk safely without a staff; he limps slightly but the feeling in the forearm and leg is nearly recovered. A few days after, he was discharged at his own request.
- (4) *Rheumatism*.—Mesmerised for an hour daily, locally and generally, from the 27th of May to the 14th of June. He had a slight fit which continued as long as usual. He was entranced on the 17th

and 18th and had very slight fits which lasted for about an hour and a half. Since that time the paroxysms have left him. He remained in the hospital for 8 days without a relapse, and was then discharged, as he considered himself cured.

- (5) *Scirrhus Testium: Exterpation.*—Mesmerised from 10th to the 12th of June. As the case was urgent, the operation was at once performed. He was as still and quiet under the knife as a corpse till towards the end of the operation, when he moved slightly like a man in an uneasy dream and moaned a little. The mesmerising was continued till all the bleeding vessels were secured. He awoke of his own accord about three quarters of an hour after the operation, and felt some smarting in the wounded parts; when asked, he said he had not been in any way disturbed while sleeping, nor had he any dream, but he felt a little weaker than usual. Present: Dr. Monat, Mr. Forbes, Mr Campbell and others.
- (6) *Amputation of the Great Toe.* Mesmerised for an hour and a half daily, from the 12th to the 14th. The boy lay like a log, and did not awake till half an hour after the operation, and then said that the pain was less than when he went to sleep. This is another example of the extinction of acute pain by mesmerism, for he was in great pain when first mesmerised—yet this was subdued and he was ready to be operated on in an hour.
- (7) *Chronic Rheumatism.*—Mesmerised locally and generally for an hour and a half daily, from the 1st to the 15th of June. He can walk without a staff, but feels a little giddy at times.
- (8) *Chronic Rheumatism.*—Mesmerised for an hour and a half daily from the 15th of June to the 13th of



August. She is improving, and walks like any other person; a slight pricking of the limbs remains. She said that she had now got well and wanted leave to go home, so was discharged.

(9) *Neuralgia*.—Mesmerised for an hour daily from the 4th of July to the 22nd of August she is free from pain and feels quite well. Discharged.

(10) *Neuralgia of the stomach*.—Mesmerised for an hour and a half daily from the 29th of September to the 18th of October. As the pain has not returned for several days, he considered himself cured, and left the hospital to-day.

(11) *Sciatica*.—Mesmerised from the 30th of September to the 12th of October. She walks well without limping and the pain of the thigh is nearly gone.

(12) *Epilepsy*.—Mesmerised for an hour and a half daily from the 7th of September to the 2nd of October. A fit to-day and yesterday, but they were of very short duration and not attended with headache. Since that time he has no fit up to the 2nd of November, when he left the hospital as he considered himself cured and could not be induced to remain any longer.

(13) *Lumbago*.—Mesmerised for an hour and a half daily from the 28th of October to the 7th of November. He says that he is free from pain, can walk as he used to do before and can carry on his business—so he left the hospital to-day.

These cases shew clearly the wonderful results obtained by this means in all kinds of complaints, and it is noteworthy that Major MacDougall, R.A.M.C., who relinquished the Chair of Neurology at Oxford for military duty, is at present employing the same means in dealing with cases

of shell-shock and similar cases at the great Indian hospital at Netley, and has been doing so for the past twelve months.

It is interesting to note that this system of healing is Indian, and is clearly set forth in the ancient books of the *Saiva Siddhanta*, in which the natural sleep is referred to as *as kevala sushupti* and the mesmeric sleep as *nirmala sushupti*., Western science, under the leadership of such scientists as Sir William Crooks, Professor William James and Sir Oliver Lodge, is rapidly opening up vistas of truth so far unrecognised in our day, and in fact coming nearer to the ancient occult and unsectarian teachings of the *Saiva Siddhanta*.

S. B. DAY.

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# EAST & WEST

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## FROM CLOUDLAND.

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“Glory to God in the highest and peace and goodwill to men here on earth.” Centuries have rolled by since these words were uttered giving out the secret of happy living to mankind. “Love thy neighbour as thy self,” the great teacher said, “and realise the kingdom of heaven which is within you.” It was a doctrine of sanity which the insane crowd could not appreciate or understand. The need for a common understanding between nations, great and small, and the beauty of peace for a moment became clear to some statesmen amidst the destruction which for five years absorbed the brains and energies of the great nations of the world. The aim and object of the war was therefore proclaimed to be to end war. The vision of a world peace retreated, however, at the Peace Conference and the old familiar arrangements asserted their empire resulting in the working out of safeguards, precautions, penalties, detriments. The Peace Conference concerned itself with peace keeping rather than with peace making, ignoring the simple way in which families forget and forgive and renew friendship. If the model set by the Peace Conference were followed in settling many forms of internal and private

disputes which arise every day, disaster would be inevitable. Permanent peace can be found only in the inner conversion of the heart accepting the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, doing unto others as we would have them do to us. Love alone can conquer hate and prove that the human race divided by race and creed, climate and country is in reality one. It is in the endeavour to realise this inner unity that the promise of peace can find fulfilment. No nation can prosper at the expense of another: such is the unalterable law of Nature. Constant striving for peace with single-minded determination to secure it as the highest prize of human effort, can alone redeem humanity from sin and sorrow to sweetness and love. The British Empire provides a model, imperfect though it at present is, for the building of a superstate. It shelters men of various nationalities and climates and silently helps in the broadening of international sympathies and the realisation of the bonds of brotherhood which hold white men and brown men and black men under the same flag. The Empire can gain in strength only by promoting a spirit of fellowship. "Peace and goodwill to men:" how many of us accept this teaching in true spirit. "Veni te Adoremus—Oh, come let us adore Him, Christ our Lord," by carrying into practice his teachings and accepting his message of love and goodwill.

The year just over opened with a promise of a closer unity between the two countries. Having  
**INDIA AND ENGLAND** shared in the perils of the war, it was hoped they would share together the fruits of peace. The Fates somehow failed just at the moment when accomplishment seemed within grasp. India, proud of the part she played in the war, was preparing to partake in the partnership of the

Empire, while official India was generally nervous of the change. British statesmanship recognised the need of a new policy which was announced aiming at the transference of trusteeship to popular control. This declaration would have given general satisfaction but for the opposition which the new policy evoked. Many an official, on personal grounds, opposed the measure, while others, conscious that self-government is only possible to nations that have realised responsibility, disfavoured it. The call for a generous spirit was urgent and the occasion was warm, but it was lost between popular sentiment, impatient of control on the one side and official apprehensions on the other. The situation was only saved by Lord Chelmsford's adherence to the cause of the Empire and Mr. Montagu's untiring industry and unshaken faith in the future closer union of India and England. They have been supported by the commonsense and generous impulses of the British people who are anxious to do well by India. The policy announced by His Majesty's Government has been embodied in the India Bill. Now it behoves us, both officials and non-officials, to work together in shaping a new India.

What we both need is a policy of permanent use. **WE**  
**POLICY OF PERMANENT** must realise that if we discredit the  
**USE.** Government by continuous criticism, we  
 discredit our wisest community and destroy its power for good. Englishmen, too, might revise their conception and just see if the India of which they talk, with its traditions, loyalties, and social fixities, still exists; if not, the changing times require fresher methods of Government. The times are against autocracies of all kinds. Let all those who have faith only in a strong and an autocratic Government ask themselves a plain question: Supposing the Empire were suddenly



faced to-morrow with a crisis similar to that which it faced yesterday, what policy would carry India with it—a policy of repression or conciliation? Will it add to the strength of the Empire if large armies were required to maintain internal order? No, it is not sophistry and chicanery which has converted men like Sir John Rees and Mr. Bennett in favor of constitutional changes, but the extreme urgency of the situation demanding new remedies. They have realised, what some high officials have also realised, that for good government and contentment of the people, Indians of God-given power and influence should be associated with the Government of the country, and that the machine that served in old times needs fresh adjustments to meet the requirements of altered conditions. His Majesty's Government, has very wisely provided a new scheme of Government, but its success will depend largely on the support which it receives from officials and non-officials. Let us both begin the new era in a spirit of faith and unity.

The India Bill which has just passed into an Act, is a piece of constructive statesmanship and marks an epoch in the History of British India and the Empire. It is undying evidence that great ideals of freedom and equality still inspire British statesmen and that the heart of England is full of the generosity of youth and power. The men of light and leading in India are now invited to share the white man's burden and bend their shoulders to the wheel. The Act does not confer self-government, but it sets India on the road which leads to self-government. Like all things human, it is imperfect; indeed no constitution is perfect in every detail in any country. If we waste our time dreaming of perfections which cannot be

## FROM CLOUDLAND

attained or in endless controversies, we shall do little to advance our cause or help the people whose well-being must for ever be the supreme end of all governments. We have always had in our midst "the element of wild hearts and feeble wings that every sophister can lime." We now want men inspired with the highest aspirations to serve the common weal and to realise the future. Indian History, so far, has merely consisted of what has been; it rests with us to prove what she is, and can be. We must cease to blame those who raised before us the ideal of a self-governing India and by the establishment of law and order efface the memory of old day disorder. They have brought us consciously or unconsciously to the first rung of the ladder and we shall need them as we mount the summit of self-realisation. We shall need them again as we trudge the dark and dangerous road of democracy. Let us do away with bitterness and blame. Let us soften our mutual difficulties and our onerous duties by showing our appreciation of the great services. Let us engage as comrades and fellow-workers in the making of a new India, in a multitude of activities, and further the development of our national, moral and material resources. Let the Englishman, too, shed his reserve and his aloofness, no more necessary to maintain his prestige. The futility of this assumption was never more pernicious than at the present moment. Let him be his true self as he is amongst his own people, and he will see that he wins hearts, increasing his prestige beyond all his dreams.

"Neither hide the ray  
From these not blind who wait for day  
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light."

Mr. Montagu grew eloquent when he spoke of his own imperialism. "His only conception of imperialism," he said, "had always been that there could be no pride or pleasure in a Crown Colony, in domination or subordination in flying the British flag for the benefit of British trade, but the only imperialism worth having was a trusteeship intended to develop a country under the British flag into partnership in the commonwealth." Columbus had faith--what he discovered was not what he dreamed, but if he hadn't dreamed he would have discovered nothing. Mr. Montagu has faith and high ideals which mark him out for greater things. He has also the gift of inspiring confidence and occasionally winning erst-while opponents into ardent supporters. His faith will certainly bear fruit and those who blame him to-day will bless him to-morrow for saying to the Indian people, "you people have high qualities, great traditions and good aspirations. We desire that you should use these qualities in the service of your motherland and promise you within the Empire the widest scope for their exercise." "As thy faith so shall it be done unto thee." The result will be that the new India from being the weak point will become the strongest point of the Empire.

The position of the Viceroy is one of uncommon difficulty. It is not given to any man to please all parties. The Viceroy is, after all, human, and as long as honesty of purpose and goodwill directs his actions, he deserves confidence and support. Lord and Lady Chelmsford have rare religious aspirations. They are keenly interested in social service. The Viceroy has never spared himself or allowed his personal

inclinations to over-ride the vital interests of India. Indeed, the advance made in his time in all directions, political, social, industrial and educational has been truly substantial. He has tried to serve the highest interests of India and the Empire to the best of his power. If he has failed in somethings as in the Punjab affair, his failure has been under the stress of circumstances which he, with his loyal ties could, not control, but his readiness to submit the matter to an independent Committee of enquiry, however once, again proves his readiness to redress the wrong. A word of praise is due also to the members of the Government of India who, in spite of strong opposition of the members of their own service, have never wavered in promoting the cause of Reform. Without their support the India Bill would have been impossible. The faith that has guided them was clearly set forth by Sir Claud Hill in his recent speech at Pusa. Indeed, Lord Chelmsford and his colleagues have wrought well for India and the Empire.

Progress has been perpetually on the lips of everybody and yet it is so difficult to define. In the  
**WHAT IS PROGRESS** East it has often meant a process of emancipation of the mind from outgoing energies, a closing in the circuit of senses and withdrawing the soul within where endless bliss is said to wait for the returning soul. The result has been that keenest intelligence engaged itself in seeking salvation by closing the gates of feelings---of love and life and labour, dwelling everlastingly on the unmanifest. In the West progress has acquired the meaning of a general elaboration of all activities and a steadfast search for a better basis of life, making nature subservient to the needs of man, tending to lighten the bitterness of the dwellers upon

earth by surrounding them with new comfort. It is difficult to adjust the balance of true satisfaction as the result of these two diverse and distinct ideals. The East has been certainly content, but its contentment has meant unmitigated penury for the many. The West has been on the paths of expectation and exploitation and yet every new comfort has become new necessity, thus a new source of discontent and unhappiness leaving the relative proportion of happiness and misery unaffected. Thrust out at one place the tide of sorrow breaks in at another. Progress in the West therefore has not worked towards a real solution but only elaborated and multiplied factors of uneasiness and unhappiness. Indeed the world does not seem to have moved towards generosity and justice but continued its struggle in the ever deepening clouds of materialism and madness, plunging into a vortex of arrogance and folly. Will humanity ever progress towards peace, towards happiness, towards world unity?

## EQUALITY AND SACRIFICE.

BY JEAN ROBERTS.

---

The Cry of War is a cry of defiance. We go forth to defend our country and our country's cause, which may be greater than the claims of empire. We challenge the country or nations in opposition to our own. It is a cry of separation and disintegration. The Cry of Peace is a call or invitation and inclusion. Peace is neither dumb nor inactive. War is agony: Peace is the struggle of effort to incorporate nations, classes, families into one vast whole. Peace voices so much desire, so many aims that it is hardly possible to resolve her cry into articulate sound. The shout of Equality approximates her meaning more nearly perhaps than any other at this time.

It is a reasonable cry for human lips to utter; but it does not follow as a logical consequence that all the lips are reasonable that utter it. Reason, unaided by aspiration, knowledge and wisdom, is dumb, and the cry of unreasonable demand is a raucous noise, offensive to ears trained to catch spiritual utterances; loud and harsh in proportion to the ignorance and selfishness that prompt it. Instead of heralding peace, such noise as this disturbs it.

If a Fellowship of nations is to develop so that it contributes to the world's weal and initiates an epoch in the

world's history, it must spring from principles that evolve and develop the characteristics and principles peculiar to each nation, giving all free play. If a fusion of classes into one great community is to advance the progress of humanity, it must result from recognition of the qualities and capabilities of each class, of their mutual value and interaction and interdependence, also from a comprehensive knowledge of motive and purpose.

There can be no brotherhood of nations or of classes if there is no freedom to use gifts peculiar to each nation, each class, each member of a community, and if scope be not allowed proportionate to the gifts and to the power of using them. This is why Reason needs knowledge to discern and wisdom to organise and adopt the many various qualities. And more than Reason, Knowledge and Wisdom is needed to procure the perfect freedom that ensures Peace.

It must be realised that the principle underlying true Equality is Sacrifice, and that the aim of Equality is to augment and glorify a Power greater than itself—the Power that called us all into being and keeps us existent, the Power of Eternal Love.

In order to estimate the worth of Equality we must grasp the full meaning of Sacrifice. To regard sacrifice as a painful act, or a series of painful acts cramping and maiming the sentient self, a dying to joyous perception, in short a pursuit or acceptation of death, is to take a narrow and distorted view of sacrifice. It may involve pain, mutilation and death by reason of being in opposition to the force of evil which is in antagonism to life and joy, but the principle of sacrifice is *life*, the essence of sacrifice is joy,

the purpose of sacrifice is conquest of death. It is the pulse of love. Love is unconquerable, immortal.

The revelation of the mystery accompanying the created world, enables us to feel the throbbing of the Heart of God--the All-Father. Each heart-beat is an outgiving of life, an outpouring of joy for the recipient of life, if there be no perversion of the gift. Revelation gives us a glimpse, however, of evil having interrupted the direct communication between the Divine and human will and of Divinity choosing to feel, not only the joy of giving but, the pain of a shrunken humanity in receiving the gift, and becoming immanent in humanity, in order that sharing the creature's offering, the sacrifice of the creature, marred by pain and difficulty, may serve the purpose of enduing him with nobler, larger life and exalt and enhance the glory of the primal Giver.

Had evil not intervened between God and man, the heart throbs of life in man would have been healthy and painless and the principle of sacrifice governing the out-flow of human life in service to fellow men, as an offering to the Source and Creator of life, would have been a joyous impulse. For the Breath of God infused itself into man's nature so that a trace of the Divine Essence is in every man so long as life flickers. Had nothing counteracted the influence, human life would have been offered in joyous volition, each man serving his fellows. The Primary meaning of sacrifice is life, free, joyous, active, irradiating the beauty of the light reflected from Truth, the Source. Where there is no life there can be no offering. Death is a stagnation of the will. Sacrifice is the life-pulse of the will.



Yet sacrifice of a heroic kind leads to what we call the supreme sacrifice of death; and the service of our fellows frequently involves pain and distress because the antagonism of Evil puts barriers and stumbling-blocks in the way of mutual service. The reasonable sacrifice and freewill service of an ideal Equality becomes the unreasonable demand for an out-put of service with no commensurate return, through the influence of Evil.

If we believe in the immanence of God in man as an actuating force, as well as His transcendence as a creative and governing force, we can realise the outgiving of ourselves in service to our fellow men being an offering of Divine Love. It is indeed nothing short of a fulfilling of Love's Sacrifice, a filling up of God's purpose. The grasp of this truth makes us see that any service that vitiates health, that weakens or debases character and tends to destroy life, is unacceptable to the Divinity that shapes our ends, is an evil to be deplored and to be remedied, if possible, for it is fatal to Equality. Belief in, and grasp of, this truth helps us to see the cause and effect of inequality in the great region of Industry.

So long as the employment of the skill and muscles of one class in a national community made no excessive demand upon the powers of that class, but was, on the contrary conducive to health, and so long as the class of employers paid justly and behaved considerately, fulfilling the corresponding duties of their class and using the fruits of service as a development of civilisation not as a means of pampering self in luxury, there could be no inequality. Each class paid the tribute due from its characteristic qualities. But, as soon as toil was made excessive by careless demand, and the

life of the toiler was robbed of leisure and means of sharing the beauty of living beyond the boundary of sordid occupation, while the employers of labour became proportionately slack in the out-put of energy to perform their own obligations, inequality began. In the blindness of resentment on the one side and the blindness of selfishness on the other, a whole-eyed view of the situation can seldom be taken. It is as unfit for labour to refuse to believe in the toil and hardships of what it calls the Leisured Class as it is for Leisure to fail to recognise the needs of Labour's soul and spirit, while making clamorous demand for the ministry of Labour's physical powers.

The sweat of the brain may be more exhausting than the sweat of the brow, though Labour fails to see it. And there may be more hunger and thirst for spiritual and intellectual good in a toil-worn artisan than in a man possessed of means to gratify every craving, but too self-contained and grasping to reach out to gather fruit for the mind and spirit.

As inequality of this kind progresses, a cleavage of classes goes with it. The wider the chasm the more difficult it is to find the means for spanning it successfully. Agitators throw hatred into the gulf; the incipiently troubled waters "hubble and bubble" like a witch's cauldron. Hate cannot be a remedy for a failure in achieving the purpose of love. Politicians and organisers throw cords across the gulf of system and regulation, organised defence, societies and committees provide legal claims to secure "Rights"; they are as futile as a surgeon's bandages would be if they were bound on before he had excised the mischief disabling the limb.

If, as we believe it to be, life is the beating of the Heart of Love, there must be an examination of the pulse of the body of the class and of each individual. We must try to bring the irregular beats into unison with the throbs of the Heart that is the Source of our being. We must open our mouths wide to take in the Spirit that filleth all things. We must, by individual as well as by corporate effort, do our part in gradually winning back normal circulation.

It must be borne in mind by both classes that the influence of evil, being adversative to good, causes friction which makes for difficulty and pain in the pursuance of duty in every class. It may be—and it often is—that good is crushed by evil in this life of time and sense. This tragedy only proves the indestructibility of life, though to materialists the statement of such a proof would be merely a paradox. In this apparent victory of evil, love has, in the victim's spirit of sacrifice, fought against evil, and refusing to give in, has lost self's outer shell. What then? It is not this shell, this dead husk, that is received by Almighty Love as a tribute offering. It is the *life*, freely given to the uttermost, that God accepts and cherishes in receiving it with the Breath that empowers the offerer to live a larger life, to fulfil a vaster service. And, as with individuals, so with communities and classes. If the spirit of sacrifice is kept alive, the motive and purpose of life will be remembered and by unremitting effort in obedience to the great principle of love, normal circulation will gradually be restored to the body corporate of classes. The principle of allegiance to a Power outside and above self, the Power of Benignity that "ordereth all things sweetly" forbids the concentration upon self in human beings, and attracts the true personality of self to union with limitless expression of life, even to union with the Heart of God.

## THE REPORT OF THE CALCUTTA UNIVERSITY COMMISSION.

BY SENEX

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The report of the Calcutta University Commission is a monument of industry, sympathy and imagination. The Commission cannot be accused, as was the Universities Commission of 1902, of having conducted its inquiry with undue haste. The report is long; and a contemporary has estimated that it is eleven miles in length. But education is a vast subject. It is not merely the instruction given in the classrooms. The Commission rightly interpreted the terms of reference in the widest sense, and considered the problem from many aspects. The historical background is admirably pointed in the early chapters. The psychology of the Bengali student, and his conditions of life, his acceptance of or disregard for the traditional morality of his home, his ambitions, his temptations, his poverty and his health, all receive due and sympathetic attention. The responsibilities of the State and of the individual are also discussed. Some of the chapters drag a little heavily, but this could scarcely be otherwise. The Commission was writing not merely for the Government and for the general public, but also for the educationist; and technical details are always a bit heavy to the lay reader. But even the severest critic cannot contend that the report, taken as a whole, is lifeless or dull. The student is the

central figure, and well he might be. We can see him poring over his books, anxious, sensitive and patient. We can see also the drab and uninspiring buildings in which many a student is taught and housed. We can hear also the lectures, which only too often pass as teaching. But, though the picture is true to life, it has not been drawn by an unkind hand. The student has passed through the ordeal with credit. The sensitiveness, the emotional and imaginative response, the powers of memory and of independent thought, the capacity for endurance and struggle against adverse conditions, the diligence and diffidence, the politeness and unpunctuality of the Bengali student are all commented upon with fairness and sympathy. And the teacher will go down to history as a patient, self-sacrificing and kindly man, though often lacking in imagination and professional skill. Still, for all this, the story is one of sorrow and of ineffective endeavour. The teachers are, for the most part, weary and discontented. The students are depressed, overladen with anxiety and trouble, and prone to fade away after a few short years of promise. Why is this? It is this question that we shall now try to answer.

First and foremost is the poverty of the student in Bengal. The Rev. W. E. S. Holland told the Commission that "the poverty of the student classes is intense. It is the determining factor of higher education in Bengal; a poverty of which every Principal has heart-breaking evidence." And again: "Students have been housed in conditions insanitary and unhealthy beyond words. Oppressed by poverty they have gone straight for the cheapest and, therefore, the worst lodgings they can find. Puny in physique, huddled together, without recreation or healthy exercise, in the slums of

Calcutta they have tended to become stunted and overstrained in body with a nervous system often reduced to hysterical conditions." And the Rev. W. H. G. Holmes of the Oxford Mission is equally emphatic: "The houses in which the students mostly live are in the congested parts of the city; the rooms are filled to their utmost capacity; the staff of servants is inadequate; the rooms and staircases are generally dirty and sometimes filthy, whilst the sanitary accommodation is an indescribable state." And the Commission also speak with sadness on the health and physique of the students. The evidence, which was placed before them by experienced observers, shows clearly that, in many cases, the student steadily deteriorates in health from the time when he enters the college classes. That very period in life during which, in other countries and under more favourable surroundings, the physique is strengthened and the nerves are tightened, is in Bengal only too often a time when the early bloom of youth is withered and fades away.

The second difficulty is the phenomenal congestion in the city of Calcutta. The Commissioners report that of the 15,755 students in Calcutta no fewer than 12,365 come from outside the city. "The Central College had only 67 Calcutta students out of a total of 642; the Bangabasi College only 266 out of 1,431; the Ripon College not more than 190 out of 1,881." It is impossible for Calcutta, a crowded and expensive city, to accommodate adequately so large an influx of immigrant students. The reasons for this congestion appear to be two-fold; and fortunately, for the most part, they do not obtain to such an extent in other provinces. In the first place, the curse of malaria is writ large over the Bengal mufussal; yet Calcutta is becoming immune from this

scourge. So long therefore as the mufassal is undeveloped and ill-drained, there can be little wonder that students flock in such numbers to Calcutta. In the second place, Calcutta is the big capital, and far more so than any other city in India. In the Presidency of Bombay, Poona, Karachi and 'Ahmedabad can vie with Bombay in claiming the love and the support of the people; and in the United Provinces the hearts of the people warm quite as much towards Benares, or Lucknow, or Agra, or Aligarh as towards Allahabad. Calcutta, however, lives in solitary grandeur; there is no rival to contest her supremacy; and the communications of Bengal are such that all roads lead to Calcutta. But, in her efforts to cope with the immense burden of mufassal education, Calcutta is slowly, but surely, undermining her strength and may be the centre of a vast educational organisation and not a seat of learning.

The third difficulty is with the teacher who is miserably paid and yet is grappling with an impossible situation. The migration of teachers is almost as great as is the migration of students. In the private colleges the tenure of a teacher is on slender foundations; and he is overworked by having to teach very large classes. His spare time is used to coach students who are unable to digest sufficient mental food in the ordinary school and college classes. In the Government colleges, where as a rule the teachers are better paid and have security of tenure, the corporate life of the institution is hampered by the service conditions. A very small number of the teachers are trained, and many are merely marking time until they can find less discouraging and more remunerative occupation in life.

Perhaps the most distressing feature of the inquiry was the absence of any definite policy of development, the confusion of functions vested in a number of authorities, and the weakness of the educational organisation. The Government of India, housed on a mountain-top in north-western India, exercises that measure of control which is vested in Government by the Universities Act of 1904. The Government of Bengal, which maintains many of the schools and colleges, has little or no official connection with the University, though it is located in the heart of its capital. The Department of Public Instruction maintains some of the schools and aids others, while the University examines the students in their more important tests, prescribes the courses and grants recognition to the schools. Thus the former authority has the means but not the power to effect improvements, while the latter authority has the power but not the means. Friction between the two authorities is inevitable; progress on a large scale becomes well-nigh impossible. The University, which should conduct the teaching, is, except for the post-graduate classes, confined to the work of inspection and of examination. The colleges, which should guide the student and provide him with healthy recreation and residence, are engaged almost solely in imparting instruction and in competing with each other. The intermediate students who need school instruction, are taught by the methods of a college. The Senate, which should be a representative body, consists almost entirely of nominated members. The Syndicate, which should define broad principles of policy and of finance, is immersed in petty details of routine administration. The University, which observes the holy days of nearly every religion in India, gives no religious teaching.



Fortunately for Bengal, and for India, the Commissioners grasped the nettle with both hands and did not shrink from their responsibilities. They regarded the problem as a whole and defined a policy which can be carried out by patient effort. They saved themselves and Bengal by remembering that there is a silver lining to the cloud - the good qualities of the student, the patience and self-sacrifice of the teacher, the enthusiasm and thirst for education, the liberality of individuals. Above all, there is life in Bengal; and there is enthusiasm, though often misdirected. The province of Bengal was commended by the Hunter Commission for its private effort. The post-graduate classes have, in a few brief years, become a real home of scholarly research and of higher study. When boldness is allied with sympathy and understanding, the results must be good. Fortunately, the Commission had these qualities.

The first great reform advanced by the Commission is the removal of the intermediate classes from the University and the attachment of them to a new institution called the Intermediate College. This institution may be confined to intermediate teaching, but should preferably be attached to a high school. It is the key to the whole plan of reconstruction. It relieves the congestion in Calcutta; it provides education for pupils nearer their own homes and further from the temptations of a great city; its methods of teaching are more suited to boys between the ages of fifteen and eighteen than of those of the present colleges. Above all if it provides, as is suggested, a variety of courses, many of them vocational, it reduces the bias which now exists towards a purely literary and bookish form of education. Intermediate colleges should do more for the development of

industry and commerce than commercial and technological degrees, important though the latter are.

The second important reform of the Commission is the institution of a Board of Secondary and Intermediate Education which should consist of a majority of non-officials. Such a Board should remove the friction between the University and the Department of Public Instruction, with their divided responsibilities; it should command public support and confidence; and its duty should be to review the resources of Bengal as a whole and to use these resources with the maximum of efficiency and economy.

Perhaps the most effective, though at the same time the easiest achievement of the Commission is the scheme for the teaching University of Dacca. This university is to be very largely an autonomous body, but aided, with the necessary safeguards, by Government. All teaching is to be conducted by the University through the agency of its own teachers. The halls will provide residence and recreation for the students. The teachers will have full scope in the arrangement of the courses and examinations. The general public will be connected with the University in a large and representative court. A Bill for the constitution of the University has recently been introduced into the Imperial Legislative Council, and has been drawn upon the lines recommended by the Commission. The new University should relieve the congestion in Calcutta; it should be a real home of learning; and it should be a model in organisation to other places where new universities are contemplated.

In making recommendations for a teaching University of Calcutta, the Commissioners were obviously in difficulties.

The numbers, even after the constitution of the University of Dacca and of intermediate colleges, will still be very great; the college ideal is too strong and indeed too valuable to be lightly discarded; the colleges are distributed broadcast all over the city; and the available sites round and about College Square scarcely exist and, if they do, can only be obtained at prohibitive prices. The Commission therefore compromised and recommended the retention of the colleges; but the control of the university is to be tightened and only the better colleges will be given the privilege of close association with the University. The truth is that Calcutta, though having shouldered for so long the burden of mufassal education, must await the results of the other proposals of the Commission. By this we do not mean that nothing should be done at once in Calcutta; far from it. The teaching of the University should be both expended and improved. But no permanent plans can be made for the relationship between the University and the colleges until the University of Dacca and the new intermediate colleges have been started. In the meantime, the nucleus of a teaching university in Calcutta can be arranged. Its expansion can only be healthy and strong when the pressure of congestion is relieved.

It is also a matter for regret that the Commissioners were unable to go further in their recommendations for Mufassal universities; but unfortunately there are no other University centres as yet in Bengal besides Calcutta and Dacca. The Commissioners hope that such centres may soon arise, provided that they are properly encouraged and provided that there is a suitable organisation under which they can progress. A Board of Mufassal Colleges is therefore recommended; and this Board should not be a separate body but should be.

connected with the parent University of Calcutta. And special provision is also to be made for the encouragement of the better Mufassal Colleges to become separate universities.

Much therefore is left to the progress of time and to effective treatment. But the ideal is there, all the same. Much depends now upon the action of Government. *Bis dat qui cito dat*. We hope that it will show the same courage as the Commission in tackling the problem as a whole. Piecemeal treatment can only end in failure and in confusion. There must also be a spirit of give and take. The mufassal parent should be content with the intermediate colleges which will relieve him of the necessity of sending his young boys far away from home, and he should be prepared to see higher and post-intermediate work concentrated in a few places. The Government should be ready to relax much of its control and to rely more on influence. Government professors should be willing to throw in their lot with the University instead of, as now, with the Service. The colleges should aim at directing rather than teaching the students. The layman, while assisting in the definition of a university policy, should be less loath than he is now to trust the teacher in academic matters. The taxpayer should put his hands deeper into his pockets for the education of his children. We believe, ourselves, that these sacrifices will be made provided that there is full and free discussion before the final verdict is given. The people of India are willing to take part in a great educational enterprise.

## BIRTH OF LOVE

FROM

IQBAL.

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As yet the tresses of the Bride of Night  
 Were not familiar with their graceful curls,  
 And stars of heaven had tasted not the bliss  
 Of whirling motion through the depths of space.  
 The moon in her new robes looked rather strange,  
 And knew not ceaseless law of moving on  
 From the dark house of possibilities.  
 The world had just come forth to spin along;  
 No joy of life had throbbled as yet within  
 The furthest limits of immensity.  
 The order of existence scarcely had  
 Begun unfolding to perfectionment.  
 It seemed as if the world like to a ring,  
 Whose socket open-eyed for precious stone  
 Longed for the final setting of the gem.

They say there was an alchemist on high,  
 Dust of whose feet sparkled even more  
 Than Jamshed's crystal cup, wherein the King  
 Beheld the marvels of a universe.  
 And on the pedestal of heaven there was  
 Engraved Elixir's wondrous recipe.

Which angels always guarded from the ken  
 Of Adam's soul, destined by it to live.  
 This Alchemist was ever trying to seize it,  
 Knowing this recipe more precious far  
 Than the Great Name itself,  
 Till seemingly saying his orisons, he nearer drew  
 And gained the strictly guarded pedestal.  
 His constant efforts yielded in the end,  
 The fruit of his desires for which he burned,  
 And having found it he went forth to seek  
 Through the vast fields of possibilities  
 For its ingredients and collected them.  
 What is there that can be hid from those  
 Who know the Halls where Truth for ever dwells?

From stars the brightness and from the moon  
 The brand of burnt out passion of the past,  
 And from night's floating and dishevelled hair  
 A little darkness; from the lightning he  
 Received its restlessness and purity;  
 From Houris gentle warmth that runs  
 Rippling from healing breath of Mary's son.  
 Then from the bounty of high Providence  
 He took that freedom which dependeth not  
 On aught else but itself; and from the dew  
 And angels he took their humility.  
 Then in the waters of the spring of life  
 He made these dissolve and from the throne of t  
 most High  
 And of Heaven this mixture got the name of Love.

That Alchemist sprinkled this liquid on  
New growth of Being, and its magic touch  
Released the spell-bound process of the worlds;  
Motion appeared in atoms, forthwith they  
Abandoned their repose and roused themselves,  
Embracing their affinities again;  
The suns and stars rolled in majestic curves,  
The buds received fresh tints and poppy flowers  
Were branded with the burning marks of Love.

## THE PHILANTHROPISTS

BY FRANCIS GELDART

— :o: —

It was great day at the old Grammar School, the day of the year for the boys, the masters, and all the talkative gentry who came to see the prizes given away, and specially for the Chairman of the Assembly.

This was old Mr. Merryweather, who was quite in his element to-day. For had he not written with labour, and published with much good fortune, that instructive book entitled "Success in life"? What more fitting gift could he think of on this occasion as a special prize for the head boy of the school? So with an unctuous smile he presented this monumental work to a fortunate youth who bore the name of Eustace Abraham Smith.

"Read it my boy," said Mr. Merryweather. "Follow its precepts and you will find the reward reserved for those, who in the battle of life remember their duty to themselves and their fellow men."

Eustace Abraham, duly impressed, resolved to read that book.



But first he and all present had to hear much eloquence from the gentleman who had done him the honour of speaking thus kindly to him. Amongst other things:---

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Merryweather, folding his soft hands from which glistened some rings, dear tokens of one successful life. "On this pleasurable occasion when met together to congratulate our good Head Master on the termination of another successful year's work, it is well to do something more than express gratification, to go beyond a temptation to rest upon our oars, as if the voyage were terminated, and the goal had been reached. True it is, the record of achievements—never greater nor more numerous---should make us proud" '(parents and boys attempted to applaud though not quite certain if this was the right point) "but yet on such I will not dwell for they speak for themselves. So let us all remember, and particularly let our younger friends remember, that at no period in life can we say it is time to stop. Forward must ever be our watchword, life is a stream against which we have to swim. To pause is to lose ground and foothold."

Simpkins minor who had not got a prize and was critical, whispered to fat Merton, also prizeless:

"I always swim in water!"

"Shut up," said Merton.

"Therefore," continued the speaker, "to one and all I would say be not satisfied but go on to further work and ever more glorious success."

"I wish the old fool would stop," said Simpkins minor. "I want to get on to the cheering part also,"

But at this point Mr. Merryweather said something really good, though few quite understood; however, as the Head Master gave the cue, there could be no doubt this time, so everyone applauded loudly. Indeed there was a great deal of cheering, many compliments and much mutual admiration. The masters had to be congratulated, the governors to be flattered, the boys who had prizes to be praised, and the others to be suitably admonished.

• • The same old story was told year after year. Good masters produced good results, good boys received their due reward; and the grand moral of all was this: the great thing in life was to be good and successful, too! So Eustace Abraham Smith proudly bore away his triumphs; Simpkins minor felt in his pocket for a half crown an uncle had given him on hearing from the disappointed mother that the boy was at the bottom of his form; and fat Morton was dragged off by his friend to see how much that half crown would buy.

But Eustace Abraham Smith resolved to take much care of his own pocket money, and certainly read and inwardly digested "Success in life."

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A self-satisfied crowd of city gentry were leaving the Cannon Street Hotel. The annual meeting of shareholders in Smith & Goldly, Limited, had just broken up.

As usual there was a most satisfactory report, and the Chairman of Directors, Sir Eustace Abraham Smith, had been convincingly encouraging in dealing with the mass of information that so cheered the assembly. Not a hitch occurred in the business. The accounts spoke volumes for

the 'Directors' scrupulous care, and these gentlemen seated on the platform looked as benevolent and unconscious as they could, whilst the announcement of "profits for this year of £ 240, 432, an increase of so many thousands on the previous year," was received with very natural and jubilant applause.

So they had all hurried away to their respective businesses or amusements, and the chairman, avoiding many respectful admirers, made his way through the crowd.

He was in the act of hailing a taxi when a carelessly dressed man stumbled against him.

"I beg your pardon, I am sure," he said.

"Not at all," politely rejoined Sir Eustace.

He could always be bland, and afford to be civil; besides it generally paid in the long run. You could never tell what good might come of it. As Mr. Merryweather's book had said, "politeness costs nothing and often earns a great deal." Though rather patronising at times, Sir Eustace had quite good manners.

The stranger started back in surprise, smiled genially and holding out his hand, cried:

"Well, I'll be hanged—if I have not made a mistake—surely I went to school with you"!

"It is quite possible."

But Sir Eustace, though polite, was always on his guard, for a successful life had taught him many things, and meeting an old schoolfellow was a small event compared with

thoughts concerning the annual meeting of Smith & Goldy, Limited. It would take a good deal to rob him of his importance which was as valuable an asset as politeness; also he noticed the speaker was not well dressed.

My name is Simpkins, and you surely are Smith!"

"Ah! now I think I do remember you. Well, how very strange. Dear me, I was just going to take a taxi; but perhaps we might walk down the street together in the direction of my office. There I have to attend to many things for I lead a very busy life, Mr. Simpkins."

"And a profitable one too—I should say," laughed Simpkins who took in the well-dressed city man at a glance.

"Fairly so," admitted Sir Eustace, who never gave himself away, and there were things too dear, even sacred, to be spoken of lightly.

"And what of yourself?"

"Oh! the world has been interesting, but not over kind to me at times. I have seen a great deal of it too. But what's the good of grumbling? If one can pay up and look pleasant it is more than some people can do."

"And what may you be engaged in, Mr. Simpkins?"

"Unfortunately I am at present engaged in looking for a job," said Simpkins. "I worked for some men, who, I regret to say, went wrong."

"Not unusual, but how was that?"

"They were too good for this world I am afraid, jolly good sorts, two of them, but they trusted some sharks. I told them how it would be, and so it is."

"Ah! yes," said Sir Eustace; "a foolish carelessness in matters of business so often leads to disaster, and the penalty must be paid."

As much as to say: "Serve them right & look at me!"

When telling the story to his wife, Simpkins stated that he was on the point of shocking the old humbug by inviting him to have a drink.

Sir Eustace, to improve the occasion, next observed:

"The good gifts of Providence should be taken care of and not lost or wasted."

"Well, I don't know," said his old schoolfellow. "I always prefer to think they were meant to be enjoyed."

Conversation however soon became less awkward. The meeting of one he had known as a boy drew each of the men more together. In ordinary cases Simpkins, notwithstanding natural buoyancy, might have been less at ease with a grand city magnate and Sir Eustace was not accustomed to speak in a jocular or trifling way. But the thoughts of both were carried back to old days, and they felt those early associations of the schoolroom, playground and cricket field once more. Old faces and incidents came before them, and the crowded streets seemed unreal. Did Sir Eustace remember this, or Simpkins recall that? Yes, yes, the boyish pranks, troubles, and joys all came back, and for a brief time in imagination they were young again.

Then followed an invitation to enter Sir Eustace's private office, and having passed many obsequious clerks, the great man ushered Simpkins into a sumptuously furnished

room, where as if by magic two typists and a secretary appeared noiselessly.

"Not just now," said Sir Eustace, though he glanced at a file of papers on the table, and secretary and typists vanished as quickly as they entered.

"You seem to have a good deal to manage," ventured Simpkins, who looked round the room and reflected on the grandeur of the offices he had just seen.

"Yes a great deal, and many things to think of. One's duty is to work in this world you know, and at least I have the satisfaction, I trust, I am not boasting, but it is a satisfaction to know that in climbing the ladder of success, I have helped many another. The growth of a large commercial undertaking must mean numerous lucrative posts to be filled, and thus others have profited besides myself. For all this under Providence, I am thankful".

Simpkins looked at him a little curiously.

"What is the Firm? I did not quite catch its title as I came in."

"Smith and Goldy," said Sir Eustace. "You probably have heard of us."

Simpkins nodded.

"But though this is the business I have made, and the interest of which I have so much at heart, it is not the only thing that I am connected with, by any means."

"I should have thought it was enough to satisfy you, surely."

"Well, well, it is not that exactly; the commercial world is not all plain sailing my friend, and it is wise to be careful. A business is good while it is being made, but not always to be considered so permanently. 'There is a tide in the affairs of men,' you will remember the words; but tides reach high water mark, and you may have to wait for another one. No, I tell you candidly, if it were not for the knowledge that others might suffer should I leave the work, I would retire from this business at least. But we have to think of others besides ourselves."

Simpkins was thinking of himself just then and said:

"You seem to be awfully well known, to judge from the numbers of men who noticed you as we came along the street."

"True," said Sir Eustace. "Wherever I go in the city, I see faces I know, and faces, I am proud to say, of those who have to thank me for the positions they hold this day."

"A very nice thing to feel," replied Simpkins, but not with so much warmth as the great man expected.

"Certainly it is so. Now take the case of this Company and its history for the last five years. In 1900 our nett profits were £140,000, the following year £ 180,000. They then jumped to £192,000, receded somewhat in 1902 to £184,000; but at the close of this year, as I was able to announce from the chair this afternoon, they reached the satisfactory total of £ 240,432. And so it is with other things I am connected with."

"Profits," muttered Simpkins, "varying profits."

"Yes, and what I want you to notice is that as a concern prospers and expands, more and more people are employed and the benefit to all is much increased, naturally, justly."

"Is it?" questioned Simpkins rather doubtfully.

"Certainly; how otherwise? Promotion is sure to follow long service. It is only fair.—"

"I was thinking, that was all."

But he grew red and appeared confused. "Come now," said the great man, "I shall be glad to hear what you have to say. The opinions of others are always welcome to me. You see I am not like some shut up in a little clique. I do my best to go out into the world to help in a small way. That is why I support such an institution as the Christian Helpers' Society. Thus I can learn the views of younger, poorer men, and give them my own and—"

"But stop one minute", interrupted Simpkins. "If, as I doubt not, you are a large subscriber—"

Sir Eustace bowed graciously and added, "a very large subscriber, you might say."

"You are therefore a philanthropist and a man of business as well?"

"The two things should be synonymous."

"I do not quite follow you."

"Oh! but as I have shown, my success in so many instances has proved how one can help one's fellow creatures; and not satisfied with that, any Christian believer must do as I do and help any Christian work. Surely you see how



the greater the business, the greater are the opportunities for doing good?"

"To repair the harm that commerce has caused I suppose. But I fear I am taking a liberty."

Sir Eustace looked aghast.

"You don't mean what you say."

But Simpkins was honest and moreover a life's vicissitudes were behind him.

"Mean it? Look here, Sir Eustace. I have seen a good deal that you never have had to face. Often short of money, work has been done for very little. Years ago I was in the colonies and down on my luck. I secured a post in a Lawyer's office, and my miserable salary—I was glad to get it though and laboured honestly for it—worked out at about two pence a folio. What did I discover in copying some bills of costs? My work, *my* work was charged to clients at the rate of six pence and nine pence per folio. That was profit, huge profit out of my labour. Similarly, in every factory, with every employer of profitable labour, there is this thing called profit, over which the employee has no control, and in which he has no share, and frequently is quite unable to check or ascertain. He is treated unjustly and—"

"Oh! come, come, you fail to understand, but must admit men have wages, and would not have them if it were not for the employer."

"And your employer would not have the profit or anything for wages, or philanthropy either, if it were not for

the employee. I would be a philanthropist myself, but never under such conditions."

Ah! Simpkins, what a fool you were not to see how wealth and ambition had blinded that man. This too was not a fitting prelude for what had been in his mind ever since the invitation to enter the sacred precincts of Sir Eustace Abraham Smith's offices.

It was only a little thing he asked for; some of the great man's influence to find him remunerative employment.

Immediately the Managing Director assumed a strange attitude for a philanthropist.

"I should be delighted to help you," he said, "but first and foremost, Mr. Simpkins, you must give me some idea of your real commercial value. Upon this must depend. —"

"I thank you very much, Sir Eustace," said the other seizing his hat, "but I fancy this will not be possible, my real commercial value is not what I desire. My wish is simply and solely to receive what is right! Good afternoon!"

And the astonished philanthropic man of business felt more than astonishment. He was shocked.

"I will be a philanthropist myself," said Simpkins, as he went down the street in a fury.

\* \* \* \* \*

Years passed by, and many meetings of shareholders had taken place, with fairly satisfactory results, and the name of Sir Eustace Abraham Smith was frequently seen in financial reports. Nevertheless the position of a director was admittedly not so pleasant as in former times.

Labour and Capital had different points of view, and Sir Eustace gained more real pleasure in attending the annual meetings of the Christian Helpers' Society than usual.

The flattery and publicity for such a munificent subscriber, the applause and satisfaction of his supporters seemed always well merited, and at one of these gatherings he was inspired to conclude his speech as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, believe me, as it is with feelings too great for words, you must forgive the inability to express my debt of gratitude for your kind expression of approval. Any humble efforts of mine for the good of our young men are indeed amply repaid by such cordial support and marks of esteem. But be assured of this my Christian friends, that during a long life of toil and arduous labour in the commercial world, when under Providence these labours have been blessed abundantly, never has anything given me more pleasure and deeper satisfaction, than our labour of love for those who have not been so fortunate in the battle of life. To them my heart---and yours---goes out, and in looking back over the many years of work for this great institution, I say with all the experience of age and the honest conviction that knowledge of the circumstances and difficulties of young men has given me, no institution deserves so strongly the support, the help, and the prayers of Christian men and women."

Loud applause greeted these words, handkerchiefs were waved, and old Sir Eustace had only to add, as was his custom, that owing to many other engagements, he regretted having to leave before the conclusion of the meeting.

"He is a very busy man," was the whispered remark of one to another.

And so Sir Eustace, with his well brushed hat, left this meeting.

He was indeed a busy man, and there was business waiting for him that he little expected. Hardly had he seated himself in his office, before the card of a visitor was handed to him, and immediately, for the business was urgent, the caller introduced himself.

"William Edward Simpkins!" exclaimed the astonished old gentleman, glancing from the card to his visitor.

"The same, Sir Eustace. It is some years since we met. But I have now matter of grave importance, so we cannot, afford to waste time in discussing the altered state of affairs since I last had the pleasure of seeing you. The card in your hand shows you my credentials and official authority."

The position of the two men was indeed different. The last time of meeting there had been misunderstanding. Sir Eustace could not comprehend the behaviour of his old school fellow, who though poor and suggesting assistance, had the audacity to argue on points touching business morality, with such a great and wealthy philanthropist as himself. He had pondered over the question at the time, but in the busy harvesting of golden treasure the matter was speedily forgotten. This he recalled, his old companion was then poorly dressed, his manner had been that of the unsuccessful man, diffident and perplexed; until the word '*profit*' the bed-rock of all Commerce had touched him to the quick.

But now, what was this? Simpkins appeared to be affluent; he spoke with confidence, looked well, and had, even in Sir Eustace Smith's private office, a manner almost gravely severe and authoritative.

"I regret, Sir Eustace, the purport of my visit but, as you will see by these papers, the business is urgent and demands your very earliest and most careful consideration, for it affects others besides yourself, indeed I might say the country at large.

Sir Eustace received the papers, and though astonished, did not appear perturbed.

"All in the trade but your Company have agreed to the terms, a copy of which I have handed you, as they recognize the extremely unjust conditions under which so many of their and your employees have been labouring."

Sir Eustace glanced at the document through his gold-rimmed glasses and was still unmoved.

"Your answer I should hope is in the affirmative like other firms. You will of course agree to the justice of this claim!"

"The justice!" cried the other. "Why, this is proposterous!"

"No, no, sir," calmly replied Simpkins, folding some papers in his hand and replacing them in his pocket. "It is no time, there is no time, for argument, you will please note."

"Oh! but it is all a mistake, my dear sir, there is no occasion for your visit at all. You must not confuse or compare our firm with those others. I dare say in certain cases--and these gentlemen are no doubt the best judges of

their own affairs—in some cases there are hardships. But with us it is so different. Good feeling between employers and employed exists to-day as always. How could it be otherwise? My men know me as their friend, and are always friendly. Only the other day as I was walking down Ludgate Hill a former salesman stopped me and said—”

“Sir Eustace, I care not what he said. Men in a menial position say things, but God knows and He will forgive them when they think quite otherwise. Do you suppose—unless he is a fool—any one will care to ruffle the feelings of a rich master, or a rich man who may know his master? Sign that paper sir, if you please.”

“I decline to be interfered with, dictated to, or intimidated! It is most unjust; such ingratitude, too!”

“Sir Eustace, you must not speak like this. Here are figures for you, and you are good at figures I believe. Read this?” and he pointed to a brief paragraph. “Do you see how many are employed at thirty shillings a week? Do you know how far this will go in supporting a family? The price of your own goods may help you to determine. I shall not waste more time, but just beg to point out to you that you at this moment are the stumbling-block. Sign or there will be universal trouble. That is plain English, and I have nothing more to say.”

He rose from his chair.

Sir Eustace hesitated; he, the head of colossal concerns, with the cheers of his friends still ringing in his head! But there were other thoughts too. Was he not a philanthropist? So with trumblng hand he took the pen and signed.

That night brought little rest to either Sir Eustace or his old school fellow. The former felt his most cherished ideas were crushed. He had awakened as from a bad dream, to find he really had a conscience. Nevertheless he still clung to the possibility of making the best of both worlds. True it was that wages ought to be raised: this he admitted, for had not Simpkins taught him that they must be? But this, thank Heaven, would not prevent a rise in prices too!

Simpkins had gained one more and perhaps his greatest victory, yet strange to say it gave him little joy. In this time of triumph over the pseudo philanthropist he was haunted by the recollection that over and above the decent wage there was no sign of desire on either side to share in profit! What were wages worth if men made profits for the rich to hide and prices rose? What good was his philanthropy after all?

"No," he said. "I cannot go on. We are wrong. I will never strive to settle another dispute. Philanthropy is impossible in this world of greed. My living is gone, but I would sooner starve. Oh! to be a boy once more, to shirk my lessons and 'play the game.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

Two days later, Sir Eustace and Simpkins were surprised to meet again in a crowded street. Both were at a loss for words, but Sir Eustace was the first to speak.

"I am giving up business," he said. "It is not right!"

"And I," said Simpkins, "will no longer interfere, for it is wrong. I have thrown up my dishonest post. Ruining

capitalists is only a long spiteful work, and is not gaining the true rights of man. Ruin I know stares me in the face, but strife for gain is not for a true philanthropist. It is all an unholy and accursed thing. So I would sooner starve than live."

"What is the solution if—if you are right?" gasped Sir Eustace in astonishment.

"There is only one---but see—"

Clutching his companion by the arm, he pointed to a lady who, in crossing the street, had dropped her purse. Quick as lightning a poor boy darted through the passing vehicles and as the lady, unconscious of her loss, stepped on the pavement beside them, he restored the purse. The owner held out a coin to the boy — which, to her surprise was refused.

"There, said Simpkins," is the solution. Let us go and do likewise. For profit, wage, or reward, call it what you will, is diametrically opposed to love of man! *'The man who profits, whoever he be, shall lose his soul!'*



# IN THE SAFFRON-FIELDS OF CASHMERE.

(WRITTEN ON THE BIRTHDAY OF GURU NANAK 1917,

BY BHAI VIR SINGH JI.)

And translated from the Punjabi Original

BY

PURAN SINGH.



[TRANSLATOR'S NOTE:—If *ochre* is the colour of “*sadness*”—*Vairagam* in India, *Saffron* is the colour of “*Joy*”—*Manglam*. It is the dye of the “*Bridegroom*.” It is but meet that the Birthday of Guru Nanak should have been celebrated by the poet in the Saffron-fields of Cashmere. The following rendering is a bare translation of the poems as is impossible to give the music of the original or the subtle perfume of its spirit.]

My Cashmere is All-Heaven to-night,  
 For He is here !  
 My Saffron-fields are in the full youth of their bloom,  
 And the Fragrance flies in boundless joy,  
 And the fields are swinging in beauteous wonder,  
 For in my Saffron-fields is He to-night!

My Saffron-fields would have bloomed in vain,  
 And my youth of perfume a waste,  
 Had He not stepped in to-night  
 And given me a soul!  
 The God of the Temple of Life

Is on a visit to my Saffron-fields,  
 And the full moon bathes the Night with Silver,  
 And the Dawn of Dreams breaks forth in Nature,  
 And all are awake !  
 The sun of suns has risen in my Saffron-fields,  
 'And the "Bees" have commenced their Song of Honey,  
 And the "Birds of Moon" have lost their way—  
 The Confusion of Joy has seized the world with  
 "Satiation" to-night.

The Giver is in the Saffron-fields of Life to-night,  
 And He has oped His Mart  
 In the all-auspicious Saffron-fields!  
 He sells without a price,  
 He gives without an asking,  
 The giver of life, love, joy, prosperity and peace  
 is He !!

And He distributeth free the saffron,  
 And "dyes" the worlds with *auspiciousness*.  
 The worlds of Man are coming and going all-filled  
 with saffron,  
 And in eternal crowds I am a child,  
 A child standing bare in this eternity of Life.  
 Nor I know how to ask,  
 Nor have I a single Apron-knot to keep the Gifts of  
 God,  
 Nor have the power to carry them along,  
 I am a Naked child playing in the Dream of the  
 Saffron-fields.

O God of Love ! Give me Thy Gifts,  
 And also the power to carry them in my Soul,

Be my Mother ! O God of Saffron-fields!  
 And be my playmate, too,  
 And teach me the Joy of Thy Soul,  
 Bathe me in Thy Name and adorn me with Thy Love,  
 And lift me up in Thy Lap, O Mother-Guru!!

My Cashmere is All-Heaven to-night  
 For He is here !  
 And these are not the Saffron-fields of Cashmere,  
 They are the foot-falls of His on Earth.  
 As He toucheth the Earth, the saffron blooms in a  
                     Storm of Joy,  
 The gardens are made of His Grace.

My Saffron-fields are in the full youth of their bloom,  
 And the Fragrance flies in boundless Joy,  
 And the Fields are swinging in beauteous wonder,  
 For in my Saffron-fields is He to-night.

# THE LADDER OF HOPE.

BY JEAN ROBERTS

—:0:—

Even if the Blind see oft' beyond our ken,  
 In realms outspacing worlds of sense,  
 And regions known to sighted men,  
 Their eyes see true magnificence.

For them a Light transcending beams  
 Of moon and stars and noonday sun,  
 Illumes their gloom, and gives foregleams  
 Of Vision, crown of life's course run.

And in this Light behold One stands  
 From Whose benignant smile the rays  
 Stream forth, and in Whose wounded hands  
 Is power to heal, to pierce the haze;

That clouds eyes turned to Him in hope,  
 In faith that pain's path leads to Him--  
 Power that gives sufferers strength to cope  
 With all the ills that make life-dim.

He stands, Who brings to Earth's low place  
 High heaven within our human reach,  
 And Angels, gazing on His face,  
 Turn, at His 'hest, to guide and teach.

Eyes, closed to things of sense and Time,  
 Behold a Ladder formed of Light,  
 With Angels guiding men to climb  
 The way of Hope in Christ's own might.

## IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

THE MYSTIC'S ANSWER.

BY RAGHUPATI SAHAI

—:o:—

In all ages and climes man has asked the question: "Is life worth living?"

Momentary disillusionment has been the universal experience of mankind. From the highest thinker to the lowest rustic, from the proudest king to the meanest beggar, all have felt the burden of their mortality, all have experienced that "sad lucidity of soul," when the things of the world, its hopes and pleasures, at other times so full of charm, singularly fail "to soothe the breath." In these moments of painful self-consciousness, in the agony of despair, from the depths of his being, issues the question: "Is life worth living?" Nor perhaps is this experience confined to the human-species. Who can say that this cosmic sorrow does not hold sway over the plant and the animal kingdoms? Who can say what silent tragedy is being enacted on these silent stages, what inarticulate thoughts surge within the silent breast of these mute actors? "On the creations of Thy beauty there is the mist of tears." Yes, the awful moment, the inevitable hour, comes in the life of us all

when we feel that "a freshness and a dream," has passed away from things; and their vague memories haunt us like the ever recurring burthen of an old, half-remembered, half-forgotten song. And in the very midst of success and joy, we ask, consciously or sub-consciously---

"Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

We know that this crisis came in the life of John Stuart Mill in the midst of great success and bright hope. He has referred to it in his autobiography in these words: "In this frame of mind it occurred to me to put the question directly to myself---'Suppose that all your objects in life were realised, that all the changes in opinions and institutions which you are looking forward to, could be completely effected at this very moment: would this be great joy and happiness to you?' And an irresistible self-consciousness distinctly answered, 'No!' At this my heart sank within me, the whole foundation on which my life was constructed fell down.....I seemed to have nothing left to live for."

This is indeed a confession of defeat.

Again there are some who try to shirk the question by plunging headlong into work, taking life as it comes, and thus sparing themselves from the ordeal of thought. As Stevenson says: "We live with a pistol to our head." In the hurry of life we have no time to philosophise. "Act, for the living present," make the best of the transient joys of life and not trouble about the meaning of life, for, says the sceptic epicurian, it is not known whether life has a meaning

at all, whether it has a destination, or is only a blind alley, whether it is a spiritual bliss or an eternal mockery, a mere "possibility of permanent sensation", as the nihilist defines it.

"To be, or not to be," is the first and the last question which we have to tackle, and we cannot keep it for ever out of the range of practical application. For a man to be an actor in a drama of whose beginning, climax, and denouement he is utterly ignorant, and action is either blind or is "smothered in surmise," is a strange doom to which we are subject.

"Into this universe and *why* not knowing  
Nor *whence* like Water, willy--nilly flowing;  
And out of it as Wind along the waste,  
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing."

Mill would not sleep over the question. He had to grope and grope until he found his lost soul in the mystic poetry of Wordsworth where he heard echoes of the Infinite, the authentic notes whose harmonies set the strings of his heart in tune with the Infinite, until he was strong again.

What answer does the modern age give to the question what is life? The keynote of modern culture was struck by Bacon who laid it down in the *New Atlantis* that the end of life was the investigation of physical laws with a view to the conquest of nature. Bacon could not escape the influence of the Renaissance. He was dazzled by the glamour of the intellectual awakening of the age, and was fascinated by the unfolding vision of glittering wealth and mechanical devices which would force nature to yield up her

treasures and heap comfort upon comfort on mankind. So also the early Victorians were thorough-going Baconians. And the easy faith, the facile optimism of the Renaissance was much in evidence in the opening years of the Victorian era. Tennyson, its chief mouthpiece, then in the prime of life, dreamt that "the fairy tale of Science, and the wonders that would be," would lull the world, which would "slumber, lapped in universal law."

In short, Baconic empiricism taught that the liveableness of life depended on the comfortableness of life. The church had received a hard blow already and what little life remained in it, fled with the deathblows which Victorian Rationalism and Darwinism dealt it. The Oxford movement was the fortress in the wilderness where the few surviving followers of the fallen Monarch, the shattered remnants of the Army of Religion, took refuge. The death-knell of religion had been rung, Christianity was a superstition and a myth. Positivism was the true religion, the State Religion of Civilization. August Comte called it the Religion of Humanity, with an occult Trinity of its own.

Platonic and Neo-Platonic idealism had given place to the Nihilism of Hume (Berkely was not appreciated). Matter was the only reality. Man himself was made of matter. In short, thoroughgoing materialism was the dominant creed of the West in the 19th century. And just as a stream cannot rise higher than its source, so the 19th century Rationalism could not preach any nobler sermon than that of commercialism, comfortableness, and respectability. For once Epicurianism (for which Mill never forgets to put in a kind word) was rejuvenated. Morality



was "a moral arithmetic," a matter of calculation. Let each man follow his "enlightened self-interest" without interfering with the "enlightened self-interest" of others. Enlightened by what? one may ask. What was this light to be? From where was it to shine? Could the economic conscience of Ricardo's man give any light? But let us not anticipate. "The greatest good of the greatest number" was the ethical formula. But what was this "greatest good" to be? In what was it to lie? In the fine things of the world; in good food, good houses, and the numerous good things of life.

To the question: "Is life worth living?" Baconism, and its child, utilitarianism, gave what we may call for want of another word, a mathematical answer. They said: "We do not know what life is in itself; we only know sensations. The *greater* the number of pleasant sensations the more liveable life is, and the *smaller* the number of such sensations, the less liveable life is. And *vice-versa* in the case of painful sensations." The liveableness of life, then, was a conditional hypothesis. The constant factor, life, did not count. The variable factor, sensation, was all in all. Not life but the things of life, not life in its integrity, in its naked bliss and glory, but life under innumerable wrappings, conditioned the liveableness of life. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in his brilliant essay on Dickens, has clearly brought to light this tendency of the utilitarian philosophy of life. "I remember," he says at one place, "that Mr. William Archer, sometime ago published in one of his interesting series of interviews, an interview with Mr. Thomas Hardy. That powerful writer was represented as saying, in the course of the conversation, that he did not wish at the particular moment to define his position with regard to the

ultimate problem whether life itself was worth living. There are, he said, hundreds of remediable evils in the world. When we have remedied all these (such was his argument), it will be time enough to ask whether existence itself under its best possible conditions is valuable or desirable."

This was the answer that Rationalistic utilitarianism gave to the question, Is life worth living? But if, as utilitarianism itself taught, the end of life was happiness, has this answer made individuals or races happy? We know that the solace of a utilitarian philosophy was at a discount with the disillusioned soul of its greatest exponent. We know, as has been shown in the opening lines of this essay, that success, worldly hope, wealth, comfort, health, good name, all go by the board when life weariness seizes on the soul; and as for the race, we have the class conflicts, the capital and labour troubles, that are raging fiercely in Society; we have the seething discontent that sits heavy on the heart of these times, and as if to crown all, we have had the great European conflagration. This is only the old story of "Chaos, cosmos; cosmos, chaos, once again the sickening game."

Utilitarianism hoped to take humanity to the Promised Land but we see that instead of doing that it has shunted the car of human progress to another siding. Mankind wanted to reach the Celestial City but its feet has been stuck in the slough of despond. And the modern age has put the question to itself, "whither is this all leading us"? It has begun to suspect that materialism may only be "the primrose way to the everlasting bon fire." A suspicion now lurks within the human breast that utilitarianism was probably "a compact with the devil made in the heart's blood."



question: "Is life worth living?" Is not the life of Christ, of Buddha, of Shankaracharya, of Nanak, and of Kabir, the most convincing answer to the question, "Is life worth living?" They never questioned the worth and value of life. They proclaimed that life *was* worth living. They had triumphed over sorrow and their life is the pole star which may safely guide the ship of the human soul across the troubled waters of doubt, unrest, and pessimism. They, too, had passed through the ordeal of suspense and uncertainty, and had shed what Tennyson has called:

"Tears, idle tears, I know now what they mean,  
Tears from the depths of some divine despair."

Though their pilgrimage had been to the land where, it is said, the journey is up-hill all the way, yet they had reached the heights, the calm heights where they could bask unmolested in the sunshine of the bliss which was theirs.

Mysticism is a big word and a much maligned word. Be that as it may; but if life is worth living to anyone it is to the mystic. And it would not do, after having seen to what a hard pass our much vaunted rationalism has brought us, to treat mysticism with indifference and to call it a superstition or a spiritual hallucination. Let us tread the mystic path reverently and steadfastly so that we may perchance get a glimpse of the region where dwells the peace and harmony which we have set out to seek. And what is the meaning of mysticism, what does mysticism stand for, what power and strength does it impart to the human soul, what mysteries does it unravel, and what rewards does it bring? It is not possible here to do anything more than merely touch upon this vast subject. We may say that if, as Plato said, philosophy

begins in wonder, mysticism begins in sorrow, the sorrow and dissatisfaction with things of life, with which this essay began. There is in man a craving for something beyond the merely physical and the merely mundane. We have had a striking evidence of this world-weariness in the life of John Stuart Mill. We also know that this craving cannot be satisfied by physical or intellectual or even moral achievements. The craving is persistent, nothing finite can satisfy it. And the result is a kind of pain and sorrow, as if of separation from something. The germs of mysticism lie embedded in this sorrow. And at such moments the eternal problem "Is life worth living?" burns within the human breast. The human soul has weighed the things of the world in the balance and found them wanting. And finding no peace in the world, it turns within. It acts on, this soul of man, for it is on the eve of a spiritual re-birth. The pang of separation becomes more and more unbearable and from the depths of this "divine despair" well out those tears which are to be the waters of the soul's baptism, when the Divine heart melts in pity, and out of the very depths of gloom shoot forth the dazzling rays, and in the aureole the Face of God shines smiling and aglow. It is—

"that blessed mood,

In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world  
Is lightened:---that serene and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on  
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame,  
'And even the motion of our human blood  
'Almost suspended, we are laid asleep"

In body, and become a living soul;  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things."

In this super-consciousness, personality and the age is dissolved. It is the crucifixion of the soul. And it is also the real life for the soul. For he who must live must be crucified. And the song of this Resurrection is:

من شدم تو من شدی من تن شدم تو چاں شدی  
ناکس نہ گوید بعد از ایں من دیکرم تو دیکری

It is true, that this ecstasy is transitory. It is a merciful fact that this is so; for our mortality cannot bear the weight of this state for long.

کوئی مرے دل سے پوچھے ترے تلو نیکش کو  
وہ خاش کہاں سے ہوئی جو جگر کے پار ہونا

The Divine Light flashes across the soul and is gone, leaving the memory of the arrows of its rays. It is this memory that sustains us, and bears us and makes life worth living.

"Then, sing ye birds, sing, sing, a joyous song!  
And let the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sounds!  
We in thought will join your throng  
Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
Ye that through your hearts to-day  
Feel the gladness of the May!  
What though the radiance which once was bright  
Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the hour

Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;  
 We will grieve not, rather find  
 Strength in what remains behind,  
 In the primal sympathy  
 Which having been, must ever be,  
 In the soothing thoughts that spring  
 Out of human suffering ;  
 In the faith that looks through death,  
 In years that bring the philosophic mind."

This is mysticism. When once the glimpse is caught all nature is transfigured thereafter and phenomena are regarded as the touch of Divine Spirit. Yea, the meanest flower that blows contains thoughts too deep for tears. Having discovered the Kingdom of God within, the mystic sees its reflection on the things of life. The mystic is happy because he has become the happiness that was struggling through the dark days of his life-weariness, because he has felt and lived the *Satya chit anand*, itself, because not being content with the semblance of happiness, he sought the reality which he found. Mysticism is the apprehension of that something gaining which everything has gained. The experience of the mystics rests upon the direct testimony of his soul just as light is its own proof, though the blind may for ever mock at it. It is its own *rationale*, its own *raison d'etre*. Mill in his "Utilitarianism" himself blundered upon this truth. He admits *quality* in pleasure. He says there are higher pleasures and love pleasures. One may see that here Mill is arguing in a circle. Pleasures cannot be high or low in respect of their being pleasures but in respect of something else. Art, music, self-sacrifice or higher

pleasures, sensuality, selfishness, self-indulgence are lower pleasures. But what is the criterion? Not this body surely, for the latter set of pleasures, the grosser ones, belong to the body. The criterion here is clearly the mind, for the more refined pleasures belong to it and are called higher in respect to it. At least it is clear that man is not body. He is mind according to the Rationalists. Here Mill stopped short. He paused on the threshold of the spirit, and as Mr. Praniathanath Bose points out in his "Epochs of Civilization," Europe itself is as yet in the intellectual stage of its social evolution. It is true that intellectual pleasures are higher than physical ones, but are they the highest? Clearly not, for no amount of intellectual gymnastics can give rest to the soul. Mill's "Rationalism" could not satisfy him. It could not make life worth living to him. Another Veil must be penetrated. Man is not mind neither. He is spirit. "If any thing is true," says Swami Vivekanand, "I believe it is this, that the series (evolution and involution) is repeating itself in going up and down. How can you have evolution without involution? Our struggle for the higher life shows that we have been degraded from a high state." Here is the key to that mystery of life-weariness which is not worn off by physical and intellectual pleasures. So we see that Mill's admission that there is quality in pleasures when pushed to its logical extreme, contains the most unequivocal idealism. That pleasure is highest which has the closest affinity to the soul of man. In other words, life must stand on its own spiritual bedrock, proud of its divine heritage, happy in its divine bliss. And just as the intellectualist is independent of material possessions, so is the mystic



independent of all worldly things and worldly knowledge. To the mystic, reasoning itself is the fellow-feeling of the intellectually unsound. He is ever contented in the all sufficiency of the spirit. He is king of the universe and not a beggar at the doors of the universe. He is the true "land-lord, air-lord, sea-lord." He enjoys life in its naked bliss and glory and does not delude himself with the limitations of the world. To be able to feel the pulsations of such a life is the reward of the mystic, who now that he has placed himself in the centre, now that he is a "living soul" and can see into the life of things, perceives the one in the many and the many in the one. To whom, if not to him, will life be worth living? And what is religion? It is nothing but that pang of separation which the lonely soul of man feels for its true abode. It is the flight of the "alone to the Alone." Blessed are the meek in heart for they shall see God. And Christ's promise was not false. For as we have seen, out of the sense of one's insignificance and out of the desire to grasp the Infinite, is born that light which sheds peace and joy all around. Mysticism is nothing but the consummation of religion. As Ghalib says:

ہم موحّد عین ہمارا کیش یہ ترک رسوم \* مائتس جب متّئین اجزائے ایمان ہو گئیں

The mistake of utilitarianism was to make a false start by conditioning the joys of life by the things of life. It wanted to bring the Kingdom of Christ by shutting up the Christ in each human soul. It wanted to shut the infinite in the finite, to reduce "this God's world to a dead brute steam-engine; the infinite, celestial soul of man to a kind of balance for weighing hay and thistles on, pleasures and pains on." It forgot Christ's words that the Kingdom of God is within and not of the earth, and that man shall not live by

bread alone. And this mighty cataclysm, this holocaust of blood in Europe, was the inevitable outcome of the inherent barbarism of materialism. It was "a revolt of barbarism against itself," as Hegel said. But the future of Europe is great with possibilities. Europe has begun to feel the pulsations of the life spiritual and to dream at last that it has a soul. The blood of her sons and the tears of her daughters will be the cement of the Temple of Peace whose foundations are being laid at the conference of the Allies in Paris.

We have at last an answer to our question: "Is life worth living!" That answer is that it is surely worth living *here and now*, for life is joy and bliss itself; provided we are prepared to "see life steadily and see it whole." Nor does the mystic ideal mean that we should turn our back on life. It does not deprive life of its push and go. What the mystic says is that let your life be active as a storm, but let there be a calm spot in the centre of the cyclone. Mysticism stands for infinite love and infinite self-sacrifice. It is not the crude Darwinism which preached the survival of the fittest but the human philosophy of the fitting of as many as possible to survive. To the mystic the world is a temple and "all work is worship."

It is for this spiritual culture that the soul of the world cries under the dead weight of materialism. May we attune our souls to the infinite, may our life be a song 'to make up the great symphony, floating in a Dream of Eternity; may the heart of the world be ever drawn to that One Who is the only source of life in a universe of death, for otherwise the only *yoga* would be suicide. May the prayer of the Upanishad find an echo in every heart, "Lead me from the unreal unto the Real, Lead me from Darkness unto Light, Lead me from Death unto Immortality."

## A PRAYER.

BY F. R. S.

—:O:—

Let me to Thy mem'ry oh God! devote  
Some fleeting moments of my chequer'd being,  
Some thought of Thee that leads me on to seeing  
The bounties manifold and the good wrought  
To me, who all uncaring gave no thought  
But busy plunged in self, and ever fleeing  
The ready touch of Thy hand sanctifying,  
In painful joys my wants to drown I sought.

But fain would I now follow Thee, nor err,  
And in Thy shadow close would rest secure,  
And seek from Thee what else I had not found--

A soul that in Thy peace doth happy stir,  
And full with Love of Thee and men abound,  
And so in Love and Thee and Peace endure!

## WHISPERS FROM BEHIND THE PURDAH.

(INDIAN MOHAMMADAN WOMEN.)

By Robert Baum.

—:o:—

.. Are ye ready, O exquisite sisters of the far West, daughters of freedom, alive with the insatiable curiosity of a youthful race, to listen to a voice which comes from behind the Indian Purdah, muffled by its thick folds, yet able to pass through the invisible holes through which we are wont to look out on the world of the conceited bipeds who imagine they have imprisoned us effectually, but dare not say so in our hearing. You will have, perforce, to put up with wild and disorderly thoughts! or, if you like, incapable of order and method, for as ye are free in physical movement our apparent physical bondage removes the shackles of school methods and ordered conventionality from our thoughts and emotions, so that we are the mistresses of a psychic freedom which you, our sisters of the West, have not time to luxuriate in; and, although it may have no opportunities and ability from want of "education" to express itself through literature yet we feel the freedom of the tempest, and the sparks of our unrestrained imagination fly out on the wings of our glances and now and then set fire to our veils and may be to something beyond.

What think ye I am going to tell you? What would you like to hear? Ah! if ye were eastern men ye might understand

without words what we have to tell you; but get ready, removing your high heeled mental shoes to languishingly walk with us in the land of our dreams. It may be that the thorns of our rosy pathways may force their acquaintance on the soles of your delicate feet which live in a sort of perpetual Purdah, but they cannot hurt you much, at the worst or best they can draw out a few drops of "white" blood, but you will feel all the healthier for it, and will feel a soul relief which only those know who bare their feet in a hot climate. I write under a pseudonym, so as not to shock my guardians,--including my mother-in-law, an institution which is not peculiar to the West, but in the east finds a charming expression as she becomes, in the earlier stages of our conjugal days, a go-between who yet half resents the encroachments we make on what they call the affections of their sons. So you will excuse the mask I have assumed as it is as much a source of protection to me as of the excitement of adventure which I love in playing the game of a social but literary heretic.

Here let me at the outset lay your curiosity at rest at my being able to write in a foreign tongue, but we have our ways of doing these things, quite Eastern I may assure you, and though some of my sisters are allowed to learn the Kafir's tongue, yet I am not supposed to have been given that privilege and my dear darlings old and new have not heard one word of your speech pass on my tongue. My books, too, are hidden away packed up with my dowry and only moths have access to them along with my silks and Kashmirs; the heavy and sensuous fragrance of our eastern Itar (or Otto, as you call it) saturates them through and through. I almost wish that instead of sending you this nonsense I

could enclose a leaf from them facing another from Md. of the Zulaikha of Jauri so that you could approach the incongruity of a union between the East and West under less commonplace, and commercial and utilitarian associations on the plane of Psyche if not of Mrs. Grundy.

Your women's club must be famous indeed for your invitation to have found its way into my Harem, but it is not quite that. The message has reached me in a round about way. The last three links of the chain are my sisters of the Harems, wrapped in the lessening gloom of the nights in which glimmers the star of freedom which rises in the West; and the last, but one link of the chain is the husband of one of these, who is beginning to secretly profess the Western Heresy. To him a Parsi young man whom you know---I wish I also knew him---whispered your message and it has actually travelled "up" to me through vestibules and courts which wind upon each other like the ancient scrolls in which my Hindu sisters' horoscopes are inscribed and found its way to the upper chambers of my residence where I abide like my recent love letters in the secret drawers of my sandal wood cabinet which opens to gentle pressing on hidden springs.

And where do you think I am writing this for you? They think I am busy, with my elaborate toilet, in the bath with perfumed massage powders and unguents, leisurely dispelling the fatigues of my languishing existence, and I really wish I had not to weary myself with the labour of catching my thoughts as they flit across my heart and imprison them on a sheet which I am not going to scent, for I know that it will have to be destroyed after they have taken a typed copy of it.

I almost wish I could breathe my answer to your invitation through the marble trellis of my uppermost chamber where we retire when the pregnant clouds send down a refreshing shower after a sultry evening, along with thunderings and flashings which awaken strange yet not unfamiliar desires in the Eastern heart and momentarily lighten the gloom of the dark and cloudy night which we love more than you can even comprehend and in which we seek and find things invisible to the eyes but responsive to touch—gentle and silent fragrance of lawful love, delegating the jealous mother-in-law and the delightful demons of gloom.

As I write this, my heart begins to misgive me. Your Parsi friend may think this is too good to be read in a women's club, especially if he thinks that Walt Whitman's daughters of freedom had not been clothed in the flesh: but I have no choice, the pressure of seclusion makes the ink of thoughts flow through the pen and trace figures which may turn out on close inspection to be the black outlines of jessamine—devoid of scent. So I must go on and finish it to-day as literature and massage may not be confused day after day.

I know not if you Americans see everything through rosy spectacles, or perhaps what is familiar looks common, place, but I will tell you what a countrywoman of yours travelling in our land once said.

She had met one of our advanced Hindu sisters who had set aside Purdah, and wanted to see some orthodox styles of Indian womanhood. So our husbands were duly requested to let us attend a strictly Purdah party of a few friends to meet an American lady. We drove in closed

carriages, ventilated by green gauze curtains to keep out flies and other more delightfully abnoxious things, and we at last landed in our friend's "drawing room". We had been asked to "come" a little earlier than tea time, so as to be able to talk some delightful nonsense before our American visitor arrived. At last she came. We had before her arrival taken refuge in an adjoining room, not to spoil the effect of orthodox ways, and were asked to come into the drawing room. The effect was as desired. We came, but had to be pulled and coaxed, and entered with reluctance, pretending to be shy. The acting was perfect as it was natural, and this novelty to the American who was accustomed to the boldness and stiffness and nonchalance of the West, was at once charming. Our glances cast down even before a woman---who partook something of a man's nature---our expansive eyes smouldering with eastern fire, our light-fitting red or blue silk drawers with golden anklets with tiny silent bells, our silk blouses half revealing and half concealing our forms, our gauze duppattas thrown over our heads and shoulders and hanging down half way behind, shot with silver stars, and our ornaments for the head, ears, arms and neck well nigh staggered her. She stood gaping at us, half forgetting her formal how-do-ye-do, till one of us suddenly burst into a peal of laughter, a strange mode of introduction which yet had the effect of awaking her at once from her wonder and the dull formality of Western manners. One Hindu sister and I were the only two Indian ladies out of four present who could talk English, and it did not take her long to feel quite at home with us. So we helped to interpret her to our other two sisters, and two pleasant hours of this "secluded" party with much mutual profit and pleasure



passed away. Again and again did I catch our 'American friend fondly gazing at our dreamy eyes, and the first one to draw our attention to the fact was our bright friend who so often contributes such charming articles to a Hindustani ladies' magazine.

I will not touch here on our conversation; perhaps my bright friend, whose rather dark complexion does not detract from, but rather adds to her oriental classical beauty, may some day report it in dialogue form, but I feel urged to relate what we talked of love in the abstract. She asked me what I thought of that topic, and how our people looked at it. I told her how here, as elsewhere, in early youth the pure Platonic passion takes its rise in the hearts of many, both rich and poor, how sometimes finding its consummation and sometimes its contradiction in the subsequent marriage with one often unknown, it may live for some time or get extinguished, but generally the result is not different from Swinburn's ideas of our loves turning "into corpses," but fortunately for the world, as often a sense of duty and mutual sacrifice in a greater or lesser degree settles down upon a sane life. Sometimes, though rarely, love takes an apparently wild form, bereft of all sense of relation, and rises into the heaven of exalted passion where we catch in ourselves a reflection of a Zulaka, or even a Baziga, and the sun of selfless love sheds a glory of transcendental passion on our immediate surroundings or, may be, on the ages to come. These allusions sounded rather obscure to her, and I had to refer her to that incomparable poem of Jami, which has been rendered into English, but needed the genius of a Fitzgerald to do justice to it, or perhaps even he would have failed. The glory of Baziga, too, is a part of the poem; and where

Zulaikha's sense-love in the end turns into spiritual love, and she passes over this worldly bridge to love, not Usaf, but Love itself, which is God, so, Baziga too attains to it, but her passage over the bridge is quick, and she tarries hardly at all. The opening lines in this chapter are remarkable, and introduce the story with Jami's simple and withal most beautiful measures pregnant with suggestion as to what is to come. Being no poet I will not attempt the impossible, and will not spoil the original more than it can be ruined by a literal rendering of a verse here and there.

The poet tells us that "Love does not arise from seeing the beloved alone, but often this 'wealth' takes its rise from hearing of the beloved. The flash of beauty enters through the gateway of the ear; it robs life of comfort, heart of sense." Then he speaks of this daughter of the tribe of Ad (Baziga), her wonderful beauty, her vast wealth, how the nobles of Egypt wooed her in vain, her pride of wealth and beauty standing in the way of her choice.

Then the fame of a slave (Usuf) possessing divine beauty spread through Egypt. Baziga, too, like other rich and noble women, appears on the scene, nay, steals a march on the other bidders, with a train of a thousand camels loaded with pearls, precious stones, musk and gold, determined to purchase him even at the cost of all her possessions. At last her eyes lighted on him, "and she saw loveliness beyond the limit of understanding, and, like life free from the soiling of water and earth (gross matter) the like of which none had even heard or seen in this world. At once, on seeing him, she fell unconscious, and from the joy of unconsciousness became free from self." When she came to her senses, "She opened her lips and began to ask and seek the

jewels (of truth) from the treasure house of mystery. And she said (to him): O, thou source of righteousness, who has adorned thy beauty with such loveliness? Who has given such splendour to the sun of thy forehead, that even the moon has come to glean a sheaf (from thy glory)? Who has applied his compass to the arch of thy brows? Who has curled thy locks? Who has watered thy full blown rose?, Who in this garden has fired it with such hues? Who has taught thy cypress (body) to walk so gracefully, and who taught thy ruby lips such eloquent speech? The moon of thy face is the tablet of whose writing?, (Whose pen has traced the letter of thy locks?) Who opened the eyes of thy seeing narcissus?, Who awakened it from the sleep of non-being? Who placed a ruby lock (lips) on the casket of thy pearls (teeth) which is at once a cordial for the heart and nourishment for the soul? Who dug a dimple well on thy chin? Who filled it to over-flowing with the waters of life?" When Usuf heard this speech from her he thus gave her to drink from the spring of life: "I am the handiwork of that Artist from whose ocean a drop suffices me. The heavens are a dot from the pen of His perfection, the world a rosebud from the garden of His beauty. From the light of His wisdom the sun is a flash, and the revolving heavens a bubble from the ocean of his power. (His) Beauty was free from the blame of defects. From cosmic atoms, mirrors He made, and from His own face cast a reflection in each. Whatever looks lovely to thy quick-seeing eye, if thou see rightly, is a reflection of His face. Having seen the reflection hasten toward the original, for beside the original the reflection has no light. By God! if you remain away

from the original things, when the reflection comes to an end, you will have no light. Reflection endures, but, for a while, the tint of rose does not long endure. Do you seek (life) durability? Turn to the original. Do you seek faithfulness? Turn to the original. The sorrow of that thing alone jars on your life which sometimes is and sometimes is not." When the wise girl heard this secret, she rolled up the carpet of Usaf's love. And she told Usaf how she heard of him and longed for him till this moment when he spoke to her "stringing the pearls of secrets, speaking of the signs of that source of lights." "Thy words have come from the essence of things. Thou hast turned away my love for thee. From the face of my loquos thou hast gathered up the veil, and I no longer see the atom but the sun itself. The door of this mystery is now open to me, that to love thee is to love a thing evanescent. When my eyes have opened on Reality it behoves me to relinquish the madness of the unreal. May the Lord reward thee, for thou hast opened my eyes, and hast made me share in the mystery of the life of (my) life. My heart is detached from other than Him, my abode is now in the house of union. If each hair of mine were to become a tongue and I spoke of thee with everyone of them, still I could not string a single pearl of thanks to thee." So she said farewell to him and went, freed from any desire of profit from him. Soon after she built a house of prayer on the bank of the Nile. With a heart no longer in the bondage of the world and its wealth, she sent word unto the poor and needy, so that they came and took away her wealth and property, and left her in need of an evening meal. Instead of a coronet studded with pearls, she contented herself with an old wrapper.

Silks were replaced by coarse wool, pearl necklaces by rosaries. Turning away her face from the world she sat in a corner of that vaulted prayer house. Instead of costly furs a heap of ashes served her as a bed. So she lived there all her days in prayer, and when her devoted life drew to its close, she faced death rejoicing like a heroine. Learn manliness, O my heart, from the woman and learn the way of such divine sorrow. Sorrow for yourself if you have not this sadness, mourn if you have not the mourning. Your life is gone while worshipping forms: still you are entangled in the ideas of forms. Soar above time and place and make your abode on the heights of Reality. The Real is one, appearances are innumerable, seek not peace from those who are engrossed in forms.

This much for the story of Baziga which I sang to her in Persian, which was interpreted to her. She asked me, with a wink, if many enlightened Eastern women could appreciate such sentiment and I had to say there were not many, but here and there in this land, as in other lands of the East and West, some few surely did.

Some days after her departure from our city, my Hindu sister told me how the American lady was charmed with us, and had remarked that she had seldom seen so much beauty in such a small assembly, and added with a laugh: "It is fortunate for the Anglo-Indian woman that you are in Purdah." Heavily scented dresses and gold embroideries do not necessarily mean a perpetually gay life, as some might be tempted to suppose. On the contrary, more often than not there is subtle aroma of sadness which permeates these things more deeply than scents. Some days of wild youth and its

joys there come to all, giddy with romance but what with indolence, want of outdoor exercise, sultry days, and a more or less enervating climate, not to speak of that mystic something in the air, we soon begin to be drawn under the spell of sadness, which perhaps exists everywhere but which the hurry of Western life makes it difficult for you to see save by your poets here and there. Everything passes, but only the highly strung nervous man in his rarer moments has the privilege of being sensitive enough to perceive it. A soft silken nest on your bodies is no inconvenience but pull out a thread of it and place a bit of it in your eye, and it will be felt. So with man. Often this sense of melancholy and divine discontent becomes crystalized, and losing all plasticity refuses to carry the sufferer beyond into the regions of peace and mystic communion with God; but this does happen now and then. Some of our men, nay, women also, do pass into these moods, and while some live in their homes hiding their light and appearing common householders carrying on the duties of life in quiet resignation, others burst all bonds and find Divine love too much for them and unable to confine it within the walls of creed and conventionality. So they launch out into absorption and distraction, and appear insane to men of the world, and behave like mad men, but harm none, and often by a glance or a word heal the troubles of worldly people who seek their help; while shunning and driving them away by incoherent speech in which even worldly men find words and ideas which reveal their own inner thoughts by some power of natural clairvoyance and predict what is to come by some sort of provision, a power which they seem habitually to exercise. These men and women, who are met with now and then, are called Majzubs (absorbed), and as a rule shun human society.

But these extremes of refined passion and spiritual power are rarely met with. The common-place life of the world flows on for the majority more or less in the same way as for the majority of people in the west.

The life of idle "refinement" belongs to the rich and brings with it its own troubles, transports, as well as jealousies, restraints and revolts, heart burnings over husband turning his attention to professional beauties or marrying other women; the joy of children, loving and spoiling them, sometimes trying to bring them up in the codes of religion and morality which are becoming sapped in these days where the school is usurping the place of the mother to some extent and the mother seems to be relieved of her duties. So youth passes into middle age and the raven locks begin to show the streaks of silver here and there. Life becomes less excitable and a sober worldliness, or dull religiousness, begins to settle down upon our souls. Here and there a high sense of duty towards the members of the family and God becomes apparent, when we divide our time between household affairs, our daily prayers and rest; but the two before-mentioned characteristics flourish more often, relieved now and then by cantakerous traits, where the thunder of Xanthippe overpowering husband and rival reaches and affects the neighbour and draws forth a shrieking response. This however is seldom found amongst the rich and the liberty of voice, if not of speech, belongs to the common people---though not to all of them, and sometimes we hear of the day's quarrels with wretched neighbours being shut up under baskets to be let loose like poultry on the succeeding morn. The business of the poor woman's work-a-day life generally hinders these duels of

speech, and the husband, when not drawn into them as a second, silences these harangues. But work is a great saviour where refinement is absent as a counteracting force.

There are certain occupations of the rich in which the poor have no great share: these are scandal-mongering, and whiling away the time by talking of dresses and ornament, which are the chief occupations of the ignorant rich Indian women. Hindu as well as Moslem, and on occasions of marriage, Id and other festivals, when everyone puts on her best, these topics are most enthusiastically discussed, and the institution has such hold on our minds that even in modern purdah parties where we are beginning to be invited by English ladies, missionary or official, we give little respite to these favourite subjects, and in these days in the professions of law and medicine and Government service we have discovered fresh avenues for piquing our neighbours and satisfying our caprice for social excitement. Of course the more enlightened amongst us try to put down these world-old tendencies, but it will take time to overcome them.

Another phenomenon that I must not forget to speak of is the passionate love of one woman for another woman which is frequently found amongst us. It may be due to our being shut out for the greater part of the day from men and being permitted to see women only. It is more than friendship and takes on the hue of platonic affection, and our scented sandal boxes often contain love letters written by one woman to another. No harm results from it, and in a country where marriages are not the consequences of voluntary love, but develop into love, often, though not always, human affection finds a safe vent in this manner. The



husbands would no doubt be jealous of this innocent sentiment, if they knew of it, but they are generally ignorant, and we pass hours of rapturous joy in each other's company, and pine for the next meeting and blame one another for the days of parting which we fondly imagine the coy beloved of our own sex has voluntarily inflicted on us to fan the flame of love, so that the impetuous moth may dash itself into immolation with greater zest. This, too, forms a framework for the joys and woes of the idle rich. Not so with the poor. The purdah or seclusion is practically unknown amongst them. Their days of youthful freedom soon turn into the grind of blessed drudgery, and while wealth and poverty introduce a different background and setting, the shades and light vary almost with equal proportion for both: with this difference, that there is generally in the landscape of greater poverty a soft mist of contentment. Their ambitions are lesser and their peace is greater in consequence. The joys and woes of life sweep over them as on us, but shake them to a far lesser extent than ourselves. To us their troubles appear greater by want and poverty, but they affect them less, and so nature brings her compensation. Their virtue is immeasurably superior to ours, and I dare say this applies as well to your people, though I should imagine education on the one hand and the depravity of civilization on the other might shift the position of virtue and vice to some extent. But you know better.

We, too, confuse religion and prejudice, as you do perhaps in a greater degree. The more ignorant of our religion we are the more prejudiced; and the strife of Moslem sects is a cause of bitterness even in the zenana, though not to the same extent as amongst men. Happily Western education

is killing this tendency, though unfortunately our contempt for the other religions, which had well-nigh died out, has not done so completely in these days of enlightenment. But religion is not the cause of this attitude: it is made the means of expressing the strife of bread and butter, especially in the realms of Government service.

And now, my beloved sisters of the far West, daughters and mothers of a vigorous and pushing race, my half an hour's whispering must draw to a close. The universal post will carry it to your shores on the backs of mighty cetaceans whose muscles and pedals are of steel and whose breath is steam—forgive this Eastern tendency; and if they fail to reach you in time it will be through no fault of mine but of the links of gold and cast iron which interpose between me and you.

Send us, I pray you, your love and sympathy, not through the medium of your trade, which smiles with hypocrisy, nor the deep concern of the Christian missionary who puts on love and sympathy to win us; not of your Christ who is as much ours already! but through his Church which is the temple in which the mistaken followers of the Master of Love and Healing set the image of their own glorified self for their own worship and that of the heathen. We shall accept no such Christ from him, but if we may, that true Christ who even today lives incarnate in the hearts of those who love selflessly. I at least do not say this with fanaticism. The world, I hope, is passing the boundary lines of creed, and I would no more wish to be converted to the husk of Christianity than I would wish to convert you to the husk of Islam: but I know that when the Moslem and Christian, the Hindu

and Buddhist, the Zoroastrian and spiritualist, have "recognised the King under every garb", as our Maulana Rumi has said, then truly the Divine will have incarnated in this world, and his face will have shone in heavenly splendour on the human race, thus fulfilling the prophesy of all religions that they will triumph in the end, for the triumph will mean the triumph of God and Righteousness, and not the triumph of sects with which we fondly, but falsely, identify our narrow creeds. This divine event may be far off, but you and I can do a little to bring it nearer, and if we fail in making the world achieve it to-day, it will have at least shone into our own hearts and illumined them with that joy which came quickly to Baziga, and slowly but at last surely to Zulaikha.

## TULSI DAS AND HIS WORKS.

BY MADAN MOHAN VARMA

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“ There are few names of men or women that are so well known in India as that of Tulsi Das. At once a poet, a devotee, a reformer, and a leader, he was one of the greatest of these upon earth.

Tulsi Das was born in 1589. He was deserted by his parents for superstitious reasons, but was taken and supported by a *Saddhu* known as Narsingh Das, who made him his disciple as soon as he grew old enough. He was married to the good daughter of *Mahatma* Din Bandhu Pathak. It is said that he loved his wife so passionately that he could never bear her separation. Once when her brother took her away to her home, Tulsi Das soon made his way to her---and now an incident occurred. Tulsi Das' wife was irritated at seeing him and said to him: “Would that you loved Lord Ram Chandra as much as you love my flesh and bones! Matchless is His Beauty.” This awakened dreams in the mind of Tulsi Das, and he returned full of resolve. He felt the bliss of it, and merged himself in his ideal, Shri Rama.

Tulsi Das is credited with many miracles. At any rate he was a devotee of an extraordinary character. So deeply was he merged in Shri Rama Chandra that once taken into

a temple of Shri Krishna in Vrindabana, looking at his flute he cried:---

कहा कहौ छवि आज की, भले बने हो नाथ ।

तुलसी मस्तक जब नैवे, धनुष बाण लो हाथ ॥

(What shall I say of the glory I see to-day; you are well adorned! But Tulsi will bow his head only when you take up a bow and arrow in hand.)

It is said that Shri Krishna changed His appearance into that of Shri Rama, holding a bow and arrow, on which Tulsi sang in ecstasy:---

काट मुकुट माये धन्यो, धनुष बाण लिय हाथ ।

तुलसी निज्जन कार ने, नाथ भये खुनाय ॥

(You have put on this beautiful crown, and taken the bow and arrow in your hand. Oh Lord, you have manifested as Raghunath (Rama) for the sake of your servant!)

Among the works attributed to Tulsi Das are the Ramayana, Vinay Patrika, Gitavali, Dohavali, Ramcharitmanas, Ram Satsai, Krishna Gitavali, Vairagya Sandipni, Kavitte Ramayana, Ramagya, Chhandavali, etc etc. The first two works deserve special mention.

The "Vinay Patrika" is a volume of prayers addressed to Shri Rama when the poet was in great mental agony. It reflects his deep, unqualified faith in and love for his master.

"Lord, look Thou upon me---nought can I do of myself. Whither can I go? To whom but Thee can I tell my sorrows? Oft have I turned my face from Thee and grasped the things of this world; but Thou art the fountain of mercy. Turn not *Thou* thy face from me. When I looked away from

Thee, I had no eye of faith to see Thee as Thou art, but Thou art all-seeing. . . . . First look upon Thyself and remember Thy mercy and Thy might, and then cast Thy eyes upon me, and claim me as Thy slave, Thy very own. For the name of the Lord is a sure refuge, and he who taketh it is saved. Lord, Thy ways ever give joy into the heart, Tulsi is Thine alone, and, O God of mercy, do unto him as seemest good unto Thee."

... (The translation is reprinted from the Imperial Gazetteer.)

His best known work is the Ramayana. It is a work of art. "The language of the work is most refined, graceful, chaste, poetic and highly moral. . . . . It is a peerless and immortal work of a peerless and immortal poet." Thus the Imperial Gazetteer:—"There is the deep pathos of the scene in which is described Rama's farewell to his mother; the rugged language describing the horrors of the battlefield—a torrent of harsh sounds, clashing against each other, and reverberating from phrase to phrase; and, as occasion requires, a sententious, aphoristic method of narrative, teeming with similes drawn from nature herself and not from the traditions of the schools. His characters, too, live and move with all the dignity of an heroic age. Each is a real being with well-defined personality. Rama, perhaps too perfect to enlist our sympathies; his impetuous and loving brother Lakshman; the tender, constant Bharata, Sita the ideal of an Indian wife and mother; Ravana, destined to failure, and fighting with all his demon force against his destiny—the Satan of the epic—all these are characters as life-like and distinct as any in occidental literature."

The influence of Tulsi Das on Hindi Literature was very great. Not only has his works made Hindi Literature proud of them, but he has set forth a wave of Eastern Hindi, in which all the epic poetry of upper India has been written ever since.

Tulsi Das lived as a man among men, and therefore influenced all men. His influence among the masses has been as ennobling and uplifting as it has been wide in its range. Ninety million people read his Ramayana—the Raja and the official, the merchant and the grocer. To many it is *the* Scripture, the Bible of Hinduism!

No wonder if such a man is looked upon with reverence, love and gratitude, by millions in India to-day. His last words, uttered on his death-bed, are equally typical of his devotion:—

राम नाथ यश बलि के, भयो चहत अब मोन ।  
तुलसी के मुख दीजेय, अबली तुलसी मोन ॥

(After having described the glory of the name of Rama, I am going to be silent. Just put a Tulsi (a plant sacred to Hindus) leaf in the mouth of Tulsi.)

Tulsi Das died in 1680.

## THE NEW CULTURE.

BY A. H.

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... One great result of this War is that it has given an opportunity to the nations of the world to reconstruct ~~their~~ <sup>their</sup> ideals on a new plan. The ideals of the West are far too deeply rooted to be purged or discarded wholesale. Not so with the East, for here they are still in the making.

Up to now, the East had been following the lead of the West, until the West brought it to the verge of a great crisis from which the oriental mind shrinks with horror. That the admired civilization of the West had come to such a pitch that it was fighting against itself---this was a problem too shocking for the unsophisticated Eastern. And the question consequently arises, What are we going to do?

To answer this question, we require to know what have we done? What have been the tendencies of thought in Western countries? What were the distinctive features of European culture before August 1914?

The outstanding fact which even a superficial study of conditions before the War reveals to us is the immense importance which the doctrines of materialism had acquired in the minds of most people. And this is not without reason. The last two centuries in Europe and America have been full of great scientific inventions and discoveries. New



sciences have emerged of which the existence even was not dreamt of by our ancestors. New vistas of thought have been opened up. Man has found himself to be Lord of the Earth, capable of forcing Nature to work along lines which he himself suggests. As against this progress what have the spiritualistic sciences done? The religions of the world have been shown to be the natural and necessary outcome of the conditions of different ages with hardly anything of the supernatural in them. The scientist feels shocked when any recourse is had to supersensible realities. He wants tangible results like his own great discoveries, and necessarily is very often disappointed. Similarly, with Philosophy. After two thousand years or more of metaphysical wranglings, what have we got, says the materialist, but vague results of which the philosopher himself is not sure? In fact, he adds, these airy results have no chance of being accepted in an age where the chief doctrine is that of the survival of the fittest. And this latter is not a shadowy generalisation, but a hard fact which a deep study of Nature will reveal to us.

The blind struggle for existence, we are informed, has been going on since the beginning of the Universe. Progress means the death of the old, the rotten, the useless. A glance at the conduct of different animal and vegetable species will show this to us. And this is not only so with individuals, but also with whole races. Neither does the process stop when man comes on the stage. On the contrary, it becomes harder and more acute still, since here it is not blind, but aided by all the powers of his great intellect. It is, therefore, not surprising if we find whole races rising up like one man, and fighting with each other to the death.

The primitive savage tribe has a code of laws for its own use, but the members of the other tribes do not draw any benefit from these laws. The relations of different tribes are, in other words, fluid, and not based on any sure foundation. It is all a matter of circumstance whether the other tribe or a member of it is robbed, killed or protected. The nations of to-day are no better than mighty tribes with all their original features intact. They have grown a great deal, their progress in civilization has been immense, their private codes of law are often very refined indeed, but when it comes to a question of other nations, they at once relapse to the same old custom of savage life. After centuries of growth, man has not yet found any code of international morality which all nations might be bound to obey. It is a strange paradox that whereas individuals in different nations have risen to the highest levels of honour and morality, the nations, on the other hand, of which they are members, are almost at the same stage as they were centuries ago. The nations of today in their mutual relations are not much unlike individuals at the lowest scale of civilization.

It is said that in the extremely cold countries of the North, when there is an exceptionally severe winter, the wolves have to go for days without food. They hunt in packs, and in the fury of hunger, don't hesitate to attack a group of human beings, however well armed these latter might be. But when all their quest yields no food to them and only adds fatigue to hunger, they retire to some den or cave for the ostensible purpose of rest. But theirs is a strange rest, for these ferocious beasts continue to look at each other with eyes flashing fire, ready to eat

each other; and immediately one of them sleeps, the rest of the pack spring upon him, and tear him to pieces. This is *Gurg Ashti* (The friendship of wolves) as the Persians call it.

Now let these wolves represent the armed nations of the West, and we have in the above a fairly accurate picture of international relations in and before the year 1914.

But all this is a logical issue of the doctrine of materialism, and the theory of the blind struggle for existence. The ethics of materialism is the ethics of might, and the world is governed according to it.

By the good old rule, the golden plan  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can.

International robberies have no other justification but this.

It seems, therefore, that this terrible war was only a natural and inevitable outcome of the civilisation of the West. And here we see the inherent contradiction of Materialism. It had created such a tension of nerves amongst its advocates that immediately an opportunity for friction arose, they were ready to begin the work of mutual destruction. In fact the old saying has been amply justified that the greatest enemy of man is man.

Materialism is thus self-contradictory. It is also self-destructive. This war has not only been a fight between different nationalities, but also between different ideals. And

what has been the result? This, that Moloch has fallen—let us hope for sometime at least. And it was necessary that he should fall, for the greatest issues were at stake. We have often heard rumours that inventions and discoveries have been made in the course of this War which, if allowed full scope, and the necessary amount of ruthlessness for their use, are sufficient to wipe off humanity itself from the face of the earth. Science has found out means to annihilate itself in the quickest and most scientific manner possible. And hence it is felt to-day, that if man is to live and progress, if civilization is to be allowed, then it is absolutely necessary to have an international moral code.

This is the problem which the pioneers of the new culture must solve, for otherwise there can be no true culture.

What must be the basis of this new Ethics? Obviously something which yields in nothing to materialism which it is to supplant, and which besides possesses a moral dynamic which is absolutely lacking in the other doctrine. Idealism alone fulfils these conditions in an adequate form. We have found that without common morals, and a common religion, nations will always have recourse to brute force as the final arbiter in their quarrels; and if we are to check this tendency in any appreciable degree, we must begin by conceiving the world as having a spiritualistic basis. A nature thought of as blind cannot give us the panacea which we desire; it is only when teleological conceptions are taken up that we have any hope of a solution.

And here we are faced by the problem: Can we still be religious? Sometime before the War began, Enckén put the question in the form: Can we still be Christians? But he

meant the same thing. His great contribution to philosophy lies in the stress he has laid on a solution of the life-problem, and the ideal which humanity has to reach. And his results are available for a solution of our own difficulty. In the same way James, Ward, and others, have done a good deal towards the solution of the problem. In fact, James sums up his answers in his own trite way by saying that we are religious is a psychological fact and the only problem is to regulate these desires in the right manner and direction. Thus the chief characteristic of the religion of the new culture will have to be a change from the material to the spiritual and the psychical. We have indications of this tendency in the growing importance which is being attached to modern experimental psychology. Here we see man at his best. The immense resources of science are utilized to explore the realm of mind.

It will be better before we close to examine one important objection very often urged by the adherents of the old culture. They say that we see very few signs of any purpose in the movement of History; that we have no right to use teleological conceptions in this connection; that, in plain words, there has always been a triumph of brute force in History. For instance, take the case of the great civilizations of both ancient and modern times. There is no ethical or intellectual fitness in the conquerors, who have almost always been ill-bred, unpolished savages, with not a trace of civilization in them.

This objection is, however, not true. We do find, indeed, great nations being destroyed by the barbarians of neighbouring countries. But here we must remember that these

nations, like ancient Persia, Greece, Rome and others, had lost all vitality, all moral fitness that was in them before they were reduced to such a sorry plight. The ethical and military efficiency which makes a nation strong was no more in them, signs of degeneracy were evident on all sides. Their morality was rotten in the extreme. Hence they were utterly incapable of withstanding or defending themselves against the onslaughts of their hardy antagonists. These latter, though rude and unpolished, were always both ethically and militarily better equipped than their degenerate and effeminate neighbours who used to lord it over them.

So much about the nations themselves. Now about their civilizations. Almost in all cases, we find that so far as the civilization of the conquered races is superior to that of their victors, so far is it accepted by them. The conquerors are in this respect conquered by the conquered. In this way, Greece conquered Rome, and Rome itself conquered its barbarian victors of the North. We see from this, that strictly speaking, in human history at least, there has never been a triumph of *mere* brute force.

## THE AIR RAIDS IN RETROSPECT.

BY FRANCIS WATT

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We London folk, if we are to speak the truth, must confess it. When we knew of the armistice, the first best thought that came to our minds was: "There is an end of the air raids." A dread that lay on us all was at once and for ever turned away. It was a cumulative horror: they were not more dangerous at the end than at the beginning, yet we got to feel them so. I remember the first time I saw the Zeppelins: some half dozen of them, a strange group far up in the sky, were moving away from our city after they had done their cruel work. There was measured insolence in their progress, ever and again the shining cloud stayed its course, as if knowing that nothing could touch it, then moved leisurely on and so at length vanished. Folk laughed and cheered, their mockery was answered by our mockery; in truth there was bravado on both sides; neither they nor we were as unconcerned as we made show of being. In time the pace quickened, we cheered no more, they unloaded with all speed possible, then they made off with all the force of their powerful engines, yet only to return again at less and less intervals, while with us the horror ever grew. Then it took its place as one of the ordinary chances of life and men lived through it as they did I suppose in the days of the plague. Soon we had the maroons and the barrage, the latter feeble at first yet steadily strengthening, a desper-

ate remedy indeed, for it brought horrors and dangers of its own, yet it was welcome, for none will ever forget that day when in the full glare of the sun a fleet of those horrible monsters came over London, though they seemed like a flock of grey birds, paused again and again in insolent defiance, and then departed untouched and unscathed. Then fear gripped our very hearts. Was the thing to become ever so much worse? Was it to increase ten or a hundred-fold? Was London to be laid waste, utterly destroyed like the cities of the plain? How easy to recall the regular round of any of those later raids? The moon rose in the clear sky, the maroon droned forth its warning, then you could see the hurrying of the people to various refuges, the drivers of vehicles urging their horses on as in a race for safety, the reckless dash of trams and buses; but these were the things of the first few minutes. In an incredibly short space of time the streets were deserted, so hushed and still that the quick steps of the belated fugitive rang strangely loud on the pavement. Then the bombs began, faint, far off at first, but in a few minutes right in our midst and with them the barrage raining what seemed shot and shell on us as well as on the foe. The pace grew ever faster, the houses rocked with the incessant concussion, and the end of all things seemed at hand. The thing struck directly at the individual. When he first heard the maroons the thought came to him fifty or a hundred people are to die in London tonight, strong men or women and children. Am I to be one of those fifty or a hundred? It was not a time for nice calculation; there are millions of folk in London and fifty or a hundred from these is a small percentage: thus cold reason assured us, but in the heat of the matter it seemed like one in every



five or six. Our minds were tortured with alternations of hope or fear or anxiety, for the attack ever and again slackened and even ceased only to grow on again with added vehemence. Finally, after what seemed an age of horror, though it must all have been within an hour or so, there was profound quiet and then the cheerful "all clear" of the bugles rang out in the night, a lively compensation for the horrors we had suffered. Soon the fires that had burst forth were got under, the streets were filled once more with people from the houses or from the refuges. These, too, gradually dispersed and life resumed its normal course, but this was only for a few hours. As the next day progressed towards evening, the terror grew on us again: the thing was on our nerves to use the current expression, but ears were strained to catch the note of the maroon, and late it was indeed ere we could say to ourselves with any sense of real conviction, "They are not coming tonight." A dread may sink in the mind so deep as to seem absolutely forgotten, yet to be called forth on fit occasion. When the cannons of peace fell loud on our ears one could scarcely help thinking, "Another air raid!" In a second we smiled at the foolish thought yet it revealed how permanent was the impression. It soon became the wise habit to state the number of casualties after each incursion. Of course these were minimized; no doubt what was known was truly stated, but later deaths were not recorded nor was there any estimate of the lives shortened by anxiety or of the minor yet definite damage caused in a hundred lesser ways. Months after the armistice there were deaths among us directly traceable to the physical and still more to the mental shock of those raids, yet the estimates of loss were beyond doubt of

advantage, else had the wildest rumours filled the whole London area. Twice a day, in the morning and evening papers, we had some certain standard to go by, yet in the hours between, strange and baseless legends of destruction, coming no man knew whither, filled our ears. So little is human testimony under certain conditions a measure of the real fact, that I have been told at one end of Chancery Lane of the enormous damage that had happened at the other, how the roadway was destroyed and the houses wrecked over a wide area, and walked up to see for myself: there was a hole in the roadway already roped round and in process of repair, and there was no other mark of damage anywhere. The results were strangely capricious. The day after an air-raid on Brixton I examined as closely as I could what had been done. The Zeppelins had followed the line of the street with marvellous exactness and with the same exactness they had missed all the principal buildings, the *Bon Marche*, the Town Hall, the Church and so forth. You could see one small house absolutely destroyed, its neighbours seemingly absolutely untouched. All proved accident not design; in fact if you consider the conditions under which a bomb was released from a Zeppelin you gather that this must have been so. The machine was travelling at a great speed and at a mighty altitude. To aim was nearly impossible. When the Hun thus passed over London he simply let fly, sure that he must hit something, for his target was miles in extent, and wherever he hit he must do damage. After all, reflection showed that the damage was always much less than could have been foretold. Consider the enormous power of the missiles, their great number and the potentialities of each. Well might the schemer in his workshop or

his study believe that London must be destroyed by the things he was planning or making, nay it is known that German parents made haste to remove their children from London chiefly because they had information of the proposed raids and were anxious to save them from the doomed city. You would have thought that one bomb would have done the damage of a raid conducted by a dozen Zeppelins, each crammed with those deadly weapons of offence, and true it is that under favourable conditions one bomb had been sufficient, but somehow these favourable conditions never in practice arose. No doubt the same marvellous escape, the same capriciousness of destruction has been noted in great storms, and what is more to the point on the field of battle; also it was noted that though an air raid was not as dangerous as a battle, soldiers, whether from popular sympathy or from the absence of the restraining forces of discipline were, if they happened to be here on leave, just as much alarmed as other folk! Towards the end we had much to encourage us. The droppings from our own barrage were ever a greater danger to us, but we knew that they were even more effective against our enemies, so that after the raid on London at Whitsuntide 1918 they left the city alone. The attackers finally suffered the greater damage; also their unmeasured and savage exultation at their earlier triumphs, their loud-spoken braggadocio, their public rejoicings were not and could not be sustained. They brought their inevitable reaction and with all their seeming victories they were no nearer their goal. They must have felt that they were being met and defeated at every turn, and just when their hearts were sinking, there came upon them what might seem a very obvious, if belated reflection, that two

or even three or four could play at that game. It was not merely their insecure footing in the air, the horrors of the burning Zeppelin, the crash to certain death, or at the best the tame, shameful surrender, but their own towns at first totally unprepared and even at the last very insufficiently protected became our targets, so that they were, before the end, uttering a quite different note, urging conventions by which such things were to be forbidden in future as if every principle of decent warfare and international law as interpreted by civilized nations had not long ago forbidden them in the past. The thing rapidly grew to be a greater horror with them than it had ever been with us. Except in more or less vague confessions we have no means as yet to measure the full force of the reaction that must have taken place in the German mind, but we have only to think what human nature is to remember the rejoicings and holidays given with or without occasion in the land of our enemies in the early days of the war, the strong measures of excitement that we used at the very first, to know that such things bring their own Nemesis that they really paved the way for downfall and made the catastrophe inevitable so that when it came, it came with dramatic effect. The fabric of their strength had been graved away as if by worms; at the final stroke it collapsed and dissolved like the baseless fabric of a vision. I have tried to set forth what were the feelings of most of us during that time of trial. I do not conceal the truth that were we to measure the thing by statistics, in cold reason, the peril to the individual was less than it seemed to him to be, but the sensations of the time were at any rate very real, and these sensations were themselves actual facts, nor

did they always make for exaggeration, in one notable case they minimized the danger. The thousands that rushed to the refuges however crowded and uncomfortable these became, were comparatively contented and even happy when they got to and whilst they stayed there, yet that feeling of safety was illusory. The weapons of offence were so powerful that even the shelters struck under certain conditions must have given way, nay have become from their very strength and solidity an enormously increased source of danger. This was proved in one case though that case did not prevent the flight to the various points of refuge after the alarm. Fortunately the question was not again put to the test for the other shelters escaped untouched.

It was noted that the native born inhabitants of London, the real folk of these islands, everywhere, showed less tremor, uttered fewer exclamations of fear than the strange peoples of whom there are always so many within our gates. This was partly a question of nerve, of habits, of life, of the greater restraint of the English character. Yet when all proper reductions have been made there remains something in which the men of our race may take legitimate pride, and this also, must be said air-raids did produce a certain amount of terror and thus far they fulfilled the intentions of those who planned and executed them, but they failed to go beyond this, for not once did any thought of surrender come to the minds even of those who were the greatest sufferers.

## TRUE AND FALSE CIVILISATION

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In a generation and at a time when society has received its present shock, halting in its mad career after novelties; when the Kaiser has entered this war in the name of German kultur; when the foundations of European civilization are shaken, crowns and creeds tottering, new nations coming into power—in a word when the age of vanity and the iniquities of higher finance are being weighed in the balance, it may interest our readers to pause and think over the following words of Ullathorne:

If there is an absurd way of denying truth, it must be that of withholding the mind from the evidence, yet this is the ordinary course followed by what are called free-thinkers in religion. Like all the most evident things, religion is her own witness, and carries her own credentials; proves how well she is fitted to the deepest requirements of human nature, and explains that nature has nothing else can do. But the freethinker first withdraws his mind and heart from religion, and then undertakes to settle the cause of religion

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\* "The Endowment of Man" by Ullathorne (Burn & Oates, London).

in her absence. This mode of proceeding so far from simplifying the condition of human life, or from removing its perplexities, only augments them a thousandfold, whilst it leaves nothing explained. For when a man rejects the revelation of God, and refuses to believe his descent and inheritance from the fallen Adam, he finds nothing so hard to explain as the condition of humanity and his own position, in this mysterious world.

The common refuge of theory-makers is to assume that man is descended from primitive ancestors that were rude, brutal, and but little removed from animal life, and that he has developed with time into an intellectual and moral perfection as the results of progressive civilization. But, however plausible this theory may look to the mere rational man at first sight, when taken apart from the history of his race, it will not bear close inspection.

An effect cannot be greater than its cause. The brutal man could not produce the intellectual and moral man from a mere change of external circumstances; he must have within him the light of intellectual and moral principles. If these principles and powers are not already within him, they must have been subsequently implanted by some great intellectual and moral cause, which would be equivalent to a new creation.

The theory of human advancement from an in-human condition is contradicted by the whole tradition of the human race, which has brought everywhere the remembrance of a primeval state of innocence and happiness from which man has fallen. And to this external tradition must be added the internal consciousness of man, bearing

witness to the historic fact, and making him sensible to the very centre of his nature that he is not what he was created, but has undergone some sad and calamitous deterioration. When faith, therefore, comes to teach us the history of our fall, we at once find the solution of the riddle of human life, and the manifest reply to many anxious questionings of the soul.

The proofs of the fall are everywhere to the mind that looks for them. We see them in the condition of man and in the condition of the world; we hear them in the voice of humanity, in the testimonies of history and the revelations of God. Those, however, who measure the state and progress of man by inapplicable tests are sure to go wrong. The true test of human progress is not to be found in accumulated property, nor in the knowledge of sublunary things, nor in social polish, but in the advancement of man towards his *Supreme Good*, towards which a simple and unpretentious mode of life, resting mainly on the providence of God, is the most favourable. The savage represents not the primitive life of man, but the corruption of that life. If, on the other hand, we examine the early civilizations as represented in the founding of cities, we find them taking their rise from the atrocious conquests of ambitious chiefs, who hunt their fellow-men, seize upon their possessions, and reduce them to a life of miserable slavery. Even the polished Greeks and imperial Romans based their civilization on no better foundation. Then the city itself and its founders become the object of men's worship in the place of God. Every great and complicated civilization, when it is not strongly imbued and tempered with the principles of Christian faith, gives rise to a vast amount of mental and moral corruption and by the



unequal distribution of the goods of this life occasions a mass of misery beyond the power of the State to remedy. It is difficult, therefore, and even impossible, to think that mere human civilization can be the chief cause of human perfection and happiness.

If we look to the dawn of history, we find a race of men leading a simple pastoral life in their families, having few material wants, conversing with God and worshipping him in simplicity of heart. The scope of their mind is turned more to heavenly than to earthly things. These are the descendants of Seth and Enos, and they are called "the sons of God." We see another race who build cities, of course by the usual expedients of conquest and slavery. They forge metals into weapons of war, and invent musical instruments, probably for idolatrous worship as well as war. These are the descendants of Cain, and they are called the children of men. From the first civilization came the first great corruption of human life. But after the sons of God formed alliances with the daughters of men, after the godly race had united with the ungodly race and shared in their corrupt civilization, the whole human family corrupted its way, and then came the deluge of water to sweep out the deluge of iniquity.

However great, then, may be the value of a true civilization, and however it may be in the order of Divine Providence, it is undeniable that the world has seen a vast amount of false civilization resulting in the most calamitous corruption of human nature. To measure the well being of man by the standard of civilization, as it consists in crowded populations, in accumulation of wealth, in artificial modes and fashions of

life, in unceasing toil of the multitude, in the ease and leisure of the few, and in the ambition of all to rise above their neighbours in social status, is to utterly mistake the nature of man, and the elements that constitute his happiness.

It is not in the crowded ways of human life that a man strengthens, feeds, and elevates his mind, and gives vigour and tone to his moral character but in the retirement of domestic life, or in retreats of solitude.

## THE LEGEND OF SAKUNTALA.

BY SHAMBHOO CHUNDER DEY.

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The Aryans were not the original inhabitants of India, they came from central Asia and settled down in it. That part in which they made their settlements was called after them Aryavarta. In this region there arose in the course of time a host of princes and potentates, of whom the most important were the solar race of Ajodhya and the lunar race of Hastinapur. The Hastinapur family were better known as the Paurabs, so called from King Puru of revered memory. The eighteenth in descent from Puru was Dushmanta, who cut a very remarkable figure in hoary antiquity. His dominions were of very large extent and included even some of the sea-girt islands. In fact, he was premier sovereign and had no equal in his time. As the poet of the Mahabharat in his usual grandiloquent style, says, "He equalled Vishnu in strength, the Sun in prowess, the Ocean in majesty and the Earth in humility." His power and influence was so very great that even the gods oftentimes sought his aid in their constant wars with the Asurs. No wonder that he became a favourite of the Immortals of Heaven, and, accordingly, his kingdom enjoyed peace, plenty and prosperity all through. His was virtually the golden age, and not only human beings but, also, the beasts of the forest and the birds of the air lived in amity and peace.

In those brave heroic days kings were very fond of hunting, which they deemed as a part of their training, and it was not infrequent that they set out on hunting excursions. Dushmanta, king of kings that he was, was like his brother princes much in love with the chase, the soul-exhilarating chase, and on such occasions he proceeded with so much 'pomp and circumstance' that the party looked like a military expedition. It so happened that one day he started on some such excursion with a picked body of followers. On reaching a large forest which presented a boundless continuity of shade, he went on committing immense havoc. Thus peace and quiet were divorced and the forest land was all uproar and confusion.

Now a truce was given to hunting, almost through pure necessity; and the brave followers of the Monarch who had by that time become quite uneasy with the pangs of hunger, taking advantage of this opportunity, set up big fires at random and commenced roasting thereon the flesh of some of the animals killed in the chase. After the cooking was done in this primitive fashion, they did full justice to the viands thus hurriedly prepared and then retired to enjoy some rest which they so urgently needed. Not long after, the hunting was renewed, and the King with his followers got into another forest. Here a very handsome deer caught his eager eye, and the Monarch pursued him at full gallop, and as neither of them was wanting in speed, he rode up to the farthest part of the forest in pursuit and yet failed to come up sufficiently near his intended prey. Then passing a barren tract which lay wide in front, he got into some flourishing woodland dotted with little abodes of hermits and anchorites. The place was

all that could be wished. It was covered partly with green grass and partly with parterres of flowering plants, and was dimly overshadowed by large branching trees. At one place proud peacocks were dancing, with their superb tails spread; at another, birds were singing their best, while the buzzing bees were flying from flower to flower sipping and collecting honey. The forest was so very characteristically beautiful that there was not a single tree but bore fruit and flowers, that there was not a single flower but was alive with the tuneful buzzing of bees, and what was very strange, no tree or plant was disfigured by nettles or brambles. Among the beasts that peopled the forest, deer were prominent. They mustered strong and made the place delightful by their fantastically playful perambulations. But the most attractive of all the sights was the pure purling stream, Malini, which meandered through the whole forest, distributing its salubrious waters in profusion. Thus the place appeared like a blissful seat, and it is not surprising that the Monarch was quite charmed with it, as he slackened the reins and began enjoying the manifold beauties of nature in the best way he could. But natural beauties were not the only objects that attracted his attention, he was equally, if not more so, fascinated with the constant chantings of holy hymns and songs by the Brahman occupants of the hermitages. Of these sacred haunts, the one which directly fell in his way, was the Asram of the well-known Rishi, Kanwa. It stood on the banks of the Malini and was also otherwise pleasantly situated. The delighted monarch being anxious to have an interview with the old sage, wished to enter the hermitage. But wisely thinking that he could not do so

like a king with all his suite, ordered his followers to wait for him at a distance until he returned after the visit. So taking off his hunting dress and putting on a simple homely habit, he, accompanied only by his Prime Minister and purohit, proceeded towards the place. On nearing it he found three young damsels watering the plants that surrounded the hermitage. On being informed by them that the Rishi had gone out to gather roots and fruits in a different forest and would not come back until sometime after, he alone passed into the hermitage leaving his two companions at the outer entrance. There the said damsels, more especially the one whose name was Sakuntala, welcomed him in a manner quite becoming his high rank and position in life. The surpassing beauty of Sakuntala and her gentle amiable manners so moved his heart that he could not help falling in love with her. This feeling soon became so very intense that it readily excited a desire for marriage. So he tried to ascertain if he could possibly take her for his wife. The good girls on being questioned by him as to the relations they bore to the Rishi, said that they were his daughters. This struck the King as very strange, seeing that Rishi Kanwa was a life-long celibate and could not have any child of his own. He was, therefore, very anxious to know how matters really stood. So taking Sakuntala aside, he asked her in private who her natural parents were. That very emblem of innocence candidly said that though she knew Kanwa to be her father, she could not conceal from him what once she had heard the Rishi relate to a brother saint about her birth and parentage. The King having expressed a strong desire to hear the account given by the Rishi, Sakuntala, who in her heart had reciprocated the King's love for her, and was

equally moved by tender feelings towards him, gave a plain unvarnished version of the narrative which she had heard the Rishi relate to a brother Rishi as stated above.

The Rishi, she thus began her story, related that once upon a time the great sage, Viswamitra, having resolved to gain a very high object, had commenced to do severe austerities night and day. The god of gods, Indra, apprehending that his object was to unthrone him and acquire the sovereignty of Heaven, was on the look-out for an expedient as to how he might disengage him from his hard devotions. Being well aware of the all-powerful influence of the tender passion of love, which, while it excites desires, makes one lose his reason and become almost mad, he sent for Menaka, the most beautiful of the fairy dancers of his court. No better selection could have been made. Menaka was a paragon of beauty and the witchery of her looks was simply irresistible. Her rare personal charms were of a unique character and only gathered fresh beauty from time.

“Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale

Her infinite variety.”

The celestial beauty was ever fair and ever young, and was well able to gain a heart without giving her heart in return. When such a remarkable lady appeared before the august Presence in all her surpassing beauty and bedizenment, the great God in the ecstacy of joy at the near prospect of the fulfilment of his purpose, readily ordered her to go to the spot where the great Rishi Viswamitra was practising hard penances, and by using all sorts of arts and allurements, of which she was a mistress, to gain ascendancy over his heart,

thereby disturbing him in the day devotions and meditations he was engaged in. She knew very well the Rishi could burn love with her and that to try to disturb him in his devotions was courting certain death. She beseechingly submitted that the one who had made a hecatomb of the sons of the good Rishi Vasistha; who, though born a Kshatriya, became by sheer force a Brahman; who for the purpose of celebrating a coronation ceremony had caused a mighty river to turn its course and flow by the side of his hermitage; who again, had resolved to build a new airy heaven, to attempt to disturb such an all-powerful Rishi, was a matter, not to be thought of. If, however, she conceded, his Godhead would be graciously pleased to bestow on her such a boon as would secure her against the flaming fire of the Rishi's wrath then she might venture to go to his place and make the attempt, risky though it certainly was. She also asked the great Lord of Heaven to order both the god of winds and the god of love to assist her whenever she might require their help. All these requests being readily complied with, she, relying on divine favour, made up her mind to make the venturesome attempt. Thus well equipped and arraying herself in her best, she appeared before the great Rishi, absorbed as he then was in deep meditations. At first sight she felt that her heart was sinking very low through fear and despair, and that there was no hope of her mission being realised. But being deeply apprehensive of the great displeasure which she was sure to incur in case of refusal or failure, she thought it advisable not to give up the attempt but to persevere.

She approached the Rishi with amorous gestures and blandishments,—“nods and becks and wreathed smiles,”



And to gain her end all the more readily, she called on the god of winds to come to her help; and that jolly sportive deity, in response to her prayer, caused a strong breeze to rise, which playing the jesting thief with her garments, flew off with her sari. Menaka, blushing, ran for her clothes in all haste, when in the natural nudity of her divine form she caught the gaze of the Rishi who had just opened his eyes. The latter being enamoured of the matchless beauty of the celestial dancer, beckoned her to his presence, and as that was the object which she herself had in view, she soon came close to him, and made an easy conquest of his heart. The great Rishi who of all others of his kind was remarkable for his firm resolve and indomitable will, all of a sudden lost his usual austerity and became a slave to lust which made a prisoner of his reason and turned him into an object of pity. Being thus infatuated, he led the sweet seducing stealer of his heart to his hermitage and married her, casting away all thoughts of the sovereignty of heaven for her kisses.

After sometime the beautiful Menaka became quick with child by the Rishi; and in due time gave birth to a girl and then she returned straight to the court of Indra in triumph. The piteous cry of the new-born babe attracted a bird that began to take care of her. Fortunately, the good Rishi Kanwa, whose hermitage was in the vicinity, passing by on his return home from a river bath, took up the baby in his arms, brought her home and commenced to nurse her as his own. As the foundling was protected by a bird (Sakunta), he named her Sakuntala. It being laid down in the Dharmasastras that like the genitor, the saviour of life, as well as the giver of food, also deserves to be called

father, Kanwa treated Sakuntala as his daughter and she on her part looked upon him as a father..

On hearing the account thus recited by Sakuntala exactly as she had heard it from Kanwa to a brother Rishi, King Dushmanta was overjoyed, seeing that there was nothing to prevent his taking the lady of his heart as his wife. Sakuntala, though ostensibly a Brahman girl, was in reality the daughter of a *bona fide* Kshatriya, and as the King was of the same warrior caste, he might well be united in holy wedlock to her, who, on her part, seemed to be equally smitten with love for him. Under such circumstances, the King did not hesitate to make a proposal of marriage. Upon this, Sakuntala told him to wait till her foster father, the Rishi, returned. But as love had taken entire possession of his heart he could not brook any delay; so he said to Sakuntala that as she was *sui juris* and had complete control over her person, he need not wait for the return of the Rishi, but might give her hand to him in his absence, intimating at the same time that in the case of a Gandharba marriage---a union so much in favour with the Kshatriyas---the parties directly concerned were quite at liberty to bind themselves in the bond of matrimony; and it was in that form of marriage, he wished to be united to her. Upon this, Sakuntala said, "If what you say is consistent with the doctrines and principles of the Hindu religion as laid down in the Sacred Books, and if I really possess the power of giving myself away in marriage, I am willing and ready to comply with your request, provided you give me assurance that the child which shall be born of this our union shall be made *Jubaraaj* (crown prince) during your life-time and ascend the throne after your demise."

King-Dushmanta, whose passion at the time had got the better of his reason, and who had, accordingly, lost the power of distinguishing right from wrong and good from bad without taking the least thought about the reasonableness or otherwise of her request, readily consented to her condition, at the same time adding that he would very soon take her over to his capital and give her the first place in his household as he had already given the same in his heart. All the preliminaries being settled much to the delight of both parties, the much longed-for marriage took place in private in the Gandharba form.

The desire of his heart being fully satisfied, the King seeing that it was getting rather late, made haste to leave the hermitage, and leave it he did, but not without repeating the assurance, which he had already made to Sakuntala as stated above, and giving her, as a nuptial present and token of love, a very valuable ring with his name inscribed thereon.

The King, it is true, left the hermitage, but his mind was much agitated by the dread of anger with which the Rishi was likely to look upon the union he had made with his foster daughter during his absence and without his consent. While thus revolving the matter in his mind he slowly and sadly proceeded towards the place where he had left his retinue. In the meantime the Rishi Kanwa returned to his hermitage with a big load of roots and fruits; and not finding Sakuntala to welcome his return, as was her wont, he inquired where she was. Sakuntala did not see to him. This struck him as very strange; so having recourse to the three-fold knowledge which he possessed of

past, present and future, he came to know what had happened in his absence; but so far from reproving his adopted daughter for what she had done he, on the contrary, praised her for having exercised wise discretion in the matter. Accordingly fondly addressing her he said:—"My dear child! by the union which thou hast made with a man in my absence thy virtue hath not at all been affected. Among Kshatriyas marriage in the Gandharba form is regarded as the noblest and best. The union which takes place in private, between a love-smitten woman with a man in the same condition is known as Gandharba marriage. My darling, King Dushmanṭa is a very noble and pious man, and thou hast taken such a one as husband. Be assured that in time thou wilt bring forth a heroic child who will be supreme ruler of the 'se-girt earth' and be able to go wherever he likes." Then washing his hands and feet, the way-worn sage took his seat on what is called a *Sukhasan*. When he was so seated and was quite at his ease, Sakuntala said, "Venerable father, I have, as you say, married Dushmanṭa. Be pleased to bless him." Kanwa replied: "Dear child, I am well pleased with the King for thy sake. Now beg of me any boon thou mayst wish." On being so requested, Sakuntala, wishing well of her royal consort said: "Father dear! if thou art pleased with the King, kindly grant this boon that the Puru race never lose their Kingdom or their virtue." Kanwa readily granted the boon, saying, "Be it so as you say."

The subsequent part of the legend as given in the *Mahabharat* being inconsistent with the ordinary course of human affairs under similar circumstances, I have with some

modifications adopted the version given in the *Padma Puran* which appears to be more probable and reasonable. On the day just following the marriage, says the Puranist, while Sakuntala was sitting in the hermitage deeply absorbed in thoughts about her absent lord, the well-known Rishi Durbasa, who was nothing, if not choleric, came there and offered himself as a guest. Unfortunately, none else but the love-lorn Sakuntala was present at the hermitage, and as she then sat quite absent-minded and was altogether lost to the affairs of the outside world, the much-dreaded Rishi's demand for the rites of hospitality was not heard; so he in a fit of anger roused by wounded pride, pronounced a curse on Sakuntala, saying loudly, as was his wont, that the man whose thoughts had so engrossed her mind that she entirely disregarded the call of hospitality, would not recognise her when she presented herself before him. Prayambada, one of the associates of Sakuntala who was not far away from the spot, having heard the terrible imprecation so mercilessly pronounced upon an innocent creature, followed the enraged Rishi who was going away in hot haste, and on coming up besought him in every way with the object of placating his anger and persuading him to withdraw his imprecation. The sage being conciliated by the earnest entreaties of the girl said that he could not altogether remove the curse he had once pronounced but would so ordain that it would cease to have its effect, if the offending lady could produce some tangible token of recognition. The conversation which had passed between her and Durbasa, she did not confide to any one but sacredly kept a sealed secret in the close recess of her heart.

Signs of pregnancy soon showed themselves and Kanwa wisely thought that the time was fast approaching when Sakuntala should be sent to her lord at Hastinapur. Accordingly, in the seventh month of her pregnancy he made up his mind to send her away. He selected two of his disciples, Sarangarwa and Saradwata as fit persons to escort her, and as a female companion was absolutely necessary to accompany her, deputed his own sister, Gautami, for the purpose. On an auspicious day the party started on their journey. The parting scene has been graphically depicted by the master poet Kalidas, and the description is strikingly pathetic for Sakuntala was loved by all; all the dwellers of the forest even trees and plants were sad at the parting. As for the deer that wandered at large in the adjoining forest, they were constant guests at the hermitage, and the three adopted daughters of the Rishi, more especially Sakuntala, deemed it a part of her duty to feed them from their own hands. In this way Sakuntala had so closely bound herself to the deer, that when she left her forest retreat on her way to her husband's house, she found it very difficult to part with them, so much so that she was almost moved to tears. But leave them she must and, accordingly, the parting took place with heavy heart.

Dushmanta's capital, Hastinapur, was not very far from Kanwa Muni's hermitage. But the distance, though not great, could not be travelled over in a few short hours. Kanwa, affectionate man that he was, in spite of his aloofness from worldly concerns, accompanied the party some distance and then returned with a heart sorely afflicted.

Sakuntala with her escort moved slowly along. Some-time after they came by that river-side sacred spot which went by the name of Sachidīrtha. Orthodox Hindus that they were, they could not pass by the place without bathing in the holy river Saraswati. But, as ill-luck would have it, while bathing Sakuntala lost the signet ring which she had received as a marriage present from her husband King Dushmanta. But this very unfortunate fact was not noticed either by the lady herself or by any of her companions. The loss was unperceived and nobody took any notice of it.

After bathing and taking some light refreshments, the party resumed their journey and at last arrived at Hastinapur, so well known to fame. The place, situated as it was on the banks of the Jamuna, was fully worthy of the praise which had been lavished on it by poets and romancists, and was beautifully adorned with buildings and roads and palaces. On reaching the palace gate, the Rishi's disciples who had acted as guides and protectors on the way, sent words to the King of their arrival. Dushmanta, anxious as he was to know the cause of their coming, sent his priest to meet them and ascertain what had made them seek an interview with him. The priest returned to the royal presence and informed him of the object of their mission. The King was taken quite by surprise and he said in so many words that he knew not who Sakuntala was, far less that she was his duly married wife. However, by the intercession of the priest, who was evidently a cool headed wise man, his Majesty allowed the party to be brought before him. Sarangawa, who was the spokesman on the occasion, addressing the King, said:---“May it please your Majesty, we come from the hermitage of the good Rishi

Kanwa, and as directed by him, we respectfully ask you to accept this young girl standing before you as your duly wedded wife, it being a fact that once while out hunting you married this girl in private in the Gandharba form." On hearing these words the King seemed to be vexed, and disowned Sakuntala. At this the two disciples of Kanwa who accompanied the lady were highly enraged and bold as they were in the justice of their cause, did not hesitate to use harsh and unpleasant words to the King, even though they were within the precincts of his palace and could be punished by him in any way he pleased. The King, too, in his turn, did not spare them and returned abuse with abuse. The two infuriated Brahmans ended the parley by threatening the King with the wrath of Heaven, who, they added, never allows the guilty to go unpunished; and left the royal presence leaving Sakuntala, where she was, to plead her own cause, if she thought it proper to do so.

The innocent Sakuntala, being thus left alone, addressing the King related all the circumstances that had brought about their secret marriage; but the latter who had forgotten all about it through the effect of the curse pronounced upon Sakuntala by the Rishi Durvasa, impudently told her that he did not believe a single word that she said, that she was a wicked woman who wished to impose upon him by relating a false and got-up story that, as a matter of fact, she was not what she represented herself to be. This sharp rebuke was too much for Sakuntala to bear, and she, accordingly, reprimanded the King for his flagrant breach of faith; and to prove to him that he belied himself offered to produce the ring which, she said, he had given her on the occasion of their marriage. But what was her surprise and sorrow when on



seeking for it she found that it had been lost. This unfortunate circumstance quite upset her, and no wonder that she fell senseless to the ground. The King chuckled over the matter, thinking that the imputation which he had cast upon the character of the woman was true to the very letter. When Sakuntala regained her consciousness. She taking hope from despair, made an eloquent but not the less pathetic appeal to the King on moral and religious grounds, stating the very serious duties which one had to perform towards an innocent woman whom he had married in due form and accepted before God and made as his lawful wife; and she concluded her address by throwing out as its probable cause that he repudiated her only because he stood in dread of the slanderous tongue of public opinion. Any other man would have been moved by the appeal, made as it was with the undaunted boldness of injured innocence. But Dushmanta, labouring as he then was under the baneful influence of the curse of Durvasa, remained unmoved and inexorable.

When the royal priest who seemed to have been convinced of the truth of Sakuntala's story as well as of the purity of her character, found to his deep regret that all attempts at conciliating the King failed, he asked his permission to take the discarded lady to his home, and keep her there until her delivery, which was likely to come to pass in a few short months. The King at first did not approve of this proposal, but, on second thoughts, gave his assent.

When Sakuntala found to her utter grief that all her efforts to move the heart of the King had failed, and as it was not advisable to return to the hermitage of her foster father

Kanwa in the then delicate state of her health, she wisely thought that she had no alternative left but to follow the royal priest to his hospitable house, and follow him she did with a heart mingled with feelings of sorrow and indignation. But before she had gone far, a very wonderful event happened, which took all present by surprise. While she was going on slowly and sulkily, her mother, the heavenly nymph Menaka, all of a sudden appeared in her radiant form and bore her away, nobody knew or even could imagine where; but as the sequel showed, she was taken to the holy and peaceful hermitage of the great Rishi Kashyapa. There in that sacred, solitary and safe retreat, she in the fullness of time was delivered of a very graceful boy, who looked more like a heavenly being than a creature of this earth. The little child grew up apace, and when the proper time arrived, the good Rishi duly performed all the rites and ceremonies necessary to be gone through in the case of a Kshatriya child. In his sixth year the marvellous boy became so very strong and valiant that he often played with lions and was well able to lead them, as it were, by the nose.

There at Hastinapur, King Dushmanta passed his days more in woe than in weal. He had lost his usual hilarity and had become sulky and sorrowful. This change in the turn and temper of his mind was too manifest to escape the notice of his officers and others; but as he himself kept supreme silence on the subject, none could make out what the cause of this great change was. One day while he was administering justice, a poor fisherman was hauled up before him on a charge of theft. It so happened that when this fisherman, as was his wont, was fishing in the sacred river at called Sachi Tirtha, he enmeshed a large fish in his net, and having drawn

it up, lost no time in taking it home, glad as he was with his haul. He readily ripped open the fish, and what was his surprise and joy when he found a very brilliant ring sticking in its entrails. He picked it out and took it to a goldsmith's, who, however, suspecting foul play, immediately informed the police. The headman at the *Kotwali* hastened to the spot and asked the man how he had come by that valuable ring. The poor man in all sincerity stated what had really happened; but the police officer, not believing him, took him to the royal palace and placed him before the King as one who had committed theft. The latter, who was remarkable for his evenhanded justice, patiently heard what the accused had to say, and then taking the ring in his hand and examining it with care, found it to be his own, bearing as it did his name. The sight of the ring recalled to his mind the fact of his secret marriage with Sakuntala together with all the circumstances that attended it, and he was sorely pained at heart for the very unjust aspersions he had made on the character of the lady who was his duly married wife.

The sight of the ring having wrought a change in his mind, the King was very anxious to have Sakuntala by his side in order that he might publicly accept her as his wife, at the same time making all possible amends to her for the very serious injury he had done her. Accordingly, he sent out men in all directions for the purpose of finding her. But all his efforts in the matter proved vain and fruitless. No wonder that he became sorely aggrieved and passed his days in pain and anguish. After three long years the King who had so greatly endeared himself to the God by his uncommon prowess and bravery, was invited by the great

God, Indra, to assist him in vanquishing or at least driving away some Asurs who had made inroads on his domains. In response to the divine call, Dushmanta having got himself ready for the terrible encounter, went, and as he was a thorough master of the military art, found no difficulty in allaying the Asuric disturbances. Indra was highly pleased and heartily thanked him for the very valuable services he had rendered him. The King taking leave of his August Host came down towards the earth. On his way he halted at the hermitage of the great Rishi, Kashyapa, in order to pay his regards to the saintly personage. There he came across a young boy who, miraculous to say, was playing with a mighty lion. This circumstance struck the King as very strange, and he asked the boy who he was. But he strode away in silence without minding his request. From the very swaggering and boastful manner in which he conducted himself, the King thought that the heroic boy could not but be a scion of the Puru race. But being in doubt as to his parentage, he went to the sage whose guest he was, and asked him about the boy. The latter informed him that the boy was born of the womb of Sakuntala and was in reality his own offspring. Then all doubts were removed and Dushmanta, again, found his long-lost wife, and that in a place where she was least expected. The King, who was the more sinning than sinned against, asked forgiveness of his wife for the heart-rending sorrow he had given her, and it is needless to say that the pardon was readily granted.

The King took Sakuntala and her son to his capital, and there they all passed their days in peace and happiness

till the cruel hand of death severed the bond of their earthly existence.

The romantic story of Sakuntala is a favourite theme with the Indian poets, and has been dramatised by the great Sanskrit poet, Kalidasa.

As Ghatakarpura eloquently says, "What the jasmine is among flowers, what Kanchi is among cities, what Rambha is among women, what Rama is among Kings, Kalidasa is among poets." He is a real prince of poets. The great German scholar and critic, Frederick Schlegel says:—"Tenderness of feeling, genial grace, artless beauty pervade the whole; and if at times the fondness for an indolent solitude, the delight excited by the beauty of nature, especially the vegetable Kingdom, are here and there dwelt upon with a profusion of imagery and poetic ornament, it is only the adornment of innocence. The description is everywhere lucid and unpretentious, the diction marked by ingenuous simplicity. The lover of poetry may form, from this work, even in a German prose translation, divested of the charms of lyric metre, an idea of the genius of the Indian Muse."











